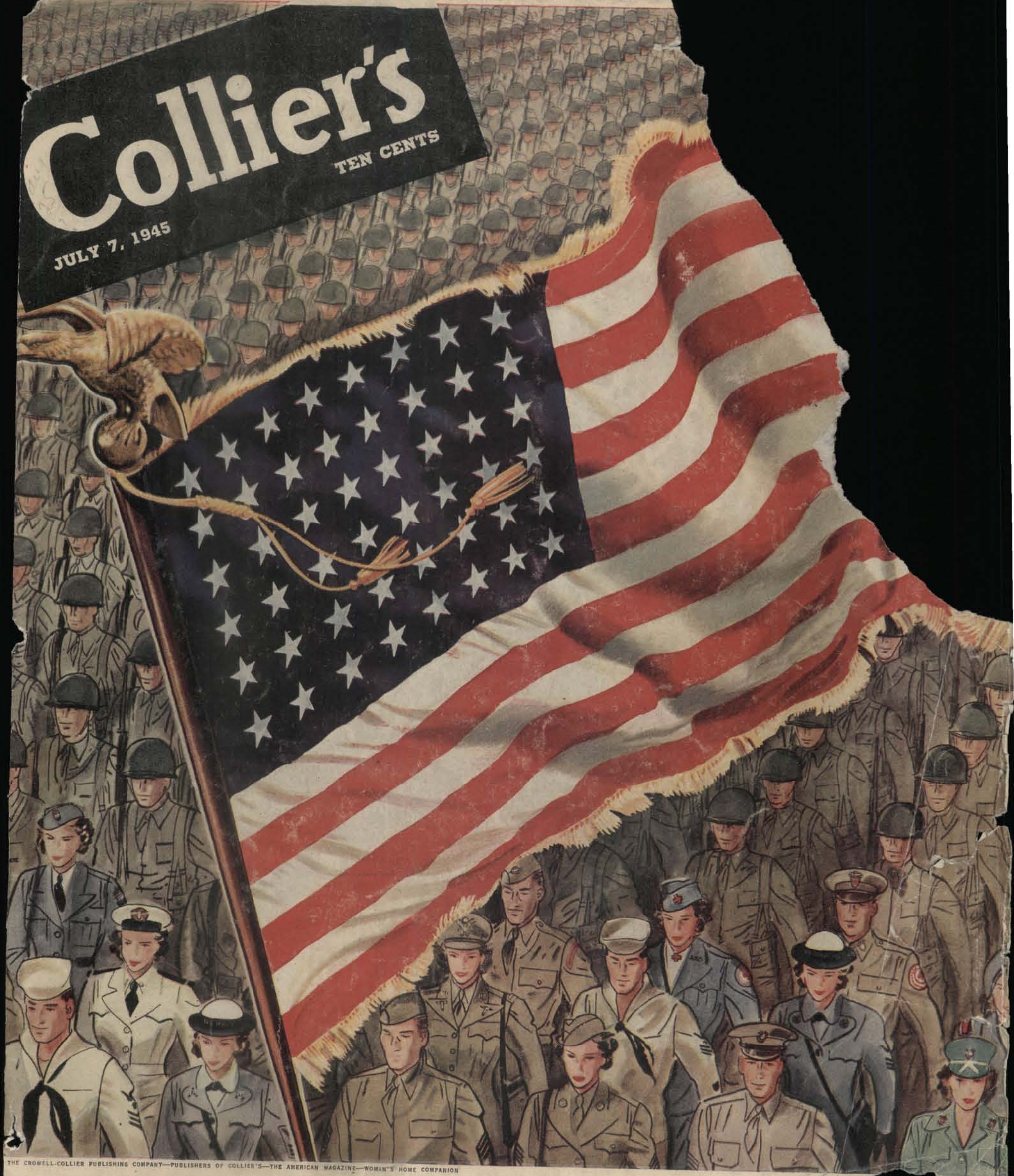


Collier's

TEN CENTS

JULY 7, 1945



GERMANY—OUR GREATEST

WE WILL WIN—OR LOSE—THE PEACE

By RUSSELL W. DAVEN

July 7, 1945

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THREE FEATHERS

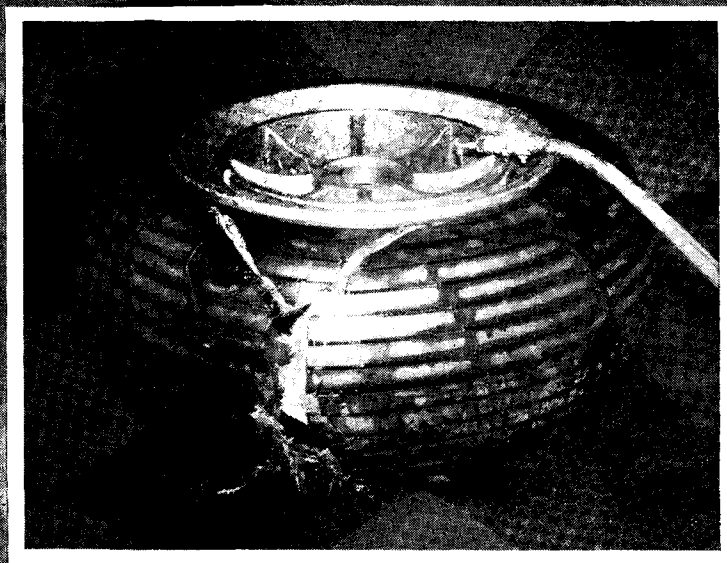
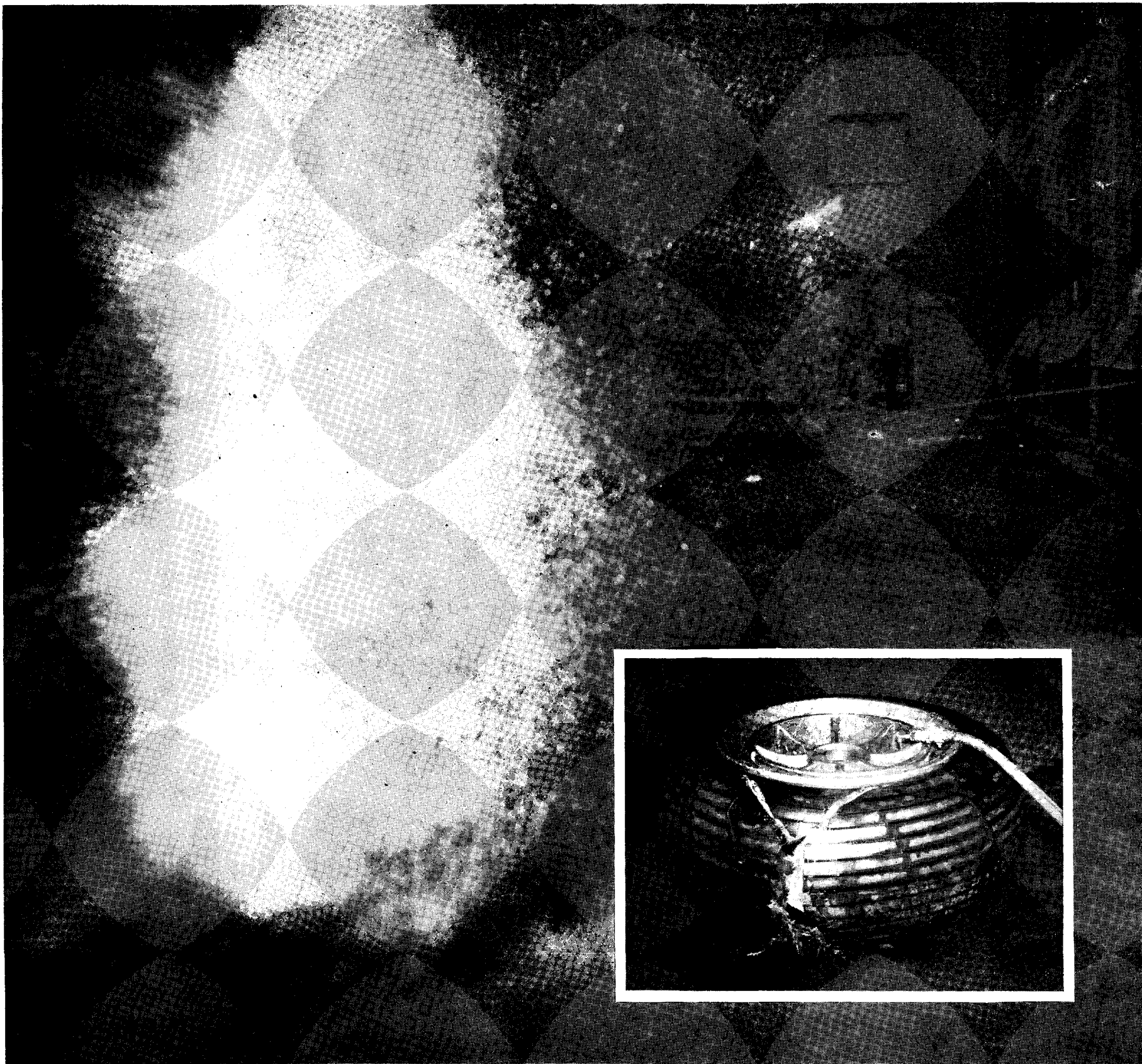
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First Among Fine Whiskies

Join to enjoy Whiskey at its PRE-WAR BEST... when you ask for Three Feathers!

day... and taste why it has been ENJOYED
ded Whiskey, 86 proof. 60% American grain

neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y.
FEATHER YOUR NEST.....HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!



Tire explodes at 635...

Another example of "Building for today, testing for tomorrow"

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER waited hours to take this picture of a tire exploding. As a needle-like stream of water was forced into it, the internal pressure went up . . . to twice as much as the tire would normally need to take . . . three times . . . five times . . . six times . . .

Suddenly, at a pressure of 635 pounds, it exploded! The picture our photographer had awaited so patiently turned out to be mostly a geyser of water. But the smaller picture shows what hap-

pened. The bead and sidewalls, the parts most likely to fail, held until the tremendous pressure tore through the crown of the tire.

Such things shouldn't be done to tires except in test. This tire needed an extra safety factor for a special purpose. But pushing tires beyond endurance, and doing it scientifically, is one method of B. F. Goodrich development. We call it testing for tomorrow. Ordinary passenger car tires are driven at 100 miles

an hour, because they may someday have to operate safely at such speeds.

Airplane tires are tested at greatly multiplied pressures, because tomorrow's planes may require it. Nobody knows how driving and flying conditions may change in the years ahead. But B. F. Goodrich expects to have tires that meet the conditions—no matter what they are!

Looking ahead—testing for tomorrow—enabled B. F. Goodrich to get three years' extra experience with synthetic rubber in tires. By the time other

companies started selling them, B. F. Goodrich tires containing synthetic rubber had already totaled more than 80,000,000 miles of actual road wear. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYE'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.



Mary had red hair, the bluest of blue eyes, and just enough of a brogue to make her interesting.

Mary also had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued.

Especially with that red-haired beauty, Mary Rafferty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tender and tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".



Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember a lot of the lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you? We'll meet you there.

—Leo



Collier's FOR JULY 7, 1945

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this week

any week

FICTION

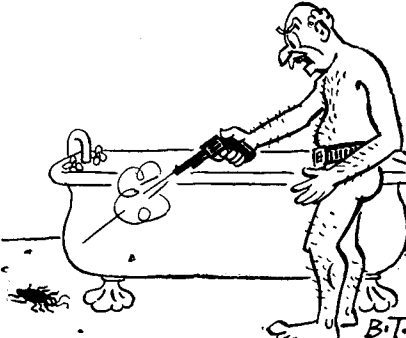
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- COVER By CHAS. HAWES

IT IS among the glorious annals of the Driskill Hotel in Austin, Texas, that one night a lady telephoned the house manager that there was a murder going on in the room next to hers. The manager, the house dick, a city cop and another fellow who just happened to be on hand went to investigate. The door was locked but they heard the hoarse voice of a Texas senator, known far and wide as a man who stood for no nonsense, crying: "Move one inch, take one step nearer and, by heaven, I'll riddle your worthless hide and blow your black heart out of yonder window!" Before the manager could knock, the senator fired five shots, paused, and shouted, "I told you to keep your distance. I told you I'd kill you." They broke down the door. In the door of the bathroom, the senator, clad only in his cartridge belt, was blazing away at a still-intact cockroach. Editor's Note: That was a long time ago. There are no cockroaches in the Driskill now.



FURTHERMORE, we are appealed to for advice. The appellant is a Wilmington, Delaware, letter carrier who having two ladies of the same name on his route, delivered a set of mail-order false teeth to the wrong one and can't get them back from her. This is a little out of our line. But what isn't?

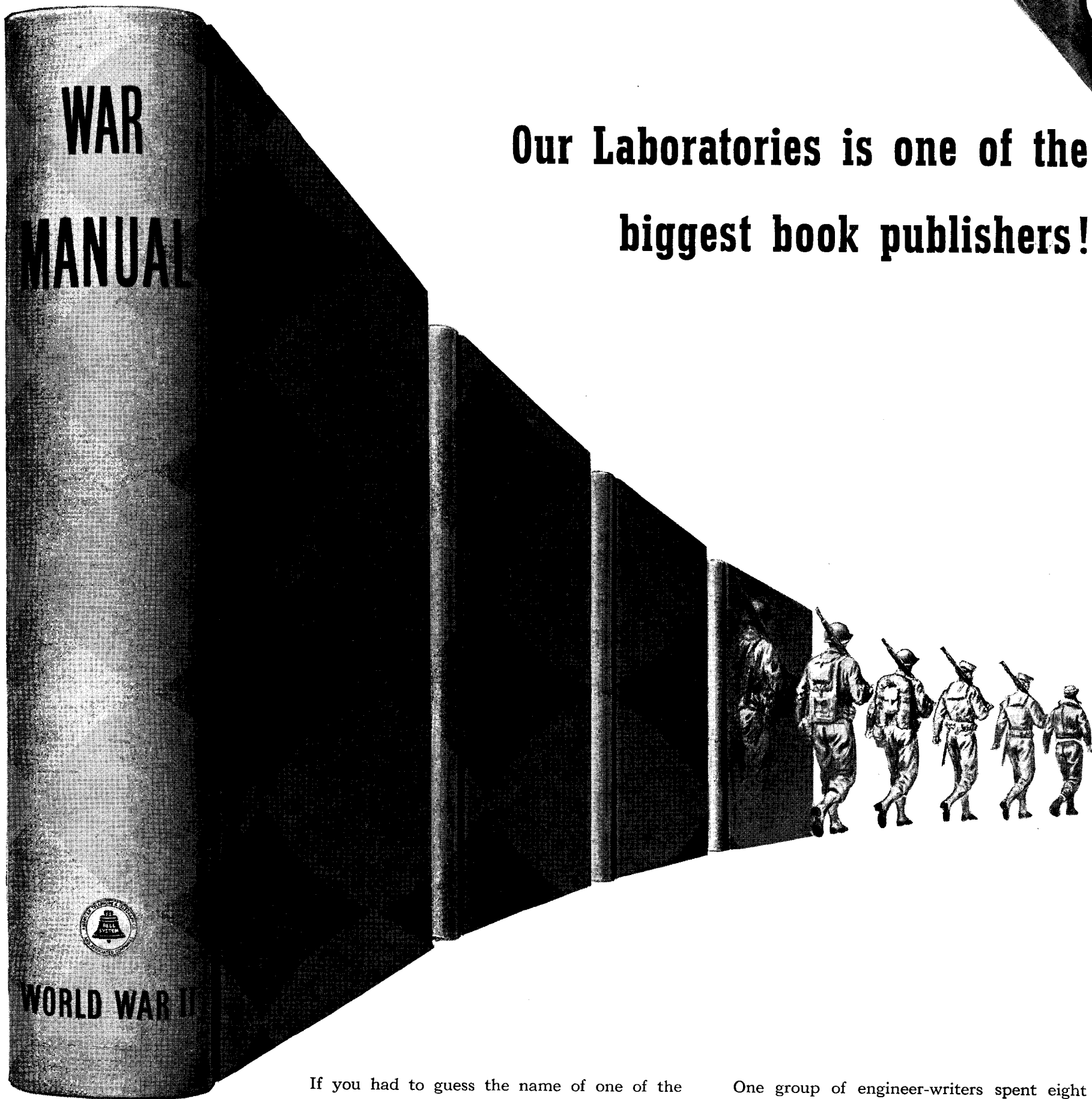
AND our Los Angeles, California, investigators report that in Pasadena a doctor working on an elderly patient in the Receiving Hospital got a hurry-up summons to arrive with ambulance at the home of a citizen who had had a bad fall. As the old man he was working on was not a serious case, he left him for the new job. When he got there, there was no patient. The reason was simple: The call he'd got was for the gent he had been patching up when called. Seems that the elderly gentleman already in hospital had tripped over a rope while helping a small boy scout bale wastepaper. His daughter had taken him to the hospital. The small B.S. had rushed home to telephone the hospital. Order has been restored to Pasadena.

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Our Laboratories is one of the biggest book publishers!

If you had to guess the name of one of the country's biggest book publishers, the chances are you wouldn't think of Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Yet, in the number of books prepared for publication during the past year, the Laboratories outranks the largest book publisher in the country.

Many of these — prepared for the Army and Navy — are twice the size of the average novel. Some contain 1000 pages. All contain numerous photographs and technical drawings.

One group of engineer-writers spent eight months on one book, a manual for a secret electronic device. Another volume, equally thick, was written by one man in five months. Still another required the full time of one writer for a year and a half.

This publishing achievement is one of the yardsticks by which the Laboratories' war contribution may be measured. That's because each book is an instruction manual to accompany each item of equipment designed by Bell Laboratories for the Army and the Navy.

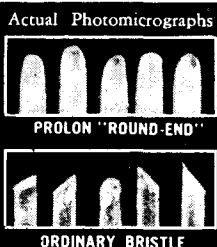


BELL TELEPHONE S

YOU'RE JEALOUS OF **PROLON**
BECAUSE IT'S A BETTER
TOOTH BRUSH BRISTLE!



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

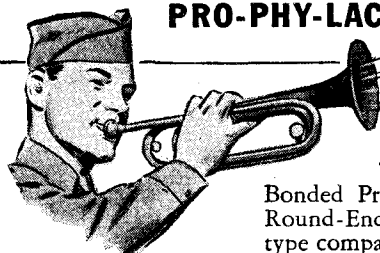
It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price... same package, marked with yellow band.



Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

Of the five acrobats who have crossed Niagara Falls on a tightrope, one was a woman, Maria Spelterini. On July 20, 1876, she made two round trips over a two-inch rope that spanned the 1,100-foot distance between the American and Canadian sides at a height of 165 feet above the whirling waters.

The sea bird called the skimmer gets its name from its unique method of obtaining food. As the lower part of its beak is much longer than the upper part, the bird, while flying along the surface of the ocean, lowers this mandible into the water and uses it to skim out the tiny shrimps and other marine animals on which it feeds.

More than 140 constitutions have been adopted by the states of this country since 1776. While many states have had only one, other states, such as Georgia, Louisiana, South Carolina and Virginia, have had as many as six different constitutions.—By J. W. Montgomery, Decatur, Ill.

A study of the 4,173,800 fires that occurred from known causes in the United States between 1930 and 1940 shows that the amount of damage done by a fire depends largely on how it started. For example, while the average property loss of all these fires was \$299, the figure varied from \$162 for fires from lighted matches, cigars and cigarettes, to \$1,241 for fires from spontaneous combustion.

Crooked dice are of two general types, weighted and electric, both of which are made transparent as well as opaque. The electric cubes, used only on a table containing an electromagnet, are evenly weighted and cannot be detected by being dropped in water. Ordinary weighted dice, however, can be detected this way as the heavier sides sink face downward. The one exception among such cubes is the opaque tapping dice whose weight is a drop of mercury that may be tapped, through a connecting passage, between a well on the side and one in the center. Thus, when the mercury is in the center well, the cube is evenly balanced, defies detection by the water test and rolls honestly, as do electric dice when the current is not turned on.

In the month of March, 1945, American factories employed 1,600,000 fewer workers than they did in November, 1943, the peak employment month during this war.

Through America's first and only television network, which blankets the metropolitan areas of New York, Schenectady and Philadelphia, a single program may now be received by 6,300 of our 8,000 television sets.

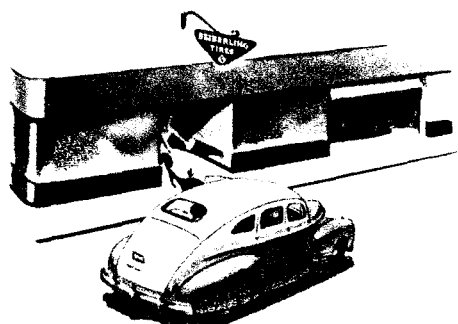
The Army Air Forces Convalescent Hospital at Pawling, New York, is the only American establishment of its kind today in which the patients are encouraged to acquire and care for a dog of their own to hasten their recovery. In August, 1944, one of them had become so apathetic he was given a puppy in the hope that it might revive his interest in life. As a result, the man was discharged in four months, instead of the ten months which had been estimated by the physicians. Consequently, the staff and patients realized the convalescent value of such companionship, and requests were made for some 325 dogs. The first 175 to arrive were gifts, the majority from the A.S.P.C.A.

Before the war closed many of them, about 50 cities in the Eastern Hemisphere maintained a free port, or a foreign trade zone, in which goods from other countries could be stored, processed, repackaged and reshipped abroad without the payment of import duties. Of the six free ports in the Western Hemisphere, the only one in the United States was completed at Stapleton, Staten Island, New York City, in 1937 and has handled as much as \$88,600,000 worth of merchandise in a single year.

The first successful airplane, or heavier-than-air machine to fly under its own power, was a model built and originally flown by John Stringfellow in 1848 in Chard, England. It had a wingspread of ten feet, was powered by a tiny steam engine operating two propellers and weighed only nine pounds.

An extreme case of starvation found among the living inmates of the concentration camps of Germany was that of a Hungarian Jew discovered in a hut at Buchenwald. Having been fed small quantities of pigwash over a period of years, he was so emaciated that, when lying down, the skin of his abdomen sank against his backbone, making it plainly visible in outline.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.



FOR EXTRA LONG WEAR IN TIRES

Choose a name you can trust in Rubber

Never, in all the time you've been driving a car, has the quality of your tires depended so much on the *skill of the tire maker!*

For today *all* tires are made of the *same* Government synthetic rubber, GRS—and it is tire-building skill, *and skill alone*, that gives a tire *extra* stamina.

Seiberling tire-building skill has been proved on the wheels of America's passen-

ger cars and trucks for more than twenty-three years. In fact, *truck owners, who buy tires according to carefully kept mileage records, have bought a greater share of Seiberling's tire production than that of any other tire manufacturer!*

It is only natural, then, that the name "Seiberling" on a tire has come to mean extra toughness and longer wear. It is—*A Name You Can TRUST In Rubber.*

SEIBERLING

Experts in Rubber

Guard Your Tires!

On the Battle Fronts tires are consumed at the rate of one every 15 seconds! That means fewer tires for civilians—for you. Guard your present tires, make them last—and let your Independent Seiberling Dealer help you. He is an expert in tire conservation.

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Akron, Ohio, U.S.A. • Toronto, Ontario, Canada



**SEIBERLING
TIRES**



RETAILED ONLY BY FREE,
INDEPENDENT BUSINESS MEN
DISPLAYING THIS SIGN OF QUALITY

TODAY: See **Eddie Bracken & Diana Lynn**
in their grand new Paramount Picture

"Out of this World"!

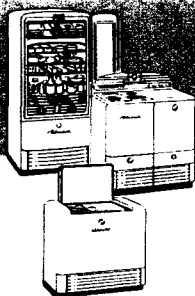
TOMORROW ... You'll be saying the music from your Admiral radio-phonograph is really "Out of This World." There'll be Slide-A-Way, that brings turntable and record changer out in plain view when you open the cabinet doors. New improved automatic record changer will change records in 5 seconds. Yes, you'll get the best of everything for your listening pleasure in your postwar Admiral—America's Smart Set. Ask your Admiral dealer for free booklet "A Promise from Admiral" or write...

Admiral Corporation
Chicago 47, Illinois

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonographs with Automatic Record Changers



Dual-Temp Refrigerator
Electric Range
Home Freezer



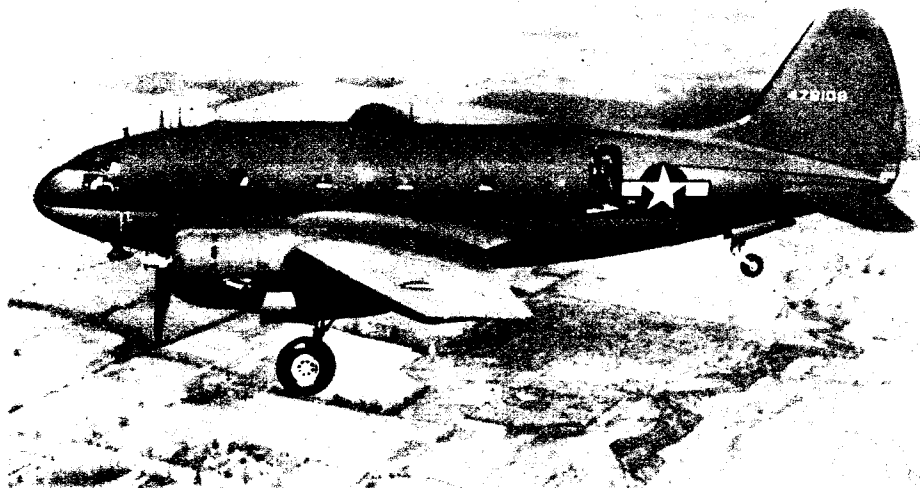
All ... a Promise from

Admiral

TUNE IN CBS SUNDAYS, 2:30 PM, EWT, FOR ADMIRAL "WORLD NEWS TODAY"

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



Larger than the veteran Douglas C-47 troop carrier is the Curtiss C-46 Commando. Equipped with radar and parapack racks beneath the fuselage for pin-point dropping of supplies, the Commando weighs 50,000 pounds, can fly at more than 250 mph and has a cruising range of 1,800 miles

AFTER more than three years of valiant service with the Troop Carrier Command, the renowned Douglas C-47 Skytrains—basically the DC-3 of the commercial airways—are being retired from combat in favor of the larger, more powerful and longer-range Curtiss C-46 Commandos. As fast as these twin-engined, double jump-door jobs roll out of the Buffalo plants of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, they are prepared for duty in Asia and the Pacific. But the Jap war will probably be over before the last C-47 will be turned out to pasture.

The step-up to the Commando became necessary as airborne warfare expanded, and though the Commando carries 36 paratroopers—18 more than the C-47—a still larger troop carrier is needed. That's why a Douglas C-54 four-engined Skymaster has been modified and is being tested to deliver an even larger load of fighting paratroopers and vital airborne equipment for the Pacific war.

You'll soon begin seeing some of these C-47 work horses back from the wars wearing service ribbons quite different from the Swastikas, Rising Sun flags, bombs and ships which the fighters and bombers display.

There will be a yellow parachute. That means the Skytrain hauled a load of paratroopers over the enemy lines at night and made a drop. A white one means it was done in daylight. A miniature glider stands for tugging a glider filled with airborne troops into the fighting zone, and for each additional mission, there's another glider. Red crosses are for evacuating wounded. Trips within shooting range of the enemy to resupply ground troops with food and ammunition are symbolized by railroad boxcars, hooked on behind a steam engine which represents the first resupply job.

Troop carrier pilots call themselves just a bunch of "damned aerial truck drivers" and tell you their work is slightly less exciting than a stale mug of beer. Wryly they call their airplanes unlovely things like "bully-beef bombers" and "fat cats"—but then with a kind of twisted pride tell you the story of "Old 242," a troop carrier C-47—the only one—that kept 5,000 Allied troops supplied in New Guinea when they were cut off from base. She flew 57 combat missions during the twelve days and hauled more than a quarter-million pounds of food to help isolate the Jap garrison at Wewak. That garrison was captured by the Australians on May 13th.

A troop carrier pilot has to have the talents of all kinds of fighting airmen. He is a curious mixture of bomber pilot and fighter pilot and in addition, nighthawk, locomotive engineer, ambulance driver and the slow-moving duck of the shooting galleries.

Missions verge on the bizarre, especially in the Pacific, where impromptu tactics often have to be developed. A troop carrier pilot trying to get medical supplies down to survivors of a plane crash on a jungle island in

the Southwest Pacific had to turn his C-47 into a dive bomber to deliver his load. The wreck, hidden from all angles except from directly above, defied every normal method of dropping supplies until the resourceful C-47 pilot climbed to 1,000 feet, pulled back the throttles, put down the landing flaps and wheels to create as much drag as possible, and went into a dive that would have swelled the chest of any dive-bomber pilot. The big transport pulled out of the plunge and leveled off just 20 feet above the wreck. The bundle was dropped almost into the hands of the survivors.

Another pilot made his plane a flying trapeze, diving down to snatch a glider from the ground with a 350-foot nylon towline and a coiled steel spring to break the shock. But he did it without even blinking, and reassures you with the story of a C-47 gleefully snatching gliders from a sandbar on the Chindwin River in Burma, when the foliage crowding the banks on either side raked a wing tip as the plane came in and out.

THE troop carrier boys do almost anything, anytime, in the Far East. Once a C-47 pilot spotted a Jap outpost during a mission over Burma. He swung over toward it and, strictly as a gag, called out: "On target. Bombs away." Several seconds later his engineer called back: "Bombs away!" and the astonished pilot looked around in time to see the outpost covered by a cloud of dust. The engineer had tossed a mortar shell from the window as they sped by.

The hauling of troops over the Owen-Stanley Range in the early days of the Pacific war taught us something about logistics, and with that knowledge we were able to plan and execute the Lae-Nadzab paratroop operation in New Guinea—said in military quarters to be the model attack of its kind in this war.

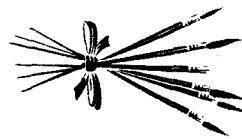
The information learned there went into making the Markham Valley campaign in New Guinea, in which a dozen or so C-47s worked in an endless and tireless shuttle to bring thousands of Australian troops up through the valley in one of the most audacious leap-frogging campaigns in the Pacific war.

When the airborne troops went into action at Arnhem, Holland, their work was the sum of all things learned up to then. And then came the grand climax of all, the feat of hauling some 30,000 men across the Rhine in 1,500 troop-carrying planes and gliders on March 24th.

So, when the day comes that a larger air armada has to dump greater thousands over Japan, troop-carrier Commandos and Skytrains, maybe even Skymasters, will haul them and pull their gliders, and get them there at the right time. . . .

MAJOR BERNARD W. CRANDELL
and CAPTAIN ELLIOTT ARNOLD

This Year New-Day Kitchen can be Yours!



Out of the Past . . . It popped right out of a Pennsylvania Dutch hope chest . . . and did you ever see a more entrancing idea for a kitchen? Hearts and flowers and furbelows carefully copied in colors that sing their saucy way into a modern step-saving setting.

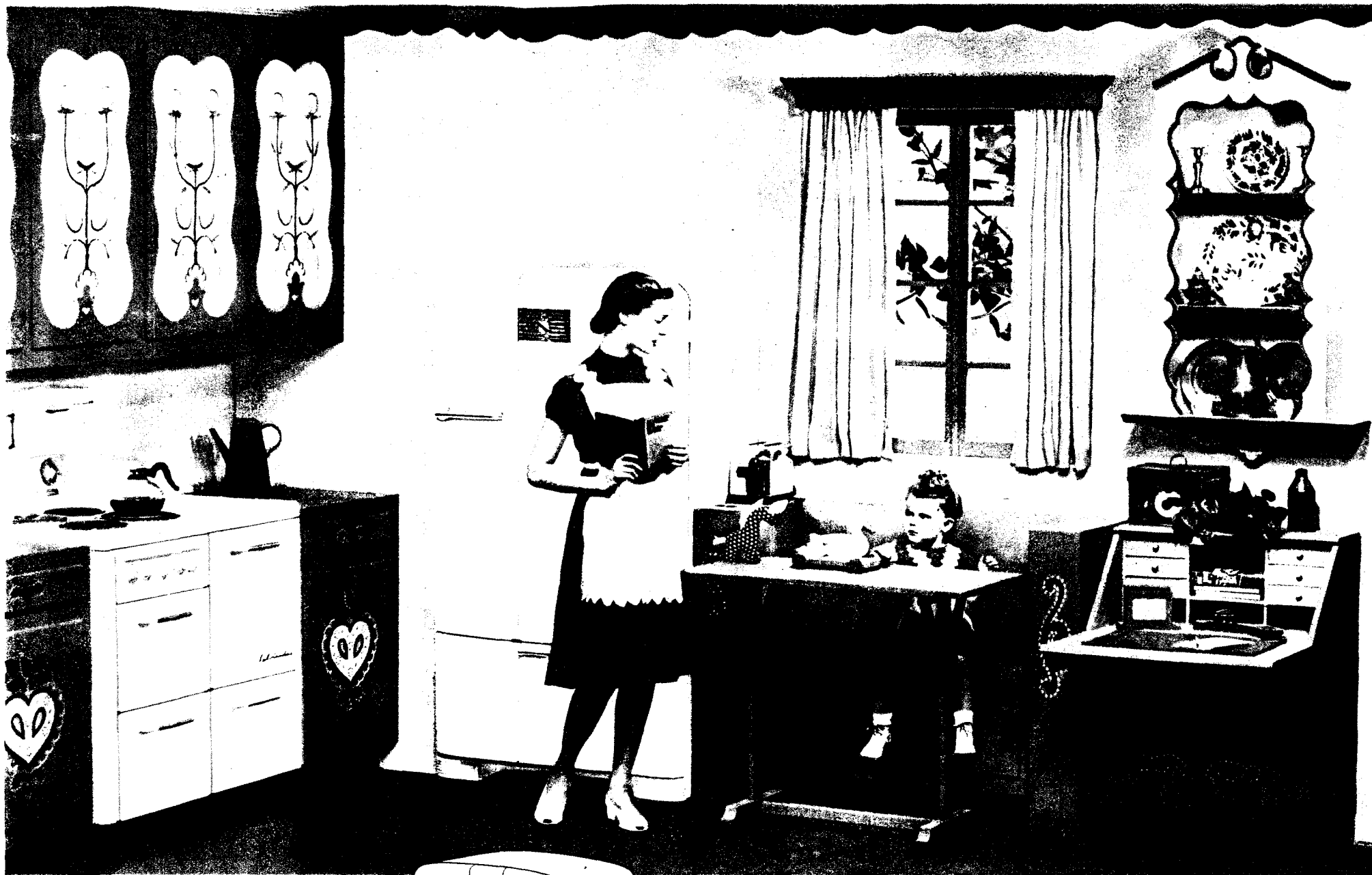
Into the Present . . . Here's a picture of planned kitchen efficiency. Streamlined design that starts with plenty of working surface . . . and a "tri-angular" refrigerator-range-sink arrangement that hops, skips and jumps you through meal making. There's a

planning desk, too, for recipe books and kitchen "bookkeeping" . . . and a built-in upholstered seat with storage drawers underneath. Pull up a movable utility table and there's your family breakfast corner!

Its Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . slides snugly into the corner near the window . . . big, roomy and beautiful. There will be different zones of cold for all kinds of perishable foods. A frozen food compartment to hold a roast, keep frozen fruits and vegetables for weeks. A Cold-Mist Freshener compart-

ment, walled off with shining glass, to crisp up greens, keep uncovered leftovers flavorful.

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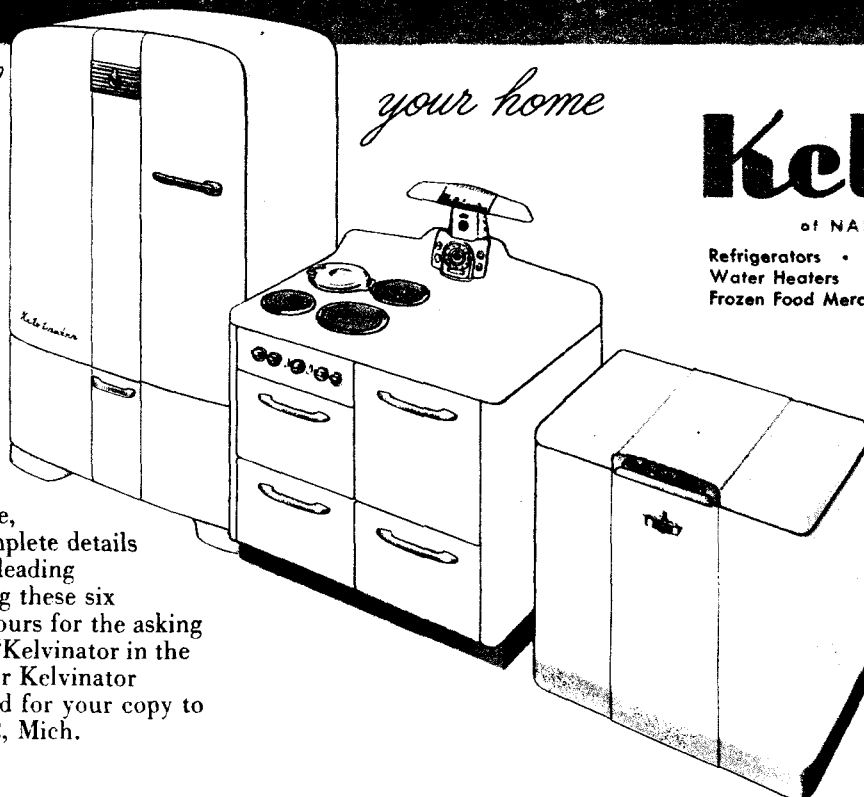


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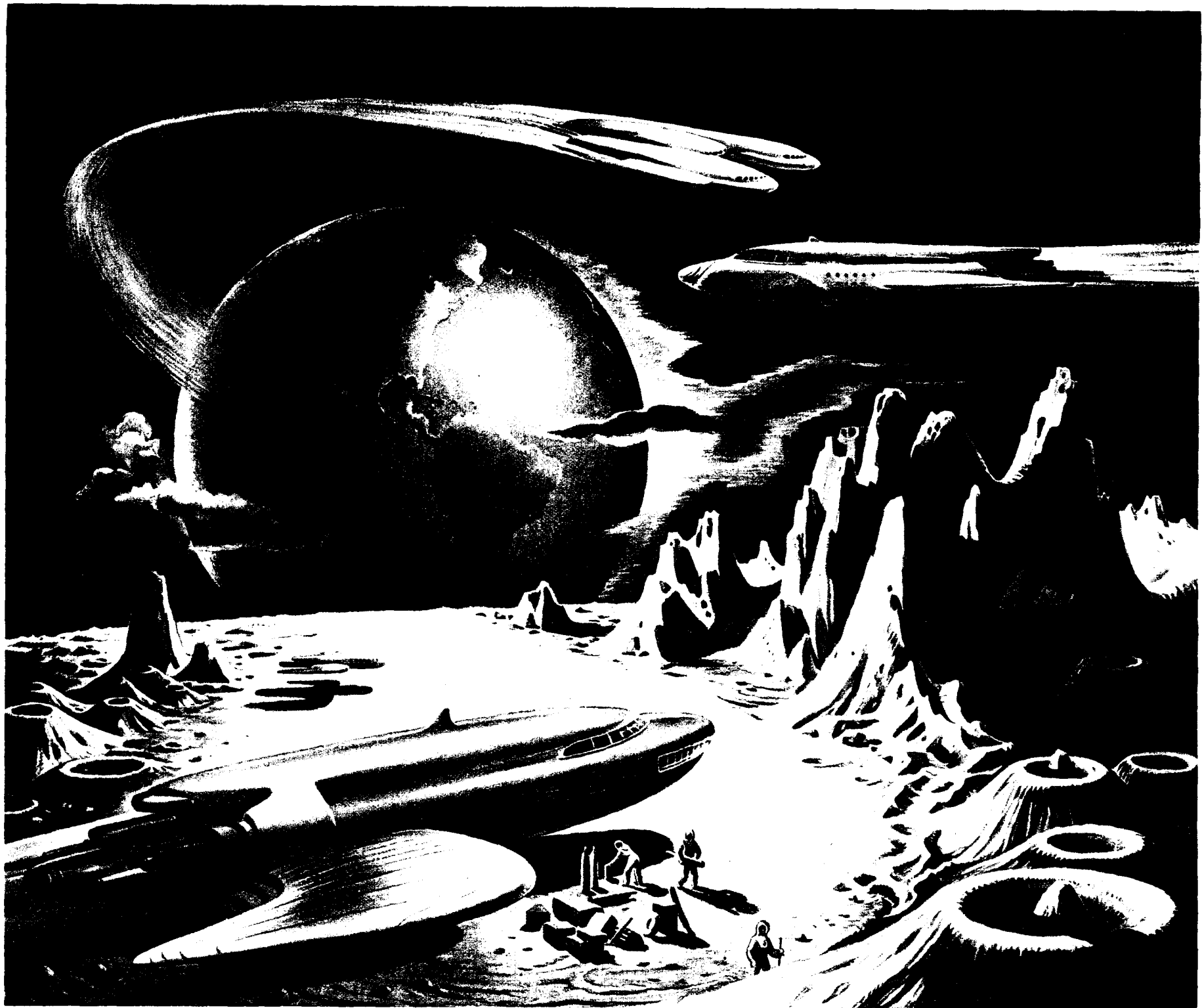
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How to get a homestead on the moon

ONE OF THE rocket enthusiast groups in this country believes in being prepared for anything.

They recently asked the Department of the Interior how to file claims for land on the moon, and the reply read in part as follows:

"If acquisition of the lands is to be sought under the Homestead Law, application therefor must be accomplished by an affidavit declaring that the applicant has personally examined the land and is well acquainted with its characteristics.

"The applicant must be prepared to establish his permanent residence upon the land to the exclusion of a home elsewhere, within six months after his entry has been approved."

Of course, once the transportation question is solved, it may turn out that the moon is a wonderful place to own a home. Or it may not. Nobody knows what strange hazards exist there—not even your local Travelers agent.

But for every person who's planning a home on the moon, there are millions who are planning to own a home down here.

There are plenty of hazards attached to home-owning on this planet, too. But your local Travelers agent knows all about them and can tell you just what to do about them.

Hazards that damage or destroy your home, such as fire and windstorm. Hazards that make it impossible for you to keep up your home, such as accidents that cripple your earning power for

years—or a lifetime. Hazards that take your home away from you, such as judgments for damages resulting from an automobile accident.

Through insurance, your Travelers agent can help protect your home from all such hazards and he can help you make sure that your family continues to have that home even if you should be taken away from them.

In short, his experience can help you make starting a home a happy adventure instead of a perilous journey into the uncharted unknown.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

After witnessing the defeat of Germany, a leader of American thought reaches certain sober and definite conclusions about the very urgent need of Americans for a philosophy of conquest

YOU felt the need of a philosophy—the need of a deliberate, considered attitude toward the problems of conquest—the moment the American tanks poked their noses over a hill to glare down at a German village.

You felt it even more keenly as the conquest developed, and you came face to face with the local inhabitants who, convinced by their own propaganda that the Americans were committed to loot, rape and murder, awaited your arrival in speechless terror.

If some unit of the division decided to use this town as a bivouac, the next step was scarcely reassuring. The commandant of the bivouac detachment would find the burgomaster and order him to remove everybody from the best residential area. All houses therein must be turned over to the Americans intact, with all occupants removed. *Machen schnell!* Fifteen minutes! And leave everything unlocked!

The breathless burgomaster sets off with his police to cry this order through the designated area, where it causes infinitely varied reactions. In one town, entering a house with the burgomaster, I stumbled over a couple who had committed joint suicide. Some weep, a few plead, many seem too frightened to move; most, however, turn away and proceed to execute the order in sullen silence.

Exodus of the Herrenvolk

Presently the exodus begins. Fluffy German bedding, pots and kettles, jars of home-canned vegetables, clothes, personal effects are carried on the run out of doorways and loaded into rickety little wagons and baby carriages—even draped on bicycles. "Hurry up! Hurry up! *Machen schnell! Raus!*" Members of the bivouac company are already in the houses, pushing the residents out, marking the doors to indicate what units are to be billeted there. The interpreters are busy with special cases. Here is someone too sick to walk. And what to do about the cow tonight? She has to be milked. The cow, the cow! Oh, the poor cow! And who will feed the kitten? *Du lieber Gott!*

And so the tottering toy wagons and the shaky old women and the weeping *Mädchen* and the men sweating with haste and fear and shame move down the edges of the narrow streets, shouldered aside by thundering olive-drab tanks and truckloads of ammunition and breathless jeeps. They move past the liberated slaves, the macabre people with numbers sewed on their shabby clothes, who pour out of the houses now to watch the masterfolk obey an American boy standing at the main intersection with thumbs in his belt, chewing gum. The masterfolk move ludicrously away to that portion of their town that has been assigned to them. The Americans have taken over.

Thus the problem of governing Germany begins. Where do we go next? What do we hope to achieve? What meaning do we want to give that American boy at the main intersection? Or must he stand there forever in a kind of political vacuum?

In the making of history, men and nations must always gamble. Some gamble on power and conquest, others on diplomacy, others on restraints and controls of various kinds. But the U.S. has made only one consistent gamble, and this is on human nature. The theme of all great American statesmanship has been a belief that individual men and women, when emancipated from the corruptive forces of tyranny, are capable of saving themselves. This is the essence of all our

The man who bears the load of America's responsibility in conquered Germany, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower

INTERNATIONAL

GERMANY- OUR GREATEST GAMBLE

BY RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

AUTHOR OF "MY COUNTRY"



theories of human freedom and self-government.

Those who believe deeply in this doctrine, however, are having difficulty in applying it to that thorny problem of the peace: the occupation and government of Germany. For if gambling on human nature means gambling on Germans, we cannot take this gamble—not now; not perhaps for five or ten or twenty or fifty years. This fact is apparent to every soldier who has fought his way across Naziland. The doughs hate the Germans this time with a real hatred—not just because the Krauts have killed their buddies (although

that makes the hate passionate), but because in some inexpressible way, the American soldier senses that these people cannot sustain the great democratic gamble, cannot be entrusted with the great democratic truths.

American statesmen, indeed, are faced with a dilemma. The U.S. has always stood for freedom and always must. To stand for anything else would be to lose the meaning of the war we have just won. Yet it is not within the limits of the facts to stand for the freedom of Germans, either now or as far ahead as we can see. It is not even realistic to set up a "timetable" for the emancipation

of Germany, because there is no way of guessing when the Germans will be able to earn their freedom—or whether they ever will.

This problem is certainly not simplified by the fact that the occupation is to be undertaken by four powers. Observers have recently stressed the need for unity of occupation policy among these powers, and certainly this need is real. Yet, as Americans, we cannot allow a need for unity to muzzle an expression of our doctrine.

The American people do not yet realize the importance of their voice in world affairs. This voice may not always prevail. In the difficult days that lie ahead, we are often going to be outvoted, even frustrated. *But the important thing is that we speak.* The important thing is that we formulate American aims fearlessly in American terms and lay them before the peoples of the earth. And if the peoples' leaders choose to oppose those aims, they will do so at their own risk.

But in approaching the German problem, we have thus far failed to announce the American aim. We have sought to handle the problem in terms of the secondary issues. Should we favor a hard peace or a soft one? Should we destroy German industry, and if so, should we destroy it wholly or only in part? Should we demand reparations? Should we control the press? We have permitted these and other questions to absorb our attention, unmindful of the fact that the chances of answering them correctly are overwhelmingly against us unless we first formulate a doctrine and set it up as a goal. We are going at the German problem in reverse: seeking a solution of details without knowing what end we want to achieve.

At the time I left the U.S., the prevailing argument about Germany had to do with whether or not the German people are fundamentally good. Some considered them hopelessly brutal and thought they should be virtually exterminated. Others contended that the leaders are evil but the people good, and that we should therefore punish only the former. At the front, this controversy did not make much sense. "Good" and "evil" in Germany did not seem to be divided in just that way.

As our division conquered town after town, I kept asking myself a haunting question: What is a German? What is this incredible mixture of discipline and emotion, militarism and the gay delights of old Vienna? What is this illogical combination of honest sweat with lies; bloody concentration camps with neat bourgeois homes; ruthless industrialism with warm *Gemütlichkeit*? The question hit me when, after shooting our way into a town, I tramped up the stairs of my billet to find embroidered on my pillow cover the sentiment, "Sleep sweetly," and over the door of the living room the motto: "Let us live faithfully together."

A Kind of Spiritual Death

It is not merely a question of understanding the strange contradictory extremes of the German character; one must understand them in defeat. No people have ever been more completely defeated. They are defeated, not merely outwardly, but inwardly.

Certain sinister forces have been working on the German soul, especially during the last two or three years. Of these, three are most important.

The first and most obvious has been the impact of the gangster system on what we have come to regard as normal social values. In always taking over the best part of town, Americans have had a concrete lesson in how the Nazis worked. For the past many years, Germany has been nothing more than a gigantic racket. If you were passive toward the racket (like, for instance, the bulk of German labor), you got enough to live on, but no more. If, however, you joined the racket, there was almost no limit to the rewards.

Near Chemnitz, our division captured the mansion of an industrialist named Wunsch, recently erected, and complete with marble bathrooms as big as ordinary bedrooms, exquisite rugs and hangings, and a stock of champagne big enough for a battalion. As most Germans were aware, capitalists were

permitted to make gigantic profits from the war; some corporations paid as much as 30 per cent dividends on capital value. The profiteering was so flagrant that it had to be disguised by a typical Nazi ruse. Dividends were limited to 6 or 8 per cent, but corporations could issue new shares to the stockholders, who thus received the same amount in the end.

Participation in the national racket, however, was not confined to the top layer of society. The entire middle class was implicated; otherwise it could not have continued as a middle class. Middle-class houses, such as the one in which I am now billeted, betray the complacency of their owners. The closets are filled with beautiful linen, plenty of dresses and men's clothes. There is an abundance of dry wood and coal.

Luxury in the Midst of War

There is always a large stock of potatoes in the cellar, together with home-canned fruit and vegetables, Rhine wine, and even Burgundy; and it is not unusual to find half a dozen hams hanging in the attic. The absence of flour, sugar and other staples, to say nothing of edible luxuries, would indicate a frugal standard of living in normal times. But at the end of a total war, involving the very existence of the nation, with German workers living on starvation rations, the middle-class standard seems almost sumptuous, and obviously it was not maintained without help to and from the Nazi Party.

When accused of supporting the Party, these middle-class people almost break into tears. They could not help themselves; they were forced to give support. But what this excuse means is somewhat different from what it says. Millions managed to stay alive in Germany without actively supporting the terror. When the burghers say they were forced, they mean simply that they had to give their support *in order to maintain their scale of living.*

But when a man supports murderers and gangsters in order to live better than his neighbors, he cannot escape responsibility. We may grant the middle-class plea that they did not know the extremes of depravity to which the leaders of the national racket had gone. Still it is inconceivable that anyone could join with such a regime without suffering a degeneration of character, a certain debasing of his standards concerning his obligations to society and the rights of others.*

Where, then, are we to draw the guilt line as between the leaders and the people? Not only is this an impossible task, but we must even extend the area of guilt beyond our former tentative conceptions. We cannot forget that producers of war necessities, even peasants, had at their disposal imported human slaves, who worked for them free (or nearly so) and on whose labor they were entitled to profit. In this sense, almost the whole of German society was implicated in the racket and morally affected by it.

Certain basic concepts which we find essential to civilized government have been eaten away, as if by acid. Justice has become what-you-can-get-away-with; and community responsibility is merely what-they-tell-you-to-do. The concept of the rights of others, especially of "inferiors," does not exist in this strange, warped society that we are called upon to govern.

There are many ways in which this debasement of the German character manifests itself, but one example will suffice: The almost universal German attitude toward the war is quite shocking to Americans. Most Germans who once followed the Nazis now denounce them, but I never heard one admit any guilt for the cataclysm that the Nazis brought upon the world. The war was wrong only because Germany lost it. Had she won, no guilt would have been incurred.

Less obvious than the gangsterism but tremendously potent in their effect on the Germans, have been the forces set up by the change in the character of the war itself. The Nazis of 1939-40 did a lot of shouting about "total war" but they had no intention of

(Continued on page 72)

*See *Danger Ahead in Germany* by Gregor Ziemer, Collier's, June 9, 1945.



Hannover, after defeat. All Germany knows the bitterness of ruin and subjugation now. But how long will Germany remember—and profit by the memory?

Germans in conquered Leipzig discover truth—perhaps for the first time—in a newspaper. They are reading the American-supervised Hessische Post



FIRST BLOOD

By James Atlee Phillips



Birdy remembered to keep his spurs working along the big beast's sides, and even when he lost his hat at an unexpected turning, he kept his free hand swinging

The boy waited to ride the aging Brahma bull — and now he was scared. But, far worse, his father, nine times World's Champion Cowboy, was there to know it, too

HOW would you like to be caught before the prying eyes of eighteen thousand people with nothing between you and the ground but a revolving ton of Brahma bull that had nothing in view but your speedy and complete annihilation? And you armed with only a gaudy handkerchief and it strung around your neck! It's a mess, thought young Birdy Greenough dismally. It's a jam-up mess and a terrible way to treat a growing boy; it's what I get for being Shep Greenough's son.

The night was clear and the wind was warm. Birdy twisted his long legs and quinted at the stars, but he didn't really see them. He didn't hear the low bawlings of the creek show cattle that sloped away on all sides either. He was lying on a bale of hay in the livestock pavilion at the Midwest Rodeo and Fat Stock Show, and he didn't see anything or hear anything, because he was

fighting fear in his mind, and it wasn't even a close fight. He was scared to death.

He scratched his head and tilted the big creased hat down over his nose. A faint roar sounded through the night, like water spilling from a high place, and he knew that would be the windup of the trick roping. Just one more event, he thought, just the calf roping, and then I'll be out there all alone except for that damned Brahma bull. He had a vague hope that he wouldn't draw a choicely bull, or one that would be more than usually inclined to scatter the various parts of his body around the tanbark arena. But he knew that was a subterfuge of thought because there just weren't any peaceful Brahmas.

"Oh, me!" he whispered into the old black hat, and had a momentary regret that his father couldn't have been a good lawyer or doctor, instead of being Shep Greenough, nine times World's Champion Cowboy. That thought went quickly, however, for he was proud of the old man. He was thinking about that, staring into the big hat, when his father called to him. He jerked up on the bale, un-kinked his legs and pushed the hat back.

"Ready?"

"Near about."

His father sat down next to him. "You scared?"

Birdy squinted his eyes and pinched his sunburned nose with a gloved hand. "Naw,"

he said, and hoped the Lord would forgive him for such a lie. "Naw, just a jag nervous."

His father grunted and lighted a cigarette. The old man's face, seamed and weathered as mahogany, was hawklike in the yellow flare of the match.

"Best be going," said Shep Greenough, the old champion, and Birdy heaved up from the comfortable bale of hay and followed him down the lane through the livestock pavilion.

BIRDY was taller than his father, but other than that, they were very like each other as they went down toward the lighted Coliseum. Both of them wore tight whipcord pants and black silk shirts. The pants molded their legs and snugged down into red triple-stitched boots. Spurs jingled faintly on their heels as they went forward with that slight hitching gait which is the handwriting of the saddle. The older man limped slightly in a lack of stride that old hurts gave him, and he held one shoulder higher than the other.

Neither of them said anything until they were almost to the corrals back of the Coliseum, and Birdy could see people sitting in the lighted windows of the big building. Something like panic flowered in his head, and he could feel a damp sweat beading up in the palms of his hands.

A calf roper came bursting out of the

arena on a bay horse. His trailing rope snaked along the ground behind him and a bitter rush of curses exploded from under the brim of his hat.

Shep Greenough chuckled. "Pardee must 'a' missed bad," he said, still shaking with that dry laughter. "He won't never forget that seven-second throw I made on him, in Laramie that time."

Neither will I, thought Birdy, and shook his head. His throat felt dry. Dark forms were milling around in the corral to his right, and when one of them thundered into the fence and shook it, the boy started involuntarily. His father was looking at him, but the old man wasn't smiling.

"You ain't puttin' your feet down right," said Shep Greenough slowly. "Seems as if you might not want to make this ride." He hunched his shoulders and spat down carefully between the toes of his polished boots. "Wouldn't do nothing I didn't want to do," he went on carelessly. There was a polite overtone in his voice that made Birdy sick deep down in the belly.

"I'm nervous," the boy said again stubbornly, and stretched his neck, trying to get the tension out of it.

"Do whatever you want," Shep Greenough said, without any emotion. "If he slips on the tanbark, don't let him roll on you. If he goes fence-bustin' get that off leg free. An'

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN

Part in a Play

By Irwin Shaw

With victory many collaborators will try to turn their coats. This is the story of what happened to one such Frenchman

ALEXIS CONSTANTIN was a pleasant man, and there were many people who thought he had talent, even before the war, when the theater in Paris was crowded with good actors of his type, heavy peasant-appearing men nearing middle age with an aptitude for shrewd comedy who could also be counted upon to be sympathetic and emotional when playing the aging rich husbands of flighty and unfaithful young women. . . . He had been to Hollywood for a year or two and did an imitation of Boyer that was always amusing at parties. He had been married and amicably divorced when considerably younger, and before the war he had shared an apartment with Philippe Tournebroke, another actor, in the Saint-Germain district.

They had been friends ever since they had carried spears as young men together at the Odeon, and their friendship continued even though Tournebroke had become known as one of the most brilliant and successful actors in France before the Nazis came in, and Constantin had merely plodded along, dependably, making a living, but always playing secondary parts, drawing a mildly approving paragraph from the reviewers here and there, but no more.

The actors' apartment was an agreeable place. Tournebroke made a great deal of money and was thoughtlessly openhanded with it. The two men got along together much better than either of them had got along with their wives and there were a great many parties always going on there, with people from Broadway and Hollywood wandering through, and many bottles of champagne, and representatives of all the arts and always the new crop of pretty girls whom the two friends scrupulously shared, and a generous sprinkling of rich ladies and gentlemen with country places in Normandy and villas in Cannes who could be counted upon when Paris turned dull. All in all, it was the sweet, rich, glorious life it was possible for an artist to live in the 1930s and which we are repeatedly warned will never return to the face of the earth.

Occasionally, when he was offered a part in a new play, Constantin would have his bad moments. "The same thing," he said one morning to Philippe, morosely leafing through a new script. "Always the same thing."

"Let me guess," said Philippe. It was at breakfast, and Philippe was sitting across from him, meditatively tapping an egg. "An industrialist. You manufacture perfume."

"Automobiles."

"Automobiles. A play of superior quality. Your wife deceives you with an Italian."

"A Hungarian. I have been cuckolded enough," Constantin said bitterly, "to have grounds for divorce against a nunnery full of English schoolgirls."

Philippe grinned. "Alexis Constantin," he chanted oratorically, "the eternal pillar of the French theater. What would we do without the cuckold. The head reels at the thought. Pass the salt."

"Some day," Alexis said darkly, "they are going to be surprised. They're going to offer me this part and I'm not going to take it. This isn't a career—it's a disease. . . ."

"Some day," Philippe said gently, "you're going to play Cyrano. I'm sure of it." Philippe was sensitive and decent and he was very fond of Alexis, and as much as he could do to assuage the pain of disappointed ambition, he did.

BUT these were only the occasional moments, the flashes of dark clarity when Alexis saw his career slipping hurriedly past in a confused, unremembered succession of drab roles. He was not jealous of Philippe, or as little jealous as an actor can be, and there was always the human dream that next year would be different, a last-minute change in casting, a friend dying in a difficult and rewarding role and he called upon to fill in between matinee and evening performance; a peculiarly discerning producer suddenly appearing on the Parisian scene and calling him, and saying, "Constantin, I've been watching you. You've been wasting yourself in those parts. I have here a new play in which the leading man runs from the age of nineteen to the age of eighty-five. He is irresistible to women and he is on the stage for two hours and twelve minutes. . . ."

But his friends never died, or died in bad roles; no discerning producers arrived in Paris; the pattern of his career was as even and predictable as wallpaper until the Germans entered Paris.

The Germans, who loved Paris much better than they loved Berlin, and who thought of themselves as connoisseurs and patrons of European art, interfered very little with the capital's theater. Of course they closed down the plays written by Jews and handed Jewish-owned theaters over to more acceptable Frenchmen, for a price, and, naturally, they forbade the production of plays in which the English, Americans or Russians were presented in a good light; but, by and large, they did no more harm to the theater than a large motion-picture concern would do if given the same power.

The play Philippe was appearing in was a fiery story of the Franco-Prussian War, in which Frenchmen died eloquently on Uhlan lances in the third and fourth acts, so there was no question of its reopening. But Alexis was in one of his standard confections, acceptable to all parties except lovers of the theater, and its producer was invited by the German commissar of culture, a romantic Bavarian colonel, to put the play back on the boards.

"It's a problem," Alexis was saying. He and Philippe had been talking around the subject all night. It was late now, and quiet outside and there had been considerable brandy drunk over the problem.

"After all I have only one profession. I am an actor."

"Yes," said Philippe. He was lying outstretched on the couch, staring into the brandy glass he held on his chest.

"A baker continues to bake. A doctor continues to practice medicine, Germans or no Germans. . . ."

"Yes," said Philippe.

"After all," Alexis said, "the play is one that was a success under the Third Republic."

"Yes," said Philippe. "That play was a success under Caligula."

"It does no one any harm."

"Yes," said Philippe. "Pass the brandy."

"There is nothing in it to give comfort to the Nazis."

"Yes," said Philippe.

THERE was a pause. From the street came the sound of marching, three or four men only, but the hobnails hitting the pavement like an army.

"The Germans," said Philippe. "They march to weddings, assignations, toilets. . . ."

"Are you going to play this season?" Alexis asked.

Philippe rolled the liquor around in his glass. "I am not going to play this season," he said.

"What are you going to do?" Alexis asked.

"I'm going to drink brandy," said Philippe, "and read the collected works of Molière."

Alexis listened to the marching dying away in the direction of Montparnasse.

"Are you going to play next season?" he asked.

"No," said Philippe. "I am going to play the season the only Germans in Paris are dead Germans. . . ."

"You don't think it's right, even in a play like mine. . . .?"

Philippe waved his glass slowly past his nose. "Each man has to decide for himself. I am not going to influence anyone on a question like this."

"You don't think it's right?" Alexis persisted.

"I. . . ." Philippe spoke slowly and softly into the large, delicate glass. "I think it's treason. I am not in the market as an entertainer for the brave, blond German troops."

The two friends remained in silence. From the street came a hoarse voice, bellowing a Schubert *Lied*, and a woman's high giggle.

"Well," said Alexis finally, "I'll call Lamarque in the morning and tell him to find someone else for the part."

Philippe slowly put down his glass. He got up and came over to where Alexis was sitting. For the first time since the Germans had entered the city, Alexis saw emotion breaking through the bored, remote, cold mask of Philippe's famous face. With surprise, Alexis saw that Philippe was crying. Philippe held out his hand.





"I was afraid," he said. "I was afraid you wouldn't. . . . Forgive me, Alex, forgive me. . . ."

They shook hands, and Alexis was surprised again to see that he, too, had tears in his eyes as he clasped the hand of this man he had known for twenty years.

FOR a while it was not so bad. The Germans were correct, especially to well-known people in the theater, and Alexis and Philippe remained aloof, pretending to be taking their time finding suitable parts, politely rejecting all manuscripts offered them. Philippe had a good deal of money, which he shared unstintingly with Alexis. They had a kind of prolonged vacation, reading, lying abed late, even spending seasons in the country after arming themselves with passes, which were given graciously and without question by the Germans.

There were long, quiet parties now at the apartment, at which painters showed new work which they refused to exhibit publicly, and playwrights read new plays that were meant for the boards some time in the hazy future when the Germans were finally cleared out of Paris. That time, as the occupation wore on, seemed more and more dreamlike and impossible of achievement, and occasionally men and women of their circle would drop out and take once more their accustomed places on the stage, making their separate peace with the fact that the stalls were packed with German troops, in Paris on leave as a reward for their work on the various fronts.

The holiday began to pall on both Alexis and Philippe, especially as new faces appeared on the Parisian stage, new favorites claimed the attention of the public. Also, Philippe's money gave signs of running out, and the Germans confiscated their apartment and they were forced to live, both of them together, in a small room on the fifth floor of a building without an elevator on a bad street in the Saint-Denis section.

Finally, there was the day Lamarque sent a note to Alexis. He wanted to see Alexis alone and he wished Alexis to keep quiet about it for the time being.

Alexis dressed carefully for the interview, his best remaining suit, and a sober, expensive necktie he hadn't worn in two years. He had his hair cut on his way to Lamarque's office, and just before he went up the stairs bought a flower for his buttonhole. He mounted the stairs slowly, a solid, fleshy, handsome citizen, his face somber and reserved, hiding the sharp, nervous pangs of excitement and premonitory guilt as he opened the door of the producer's office.

"Germans or no Germans," Lamarque was saying, "this play . . ." he waved the manuscript excitedly above his desk, "this play is theatrical literature. It's a contribution to the culture of France and the leading part . . . My God!" Lamarque looked religiously up to heaven. "An old man, but powerful, in the full flush of his maturity, on the stage half the first act, the whole second act, and a death scene in the third act Racine couldn't have done better." Lamarque was a little fat man from Marseille with small, shrewd, dark promoter's eyes. He had done well under the Third Republic, he had done well under the Germans, and he would do well under the Ninth Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

"Alexis," he gripped the actor's arm fiercely, "Alexis, when I read this, I could only think of one man. You. I know the trash you've been playing. The same old thing, year after year. Same tricks, same notices. Death for an actor. This would be a new Constantin. Raimu, Bauer, they'll seem like schoolboys next to you. I've always felt that when the right part came along you could astonish the world."

"IT'S true," Alexis said tentatively, knowing that it was only because so many of the old standbys were no longer playing that Lamarque was talking to him, "I have somehow not had the opportunity to . . ."

"This is it, Alex," Lamarque said solemnly. "Believe me I've been in the theater all my life and I know when a part and an actor get together like electricity."

"However," Alexis said troubledly, "it's very kind of you, but in a way, I thought I'd wait for a while. . . ."

"He's a miser," Lamarque said reverently. "A huge, powerful miser. High up in Popular Front politics. It all takes place in 1937. He's the hard-fisted, ruthless, scheming king of an industrial empire, with a pathologic love for money. He was disappointed in love in his youth and he has turned from women. All his passion is given to his money. His money is his wife, his mistress, his children, his life, and he ruins men with a laugh for a thousand francs. There's a scene when his best friend comes to him and pleads . . . But you have to read it for yourself, Alex, the power, the power, I don't want to spoil it for you. And there's a pure young girl he meets . . . and his change. The blossoming in December, the laughter. And then the discovery. The girl's a slut. Off with a captain in the Algerian cavalry at the moment he is buying a large pure diamond in a simple setting for her in the Place Vendôme. And a mad scene, Alex, a mad scene that makes Hamlet look like a game of dominoes on a Sunday afternoon. And the murder and the speech before he takes the (Continued on page 61)

"Please talk to me, Philippe," Alexis begged. "I was a fool. I was weak. I should have gone with you. . . ." But Philippe limped along as though he heard not a word



Danish patriots want justice for traitors. Here a freedom fighter stops a woman quivering from taking poison after her arrest

DAWN OVER

Young Patrick Schultz doesn't feel at all heroic about his role as a resistance leader during the Nazi occupation; it was simply his duty and he did it

BY WALTER TAUB

At the Kongens Nytorv, largest square in Copenhagen, fighters battled Nazi SS men on the day of their country's liberation



I'VE never driven at such breakneck speed as I did on the sixth of May in the heart of Copenhagen. At the wheel sat a young boy who kept his hand on the horn the whole time, so that we sounded like an ambulance. The people lining the road waved and cheered at the driver and swung threatening fists toward me, and a medium-sized stone whizzed through the open window as a greeting.

It wasn't just an ordinary car I rode in, because these weren't allowed on the streets. On the car's side was painted in white "Holger Danske"—the name of a legendary figure in Danish history, a man who sleeps underground until the moment of his country's greatest need when he comes forth and saves the fatherland. Holger Danske had kept his promise.

At the beginning of 1943, a group of fifty death-scorning Danes swore an oath that they'd take up the battle against the occupiers and *stikkere*—the Danes who denounced the patriots to the Germans. Only two of these fifty men are alive today; all the others have fallen in battle or died in concentration camps.

One of the two survivors was the man driving the car which aroused such—for me—unpleasant attention. Such cars are chiefly used by Danish freedom fighters, armed to the teeth, to fetch traitorous elements from their homes and drive them to prison. The population takes every unarmed civilian in a patriot car for a *stikker*, which is why the stone was flung at my face. I thought it quite in order.

The day before I could have fared worse—then it was machine-gun fire instead of stones. It was only a few minutes after I had handed in a press telegram stating that, apart from the fact that all Danes were wildly rejoicing, everything in town was quiet, and describing how I'd landed in a special plane a few hours after the capitulation of the country's oppressors. Instead of the cheering sea of people which I had imagined would greet the first plane to land in liberated Denmark, my first sight was a group of armed German soldiers guarding their planes. I thought for a moment that perhaps the whole thing was only a rumor, and the Germans would arrest me.

As the Germans Surrender

"No," explained the Danish pass-control officer, "the Germans have really capitulated, and these soldiers are on guard because they've been ordered to hand over their planes to the Allies and are seeing that no unauthorized person steals them before the Allies march in. Yes, the Germans love discipline. The air is full of German aircraft trying to land on Copenhagen's airfield."

"Had you so many aircraft here in the town?" I asked a German soldier.

"No," he answered, "certainly not. These are planes which had been somewhere over the sea outside Denmark when the capitulation order arrived. They have come here to surrender."

One got the impression from the German soldiers that they were glad to surrender. With the exception of some few SS men, no one in Denmark refused to accept the capitulation. These few joined the armed Danish traitors who preferred a hopeless battle to the trial which they knew would result in death sentences for them.

It was these desperadoes who started shooting at the patriots and British from Gestapo headquarters in Dagmarhus. When I suddenly heard firing on the enormous Town Hall Square, I thought it was a welcome salvo fired by Danes for the first British soldiers. Since the hotel porter shared my opinion, I started calmly walking straight over the square, and it was only the shouts from pedestrians and soldiers scattering for cover in all directions that made me realize it wasn't at all a welcome.

There was nothing to take cover behind, and therefore the appearance of Copenhagen's largest square on Saturday, May 5, 1945, at eighteen hours was certainly unique in its history: On the left—seen from my original observation point—Danes, Englishmen and Canadians were shooting toward the right and, on the right, invisible SS men

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BLACK STAR

and Danish traitors were shooting toward the left. The square itself was completely empty with one exception—myself, lying exactly in the middle and gradually creeping on all fours toward the Allied front. I succeeded, and it was there behind a lamppost that I made the acquaintance of the young patriot who next day acted as my chauffeur and guide.

His story is typical of the best among Danish youth. Patrick Schultz is twenty-three and was a student when the occupation started. He was immediately conscious of his duty and he soon became a unit leader within the Holger Danske group. The group grew and soon had several hundred members. Their task was to liquidate *stikkere* and carry on sabotage. The organization was entirely in Danish hands and has never worked on orders from abroad. Only their arms came from abroad, part dropped by parachute, part smuggled from Sweden. The arms included explosives, small arms, automatics, light machine guns and pistols. Soundless pistols were used to liquidate *stikkere*.

When someone was reported as an informer, the case was first carefully examined, but if it was established that he had some patriots' lives on his conscience, then it was decided by ballot who would take over the job of killing him. It was this man's job to plan and organize the action. The majority of *stikkere* resisted and many patriots were killed. Approximately 300 traitors have nevertheless been liquidated.

The Traitor's Stock Alibi

When the hour of freedom struck, patriots over the whole country were ordered to take the quislings into custody alive. As the newly appointed social minister, Hedtoft-Hansen, informed me, there were about eight to ten thousand such creatures left, and all have not yet been found. In not a single instance has such a despicable person admitted that he had acted on his political convictions. All maintain they thought that by "being somewhat helpful to the Germans," they could serve their country.

I've always found it difficult to follow such a person's train of thought and therefore wished to meet one. This proved impossible—but then Patrick Schultz intervened and said, "You can meet the King *Stikker*." That was why I sat beside Patrick in his car. His car was a German "Adler," taken in 1944 from a German Gestapo officer. It ran excellently—on German petrol. The doors of *Vestre Faengsel*—West Prison—opened immediately when the guards saw who sat at the wheel.

When the warden opened the cell door and shouted, "Up, Hammeken," a man of about forty rose from his pallet and stood at attention against the wall under the barred cell window. In the cell was also a chair and a niche in which was a cup of good-smelling soup and three slices of bread. Arno Oscar Hammeken was Denmark's blackest butcher, informer, torturer and executioner. He had callously sent many, many Danish freedom fighters to their deaths. The garage behind Dagmarhus can bear witness to this. Its floor and walls are bloodstained and pitted with innumerable marks of the bullets which had been fired through the heads of captured patriots.

As the owner of a small celluloid factory and printing shop, Hammeken went bankrupt and thereafter devoted himself to "political activity." On his last printing press he printed an anti-Semitic paper but, apparently, he considered this too theoretical, so he shortly put his views into action by setting fire to one of Copenhagen's most beautiful synagogues. He was sentenced to three years in prison, but after eleven months, the Germans released him and sent him to the Gestapo school in Germany. He returned to Denmark after nine months and became an "interpreter" for the Gestapo.

The world's most innocent eyes gazed back at me when I asked him if he would answer a Swedish journalist's questions. I thought the man would—if his German sympathies were genuine—refuse to speak to an Allied journalist. This precaution proved quite unnecessary.

"I'll willingly answer anyone at all."

"Do you consider yourself a Danish patriot, and how did you help your country during the occupation?" I asked.

He didn't hesitate a moment. Quietly, with well-counterfeited modesty and remorse, he replied, "Yes. Now I suppose I'm hardly regarded as a patriot but this attitude will soon pass. The young patriots are now very worked up, and that I well understand, but the court will treat me fairly. I rely on our justice. Yes, during the whole occupation I've helped my country by collecting arms from my countrymen in order to prevent civil war."

"You have handed over patriots to the executioner—and you call that collecting arms!" shouted Schultz, who stood boiling with indignation in the cell door opposite the prisoner.

Hammeken straightened up in his neat blue suit, put his head on one side, and said to Schultz, "That I've never done."

With a violent movement, Schultz drew his pistol and pointed it straight at Hammeken. He sprang forward a couple of steps but controlled himself saying, "Think of Jörgen Staffeldt!"

Jörgen had been a leader of the Holger Danske group, and who had changed his appearance and couldn't be recognized, until one day in the middle of Copenhagen, a car carrying some Gestapo men and a Dane drew up beside him. The Gestapo men jumped out, took Jörgen and rushed off. Jörgen was sent to the Neuengamme concentration camp where he was tortured to death. The Dane who sat in the car, the man who had pointed out Jörgen for the Gestapo, was Hammeken.

And then Schultz shouted the names of a dozen who had ended the same way. The traitor had received 600 crowns for each name he reported; there must have been many, since he was able to buy himself a house.

"Nothing can be proved," said Hammeken, with a smile. "I'm innocent, and the court will realize it." And he started playing on the sentimental string, talking about his wife and his four children and how he longs that "everything will be cleared up, and I can go home to my innocent wife and my little ones."

I was not allowed to inform Hammeken that his "innocent wife" also had been arrested because she, too, worked for the Gestapo. I had had enough and we left Hammeken. He knows he will be sentenced to death, but he lies to the last.

Only the Guilty Are Punished

One gets an entirely different impression when sitting opposite Ragnhild Hveger. It is the same Ragnhild Hveger who holds approximately fifteen world's records in swimming. A frightened, unbeautiful girl, she sits nervously in front of me. Her brothers are SS men and she was engaged to a German who fell on the Eastern front.

"I haven't informed on anyone," she said, and one believes her.

Schultz felt uncomfortably moved afterward. "She's certainly no *stikker*. Please don't doubt that we shall uphold justice according to the old Scandinavian tradition and that she will certainly soon be set free," he told me.

A few hours later, she was liberated.

On our way out of prison we passed some newly arrested *stikkere* with their faces to the wall. They are elegant gentlemen and girls in simple clothes, people from every category; some weep and some look completely unmoved and one smiles. It is a former chief constable of police, Larsen, who has collaborated with the Gestapo.

"I have a German wife. You would have acted exactly as I if your wife were German," he explains.

A bitter taste in the mouth is unavoidable when you come out into the wonderful spring weather where hundreds of thousands of liberated Danes laugh, sing and rejoice, cheering and waving and begging ordinary English soldiers to write their names on their student caps or in notebooks. How many have fallen victim to force and treachery?

Yes, it is true that Denmark has for a long

(Continued on page 60)



"Stikkere"—traitors—were lined up against the wall in Copenhagen's prison, searched for weapons and poison. They included police, workers, lawyers

The underground government of Denmark, the Frihedsraadet, was composed of prominent men from all fields. Left center is Prof. Mogens Fog, council head



Krenchel, Danish quisling No. 2, who pleaded the Nazi case over the Copenhagen radio for years, was run to earth by two hard-faced freedom fighters



Odds Against the Girl

BY W. R. BURNETT

The Story:

An accidental meeting with tall, beautiful MARY DONNELL (who, as MAUREEN O'DONNELL, modeled gowns at Karr-Dean's) had changed LONNIE DREW. Really in love for the first time, LONNIE, a big-time gambler who would bet money at the drop of a hat, suddenly resolved to give up gambling altogether, operate a restaurant he had won from SAM BALLARD, and get married. The fact that JACK POOL (The Greek), a wealthy, two-timing member of a huge gambling syndicate (which included BENNY HAYT, owner of the Turf Café, and W. W. KELLER, an influential businessman), was also in love with MARY did not faze him. But his friends, especially RAY COOPER, ex-sports writer, and PINKY RYAN, LONNIE's general handy man, had different ideas. They knew enough about the Greek to realize he was strictly a guy to watch, and when LONNIE finally eloped with MARY, they were not surprised to hear that the Greek was gunning for LONNIE.

II

THE Greek felt irritable and bored. He'd been taken off the New York plane at Pittsburgh because somebody had a priority and he had to wait two days. The trip from Pittsburgh to Lake City had been bumpy. He was impatient to see Maureen O'Donnell.

He sat in a creaking, rickety taxi, staring listlessly out at the almost deserted streets of the warehouse district.

"This cab," the driver said, breaking a silence that had lasted nearly half an hour, "it's just going to pieces. We can't even get no parts no more."

The Greek made no reply to the overture. He wasn't a man to enjoy idle conversation with a taxi driver at any time. Now he had only one desire and that was to call Maureen. He hadn't heard her voice for a week. He wasn't pleased with himself that it mattered so much. No girl had ever really mattered to him before. This one mattered so much that he had actually asked her to marry him. She had refused.

But she'd come around. They always did.

When the Greek went into the Turf Café, Benny Hayt jumped up from a table where he was sitting. The Greek waved him back.

"Phone call to make," he said. "Be with you in a minute."

The Greek got some change at the bar and disappeared into one of the booths. Benny was disappointed. He'd been waiting for this moment, and he hated to put it off a fraction of a second. He wanted to see the Greek's face when he heard about Miss O'Donnell. The Greek was so irritatingly superior; he'd been so successful in everything for years without one lapse. This was going to hurt.

In a few minutes the Greek left the phone and came over to Benny's booth. He was hard-eyed, and looked annoyed.

"Sit down, Mr. Pool," Benny said. "I got something I want to tell you." The Greek glanced at him, then sat down. "This Miss O'Donnell . . ."

The Greek cut in: "What about her? Anything happen to her? I've been trying to get her on the phone."

"She's married," said Benny, after what he thought was a well-timed pause.

The Greek started slightly, made a move to rise, and then



changed his mind. His face had turned a greenish-white.

"I thought you'd like to know," said Benny.

"Yes. Certainly. Who did she marry?"

"Lonnie Drew."

The Greek was reaching for his cigarette case, but his hand stopped halfway.

"Lonnie! Are you sure?"

"Positive."

The Greek sat for a long time, staring; so long that Benny began to grow more and more uneasy. He was afraid the Greek might have a stroke, or something like that. Of course, he knew that the Greek thought pretty much of the girl—at least he'd heard so—and he also knew that he didn't like Lonnie Drew. But he wasn't at all prepared for a reaction like this. The Greek just couldn't seem to get himself together.

Finally the color began to come back into his face. Benny sighed with relief.

"Would you like a drink, Mr. Pool?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Greek. "A double brandy."

THE rich people of Lake City, who had been able to get away for the summer, were returning, opening their houses for the fall and winter seasons and displaying their heavy tans in the clubs and swank restaurants.

On Saturday nights now, there were crowds at the Erie Pompeian Room and the Palm Bar, at Salini's and the Lake Shore Inn—for the moment, the most fashionable spots in town. Members of the old moneyed aristocracy mingled more and more openly with newcomers from downstate—with soldiers, sailors and Marines, with aircraft and munitions workers, and with the hordes of trainers and owners of horses who were pouring back into Lake City for the fall race meeting, which opened in September.

Everybody complained about the food, the liquor, and the service—and kept coming back. There was something feverish about the atmosphere of these clubs, restaurants and bars.

Lonnie was in the thick of it. He had changed so much in the last few months that he was an almost continuous subject of conversation among those who had known him



before his marriage. He worked long hours; he stuck to business. And when he was through, he went home and stayed there. He was never seen around the late spots any more; he never turned up at the Turf Café when there was a big game on; he was even short with the city grifters, who were used to finding him an easy touch, and he seemed to pay no attention whatever to women.

Sometimes, studying Lonnie when he wasn't looking, Ray would shake his head, remembering the past. Now, nobody had to worry about Lonnie. He never mentioned gambling—except from time to time to make a curt comment about what a sucker so-and-so was for throwing his money away. Bookies from all over the state were always getting Ray on the phone to ask in plaintive voices what was the matter with their old pal, Lonnie Drew. Right guys, they explained, were few and far between; and Lonnie had been one of the rightest.

It was one of the most amazing reversals that Ray had ever seen. There was only one trouble: Money was short, very short. Financially speaking, Lonnie had married at a

bad time. Not long before, he'd dropped ten thousand dollars in a stud game; previous to that, he'd lost nearly four thousand, betting with the bookies. The Inn was doing a land-office business, but the overhead was tremendous and getting worse in spite of all the government controls.

Lonnie was frank with Mary about everything but money. He let her think there was plenty. When she wanted to redecorate and refurnish the house he told her to go ahead, to do anything she liked.

BUT even though she thought Lonnie was rich, Mary was appalled by the size of the bills. "I'm afraid I've been terribly extravagant," she said.

"Nonsense," Lonnie said. His credit was still good. He could stall the bills until he could find a way to pay them. He wasn't going to have Mary feel that anything she wanted was something he couldn't afford.

"You see," Mary said, "I want to have the Kellers for dinner and I want to make an impression."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid you're not very happy, Lonnie," Mary said, stroking his hair. "Sometimes I feel that you're living this way just because you know I like it—when you'd rather be out getting drunk, chasing blondes, gambling"

"Well—" Mary said and hesitated. Then she spoke with a rush: "They've always been like a father and a mother to me and they didn't want me to marry you, and I want them to see for themselves how wrong they were."

"You should redecorate me instead of the house," Lonnie said.

Mary ran across the room and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Lonnie!" she said. "I want you the way you are."

Late in the afternoon before Mary's dinner party for the Kellers, Mr. Keller stopped at the Inn to see Lonnie. They sat in Lonnie's office. Keller puzzled Lonnie by talking about the weather, about the fall race meeting, about business. Lonnie knew that Keller was no man to pay a casual call. Everything he did had a purpose. But Lonnie, studying the redheaded little man who had so much money and so much power in Lake City, could not guess what the purpose was. Why had he stopped in a few hours before he and his wife were coming for dinner?

"Lonnie," Keller said, abruptly changing the subject, "I've been hearing great things about you."

"Really?" Lonnie said.

"I was pretty worried when you married Mary. Her father was the best friend I ever had. When he died, my wife and I asked Mary to come and live with us. She wouldn't. She was bound to be independent. But that's the way it was. I wished she were my daughter. And I thought you were just a reckless small-time gambler who'd make her unhappy." Keller paused and looked down at his cigar.

"So," he went on, "I feel I owe it to you to tell you I was mistaken. I've watched the way you've buckled down to make something of yourself. I'm for you."

"Thanks, Mr. Keller," Lonnie said.

HE WAS a little annoyed at Keller's assumption that Keller's approval was world-shaking, and yet he was glad to be approved. He knew how much it would mean to Mary.

"Chickens come home to roost," Keller continued. "I found that out. As you know, I've associated with a lot of bums in my time—men like the Greek and Benny Hayt. I tried to keep them in a separate compartment—if you know what I mean. But I love to gamble. I got to backing the Greek and Benny. We made money and I had a lot of fun. But what's the consequence? Mary starts running around with the Greek. It was as if somebody had kicked me in the face. And I couldn't do anything about it. I was afraid no matter what I did, I'd make it worse. Mary's got plenty of spirit."

Keller hesitated, studying the ash on his cigar. He looked up with a grin.

"Then she married you. I was fit to be tied. But now I know I did you an injustice, Lonnie. That's my story."

"I'm glad you feel this way, Mr. Keller," Lonnie said. "As a matter of fact I was a little reckless. When I married Mary I decided it was up to me to settle down."

"And you did," Keller said. "That's the point. You quit gambling and settled down to business. It isn't what a man thinks he ought to do that counts. It's what he does." Keller got up to go. "I was just driving past," he said. "I thought I'd stop in and get this off my chest before going to dinner at your house tonight."

Lonnie walked to the door with him. He wanted to call Mary at once and tell her what Keller had said.

"Let you in on a secret," said Keller, "that may interest you. I've dropped out of the Syndicate. No more of that for me."

Lonnie stared incredulously, unable to believe his ears. What a blow to the Greek and Benny!

"Yes," said Keller. "I want no more contact with such men after such a close squeeze. It sort of taught me a lesson."

"Well," said Lonnie, laughing uncertainly, "this will surely cause an uproar."

"Oh, they'll worry along without me. I understand the Greek's got a New York bunch backing him now. So he says."

When Keller had gone, Lonnie stood staring for a long time, thinking about the past and how gamblers all over the Middle West always used to be talking about the Big Three: Keller, the Greek and Benny Hayt. In the world Lonnie had frequented, in the old days, this was a sensation comparable, in the field of politics, to the defection of a President, and it would have important repercussions.

Benny and Jack would now be regarded with different eyes. Keller's money and respectability had given them a luster and an importance which now would be a thing of the past. Their credit would be definitely affected, because the reputation of neither, before the advent of Keller, had been very savory. They had never been considered "completely right."

Lonnie shook his head, marveling, then he suddenly came to himself and hurried to the (Continued on page 33)

THE BOOM IN HOMES

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Houses built ten years ago are now selling for as much as twice the original price. There's a reason: It's inflation. It hits the home-yearning G.I. harder than most of us, but here is advice for every potential homeowner

WHEN Marriner Eccles, Federal Reserve Board chairman, warned recently that postwar home buying is imperiled by inflation, he probed a sensitive nerve in the American way of life. It's an American ideal to own a home of one's own, and there are six billion dollars waiting in banks to lend for building and buying dwellings for home-hungry Americans. But the tragedy is that we will pay for them at prices that will be at least partly inflated. Inflation of real estate, unchecked by price ceilings, is here.

What banking and real-estate experts are worried about now is preventing it from spreading still further and writing again the tragedy of the '30s, when prices came tumbling down, and millions of Americans found themselves no longer able to cope with the payments on boom-watered mortgages. If a family can find a home to buy these days, it will probably set them back anywhere from 20 to 100 per cent more than the place was valued at in 1939. The real-estate boom is riding higher and higher, especially in defense-crowded areas right across the country—Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, Philadelphia, Portland, Maine; Washington, D. C.

In southern California today, the most frequently quoted figure for an average dwelling is \$7.50 a square foot for properties appraised at \$4 a square foot before the war. In one case, a home in the community of Naples that was bought for \$8,500 three years ago was resold last month for \$17,500. In another, a naval officer's wife paid \$9,500 for a three-bedroom stucco dwelling that only two years ago was valued at \$6,500.

Real-estate dealers are full of apprehensive accounts of Californians—who now have the largest per capita income

of any area in the country—putting money into broken-down orange groves or any real property to get it out of stocks or bonds other than government issues. The scramble to buy is elbowing aside all reasonable measures of value.

This inflation is spurred by an unprecedented accumulation of 150 billion dollars of savings in banks and War Bonds. It's not the folks who need dwellings to live in who are creating the price rise in property as much as people with investment cash who want to put it into real property because they are afraid cash dollars will lose more of their buying power.

As the International Statistical Bureau explains, of the 58 billions of dollars stored away by Americans from 1941 to 1944 alone, 43 billions have been preserved by families with incomes of \$5,000 or more, and represent funds which will be used to finance speculation and real-estate investment.

Those with incomes of \$3,000 or less, although numbering three out of every four families, hold estimated wartime savings of only eight billion dollars.

The inflation has operated effectively to cancel in part the home-financing provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights, thus demonstrating that, Constitution or no, inflation holds more power than Congress. Because real estate prices have already outrun normal values, particularly in defense-crowded areas, a number of discharged servicemen have been prevented from getting a G.I. loan on houses they wanted to buy, because of a clause in the bill which says that the anticipated purchase price must be a "reasonable normal value." In these cases, the appraisers valued the homes at less than the inflationary price, and the Veterans Administration refused to guarantee the loans.

The G.I. Bill recently has been criticized for this restraining effect. But if it were not there, many servicemen would be going into hock for the rest of their lives for homes purchased at fictitious values.

As for building a home, the Home Loan Bank index reveals that a standard six-room frame house which cost \$5,000 to build during the 1935-39 period cost \$6,715 to put up at the beginning of this year. The price has been going up at the rate of about \$300 a year. Nor do these prices reflect another factor: That many (Continued on page 47)

NATIONAL REAL ESTATE SURVEY

AT PRESS time, Collier's asked its representatives throughout the nation to report briefly on the real estate boom. The answers show that homeowners are inflation-dizzy, but there is little evidence to show outright racketeering in price manipulation. The people who own homes are money-hungry; those who have money are land-hungry. Result: a house built for \$9,000 ten years ago can now bring an average price of \$13,500 in a quick market.

In North Carolina, homes are priced 25 to 100 per cent higher than four years ago. Real estate men are advising returning servicemen not to buy until the market sags to sanity, or until the government curbs inflation. Atlanta and the deep southeast area acknowledge prices up 25 to 40 per cent. In Atlanta, where workers are desperate for quarters, the market is up, quite often, 100 per cent. There, returning veterans glance at the real estate blackboards and turn away.

About six thousand soldiers have returned to the Memphis section. Of these, about one thousand applied for G.I. home loans. Three have obtained approval.

Outright racketeering hit Miami. Some builders paid certain soldiers a few hundred dollars to apply for a priority to build a house. This was done, and the priority was granted. The houses were a-building when the scheme was brought into the public light and stopped. Louisiana is sticking to prewar appraisals. Thus a house appraised at \$5,000 for a soldier who wants to buy is bringing \$10,000 on the open market. The G.I. is "protected" from inflation by the appraiser and his government—but what it means to the soldier is "No house."

In Kansas City a \$4,500 bungalow sells today for \$8,000. In Ohio, asking prices are up 50 per cent. Texas is inflated, and \$5,000 homes are selling for \$7,000 and better. Mississippi is suffering from house-short, pocket-rich prices, but an oil boom has further zoomed prices, and servicemen who wanted to buy homes here found it impossible and so tried to buy small businesses and found themselves locked out there, too. They've turned to farms now, and farms are available, but farm machinery isn't. In Jackson, two G.I.s applied to buy the same house. One appraiser said it was worth \$6,000; another set it at \$7,500. While both waited for government approval, the house was sold to a civilian for \$8,000.

In St. Louis, prices are up about 25 per cent. In Indiana, prices are up 25 to 30 per cent, with many buyers paying premiums for quick occupancy. Utah is suffering from slight inflation. Oklahoma is hard hit by inflation. The Los Angeles area reports that prices are up 60 per cent. In Denver, \$5,000 houses are selling for \$8,000. In Iowa, real estate and loan agents become uninterested when they learn that the man trying to buy the inflated house is an ex-soldier. About 55 per cent of G.I. Home Loans in the San Francisco area have been rejected because the asking price is too far out of line with the appraiser's estimate.

Detroit reports an almost complete absence of small homes on the market. There are some "bonus" deals in the better houses. New York prices are up as much as 40 per cent. The New England section reports brokers trying to induce veterans to wait. ★★★

Suddenly Fred and Cecily had a House. Sounds simple—yet it was the start of a lot of surprising things, including moles, radishes and a catastrophic secret!



Garden Party

BY RICHARD STERN

C ECILY'S campaigns were not, as a rule, laid with care. They were spontaneous operations springing for the most part full-blown from some obscure intuitive process. The passion for raising wolfhounds in the apartment, as an example, had been conceived and implemented between the hours of noon and two o'clock; the deep plunge into the mysteries of Yogi had been taken within fifteen minutes of the conclusion of the lecture by the retired British major. The current project was equally forced. Cecily led up to its announcement with deftness.

"I've been thinking today," she announced at dinner. "We should have a yard for you, darling."

"I don't want a yard," said Fred. "You have to mow it and raise radishes and—"

"That's just what I mean," said Cecily, springing her trap. "You're getting fat, you know. We should have a yard where you can get sun and exercise and a garden. I've always wanted a garden, and I know *you* have."

It dawned. Fred knew his wife. "You've found a house," he said accusingly.

"Darling, how did you know?"

"I don't want a house," Fred said. "I like this apartment. It's our seventh apartment and I like it. I liked all of the others, too, but I like this one best. I don't want a yard and I'm not fat and—"

"You'll love it," Cecily said. "It's just darling." She jumped up from her chair. "We can go see it now. We'll take the flashlight—"

"Even if I wanted to see this house," Fred said, "which I don't, I still wouldn't go in the middle of the night. It isn't done. People don't understand such things."

"But we came here at night," Cecily pointed out.

"That," said Fred, "is different. This is our apartment. There's—" Something snapped in his mind and an awful wave of black realization flooded over him. He felt his eyes grow wide. "Is—?"

"But, of course, darling," Cecily cried. "Like I've been telling you. I saw it today when I was driving past and I got right out and bought it. Or, at least, I gave the man an awful lot of money for what he called a down payment."

They did not see the house that night because the flashlight was lost. They drove to it instead the next afternoon. Cecily parked in the street beneath the magnificent shade trees that lined Grand Avenue. She gestured proudly. "There," she said. "How do you like it?"

Fred said patiently, "Darling, I can't even see the house. If you'd drive on a little farther so I could see beyond that shed."

"That isn't a shed. That's a gatekeeper's cottage, or it used to be when this was one big estate. The man told me all about it."

"Darling," said Fred, "I don't care what it used to be. I'm merely trying to point out that whatever it is it's in the way so that I can't see the house."

Cecily was almost in tears. "But that is the house. That's *our* house."

"Oh," said Fred in a small voice.

They got out of the car and entered upon their domain. It was a small house, crouching behind two great sycamores, and the afternoon sun falling through the sycamore leaves covered the roof and the immediate portions of the yard with flattering shadows which masked the loose shingles of the roof and the tangled brambles of the back yard. Cecily's enthusiasm rebounded magnificently at the sight.

(Continued on page 64)

"But you don't just move a path," Fred objected. "It isn't that easy." "All right," Cecily said, still unconvinced



ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Part of Julie Gibson's publicity campaign for herself was to pose for cheesecake. She says that she always sleeps in pajama tops. The bracelets and necklace, of course, are not worn to bed. The ankle bracelet is never removed. Almost never

Self-Made Starlet

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

This little starlet went to town. Yep. She certainly did

THE problem of getting to Hollywood is first getting there and then getting away. All so you can get back bigger and better than ever. This may be confusing to you, but it is the guiding light of Miss Julie Gibson, who is getting a little tired of sitting around in Hollywood with a contract, waiting to be discovered.

Accordingly, she arrived in New York recently for a build-up. The theory she works by is that Hollywood pays no attention to Hollywood. It focuses on New York. After months of facing the fate of hundreds of other pretty girls who have been signed and then ignored, it seems like a pretty good theory. Especially since nearly every star in Hollywood has, at one time or another, had a New York build-up.

When a studio decides to elevate a starlet

to stardom, it hustles her off to Manhattan for a publicity campaign. This means getting her picture into the papers under every conceivable dodge, interviews with the columnists, movie reviewers, fan mags, doing guest shots on the radio, and landing in four colors in the Sunday roto sections.

Miss Gibson, who is pretty, was brooding upon facts like these at the Paramount lot when she made her decision to get a build-up by herself. A studio rarely builds up a starlet without tying it into a campaign on a picture. This brings money into the till and also, the studio hopes, makes the starlet's name a household word. Julie tied hers up with her own vacation in New York.

Instead of bunking in the usual chi-chi suite a studio reserves for someone on the fame route, she parked herself in a small hotel with another girl. Paramount's Eastern office assigned one of its dapper young press agents, Burt Champion, to her—more or less as a courtesy since there was no picture tie-up. Mr. Champion soon arranged for her

to act as judge of a boys' club dog show, to pose for some bathing-suit cheesecake for a photo agency for the tabloid roto sections, to be interviewed by numerous and sundry movie reviewers and feature writers, and to be photographed with Benny Goodman and Mayor La Guardia. Fashion photos and night-club pictures followed.

All of this was accomplished with much hard work, great anxiety and much hustle-bustle on Miss Gibson's part, and usually Mr. Champion was there to set it up with flattery, cajolery and, at least once, by a threat. This was when practically every star on the New York stage had been assembled in Times Square to attract attention to the clothing drive. Mr. Champion rushed Miss Gibson up and tried to sandwich her in between Frank Fay and Tallulah Bankhead.

The master of ceremonies told him to cease and desist, because these were the biggest names of Broadway. But Mr. Champion, pointing to a Paramount newsreel truck, said bluntly, "There aren't going to be any

newsreels if Miss Gibson isn't in there." Julie stayed and was in newsreels, picture services and New York papers with circulation running into millions.

Miss Gibson picked out the nationally syndicated columnists for her own field of operations. She spent a couple of hours at the Stork Club with Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons and Doctor Frank Kingdon. She talked to Earl Wilson near the shade of an El Morocco tree. And what she said everywhere was regarded as something close to sensational. Never mentioning Hollywood, her next picture or her last, she talked about the San Francisco Conference, the Dumbarton Oaks principles, Bretton Woods and the World Bank, reconstruction in Europe, and other world affairs. Soon she was being followed by an army of press agents.

By then, Miss Gibson's build-up had reached such proportions as to alarm Paramount's Eastern office.

"What," they wailed, "will Lamour say?"

But by then, it was too late. Julie had already landed in Dorothy Kilgallen's column and starred in a network show. The Martinique extended an invitation for her to appear on a Sunday-night celebrity show. Barney Josephson offered her a spot at Café Society. She was sought after for a summer radio show. Monte Proser came along with a double-barreled deal: to sing at the Copacabana and do the juvenile lead in his musical, Brazil, next fall. And Miss Gibson went first-nighting with the Hollywood Reporter dramatic critic, Irving Hoffman—just to make sure it all got back to Hollywood.

Julie doesn't remember when she got serious about Hollywood, except that it was back when her name was Camille Soray and she lived in Lewiston, Idaho, where her father is now mayor. But it was only a few years ago that she started her long trek to Hollywood. She went first to Portland, Oregon, where she auditioned as a singer in a night club. When she had finished, the manager asked, "Didn't you say something about dancing?"

"But what about my singing?" she asked.

"Don't mention it," growled the manager.

Hollywood Was No Prize Package

She did chorus work, team dancing and won a singing contest in Salt Lake City. The prize was a one-week engagement in Hollywood. And there, no one noticed her. She landed a job on a local radio program, Smiling Frankie's Two Pants Suits, and sang her head off. Then she went with Jimmy Grier's band for a year, and by the time the year was up, she had married and divorced Grier. Singing with bands, she decided, was no good. Instead, she went into Meet the People and woke up to world affairs.

It was while she was swinging hillbilly tunes on the Roy Rogers radio show that she got a call from Danny Dare, who had been dance director of Meet the People and had gone on to a producer's rating at Paramount, to come over and dance for Paramount.

They were working on a Lamour sarong epic, and Julie, since Miss Lamour seldom attended any but the last rehearsals, used to fill in for her—going through her routines and songs. One day, Buddy De Sylva wandered in, heard and saw her and rushed right out for a contract. Right on the lot, he had discovered a dancer who could sing.

But Mr. De Sylva soon left his post as executive producer, and Julie was put to work dubbing in songs for people like Diana Lynn, Margaret Sullivan and Marjorie Weaver, and no one ever got around to photographing her until Preston Sturges was casting Hail The Conquering Hero. He hastily put her into that picture as a night-club singer.

After Sturges showed his interest, Julie began to get some attention from other studio executives. She got the lead in a Technicolor short called Lucky Cowboy and was elected "Queen of the Rodeo" by her home town in Idaho. She did a scene with Bob Benchley in Duffy's Tavern and is scheduled to make Frankie and Johnnie with Billy De Wolfe.

But fame wasn't coming fast enough. So she came to New York to impress the studio executives on her own. You wouldn't want to bet against her future, would you? ★★



Julie, at right, muscled into this War Bond publicity shot. Mayor La Guardia is listening to a pretty speech by Yvonne de Carlos. So is Benny Goodman, who said to Julie: "Put your arm around the mayor. Then they can't crop you out of the picture." Julie didn't. And, we are quite proud to point out, we didn't either



Julie becomes a glamor-puss for The Sunday Mirror. Photographer Emil Herman is ready, but rewrite Bill Falvey wants to spend a little time in Julie's hair. Art Director Jack Governale is directing art while the Paramount press agent grins. He grins when he worries. He thinks Julie is getting too much publicity



She missed none of the whistle stops in her publicity campaign. She told Walter Winchell that he is doing a "simply stupendous" job of exposing the Nazis in America; she cooed at photos of Leonard Lyons' children; she batted her eyes demurely at Sherman Billingsley when he bluntly asked: "Tell me, are you married?"



At Café Society Downtown, Julie sang "Three Men from Teheran" which was all about "the man with the cigar, the man with the pipe, and the man with the cigarette." Owner Barney Josephson listened, later said: "If you want to work here, you can write your own ticket." He promised a bigger build-up than Hazel Scott got



By the time Julie got to Lily Daché's to try on this \$200 hat, the Paramount man was going mad. Too much publicity for a starlet. "What," he mumbled, "will Lammour say? Besides, what the heck are we doing in Lily Daché's when I am a very good friend of John-Fredericks?" He looks like a man spawning an ulcer



The Can-Can girls at the Latin Quarter get little attention from Julie. Owner Lou Walters and Agent Harry Bestor listen to her shred Dumbarton Oaks. The gal really understands the subject. Julie was still beaming, but the conscientious press agent had begun to act like the victim of a self-inflicted hot foot. Good Joe, he



In October, 1943, General Wedemeyer became Deputy Chief of Staff of the Southeast Asia Command, and one year later took over as military head of the China Theater of Operations. Before that, he was Chief of the Strategy Section in the War Department, and subsequently Chief of the Strategy and Policy Group, Operations Division, and also the War Department's representative with the Joint and Combined Staff Planners. His talk with Mr. Creel, during his brief return to the United States, takes issue with various criticisms of China, some of which were published by Collier's in past issues

CHINA is on the way to a unity, a strength and an efficiency that will make her an aggressive and dependable ally. A hard, toilsome way, still thick with obstacles, but the climb is steady. In the final decisive stages of the war, when we will need a continental force to close with the enemy, I have the deep conviction that Chinese armies can be counted on for valuable contributions to the common effort.

These predictions have firmer base than hope or optimism. Today the Chinese military establishment and the American military establishment, the Chinese government and the American embassy in Chungking, are a team pledged to teamwork. Chiang Kai-shek is keeping that pledge, for in our daily contact I have yet to meet with a failure in complete co-operation; a strong man, rigid in many respects, but owning an open mind and the courage to buck tradition.

With his full consent and backing, the Chinese army is in process of reorganization, a new merit system is putting competent officials in key places, and the ancient supply service is being overhauled. Thanks to Donald Nelson and other American experts, China has a War Production Board, and order is being brought out of a well-nigh incredible chaos. "Squeeze," long regarded as a perfectly legitimate practice, now meets with severe punishment, and bureaucracy is also feeling the Generalissimo's heavy hand. He has dismissed 19,000 employees from the conscription service and has cut the number of offices in half.

Much has been told and printed about how

The three most important men in U.S.-Chinese relations gather at the studio of China's foremost station for a broadcast to America: Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, left; Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley

Indicative of their nations' teamwork in the war, American and Chinese fighter pilots of the Chinese-American Composite Wing gather in the alert shack



Wong Wen-Hao (standing), head of China's new and effective WPB, explains the organization to the press. Donald M. Nelson, who set the agency up, sits at his right



DON'T COUNT CHINA OUT

BY LIEUT. GEN. ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER
AS TOLD TO GEORGE CREEL

China's war lords have taken our shipments of arms and munitions, and hidden them away in caves and cellars for their own use in the expected civil conflicts of the postwar period.

I myself know of no such practices, and the Generalissimo, white with anger, has repeatedly told me that the charges are false.

In any event, all Lend-Lease material that comes into the Chinese theater today is under my direct control and supervision, and I decide every detail with respect to priorities and allocations. Not only does this guard against misappropriation, but it permits a balanced distribution of supplies to all the forces in the field.

In my position, I cannot, of course, discuss China's political conditions, but I can say that when the Japanese advance threatened the vital area between Kweiyang and Kunming, I requested a release of troops from the so-called "blockading army of the North," supposed to number 150,000. The Generalissimo, without discussion, authorized me to take as many as I needed. I decided on 60,000 men as the number that could be flown down from Sian. They were regarded as the pick of Chinese fighting men, but medical examination eliminated some 23,000 of that number.

These men stopped the Japanese drive toward Chungking and they, reinforced by the United States trained troops from Burma, have been responsible for driving the Japs back toward the South China coast and severing the Jap-held rail line to Indo-China and Thailand.

Do not understand me as saying that China's problems have been solved. Far from it. Progress is bound to be slow—heartbreakingly slow in all likelihood—and there is the chance that conditions may get worse before they get better. You don't change a country over from medievalism in a few years, and war-torn years at that. China started from miles behind scratch and, in spite of advances, is still behind scratch.

But the people have the *spirit*, and their leadership has the *will*.

Proof is afforded by the record. A pacific, totally unprepared nation has stood up against a powerful enemy for more than seven years, pitting inadequate and obsolete equipment against modern armies, and enduring horrors of devastation. And throughout that same period of sack and massacre, the Generalissimo has never once given ear to the peace offers that the Japanese have made with increasing regularity.

Obscure View of China's Effort

These facts, unhappily, have been obscured by the failure of most Americans to view China realistically. In the beginning, there was an outburst of sentimentalism that ignored obvious facts, and a chorus of overpraise that bred a lot of extravagant expectations.

Then, as a result of Japanese victories, came a tendency to minimize and disparage China's war effort. During a brief visit home, my first in a year, I have both read and heard that the Chinese are not fighting, that they have never really fought, and lack the heart to fight. Reports of pitched battles are sometimes dismissed as shadowboxing.

We should remember that it was only in 1928 that Chiang Kai-shek defeated the war lords of the North, giving him his chance for the unification and regeneration of China, and it was in 1937 that the Japanese invaded in overwhelming force; a space of less than ten years in which to substitute a modern, democratic form of government for centuries of Manchu despotism. Even that short span was not without interruption, for the Japanese occupied Manchuria in 1931, and poured down through the Great Wall into Chahar in 1935.

China's four hundred and fifty millions, moreover, were spread out across a vast stretch of territory, divided by differences in languages and dialects, and an almost utter

lack of means of communication and travel. In 1928, there were less than 2,500 miles of railroad, and the highways were purely coastal, the interior having only mud roads, lanes and trails. Handcrafts constituted the bulk of industry, and the absence of mechanical transport doomed the greater part of the population to animal drudgeries. No man ever faced a more herculean task.

The Generalissimo himself would be the last to claim 100 per cent success, but there was accomplishment. He set up a central government that restored some degree of law and order; he called a congress that drafted a democratic constitution; he launched comprehensive programs in connection with railway and highway building, education, sanitation and public health. In addition he nationalized many natural resources and planned the development of China's heavy industries.

There is no doubt in my mind that the extent and progress of the program led the Japanese to decide on invasion and total war. China's moves toward unification and modernization made Tokyo afraid to wait. Unfortunately, Chiang Kai-shek had not been able to do two things at once. Having poured energy and public funds into reconstruction, he made the national defense a secondary consideration.

The Chinese navy, at the time of invasion, consisted of six cruisers that were little more than training ships, and some fifty gunboats without firepower. Some 250 fighter planes, mostly old models, and a handful of trainers made up his air force. The army, while numbering around 2,000,000, lacked officer personnel schooled in modern combat, and was critically weak in heavy artillery and mechanized equipment.

Aside from being inadequately armed, the troops were poorly clothed and half fed. Wearing only thin cotton uniforms in bitter weather, soldiers tramped through snow in bare feet. Under an antiquated system of supply, the regular rice ration was supposed

to be supplemented from money supplied to division commanders. Some put it in their pockets, but even when honest, the commander had no system for the collection and distribution of foodstuffs. Often supplies were miles removed from troop concentrations, and there were only human carriers. These are some of the conditions that made successful resistance impossible, and to this day I marvel that the Chinese managed to do as well as they did. Do you see now what I mean by saying that China started from miles behind scratch?

Of all the thousand and one difficulties that have had to be overcome, production must be placed at the top of the list. Not that the Chinese lack resourcefulness, ingenuity and industriousness. The great trouble was the utter absence of organization, as we understand the word. Having no transport or means of communication had much to do with it, but a principal cause was the highly individualized nature of the Chinese. Their entire economy, for countless years, has been built around the family, and even when industry went out of the home into the factory, it stayed clannish and individualistic.

Increased Industrial Output

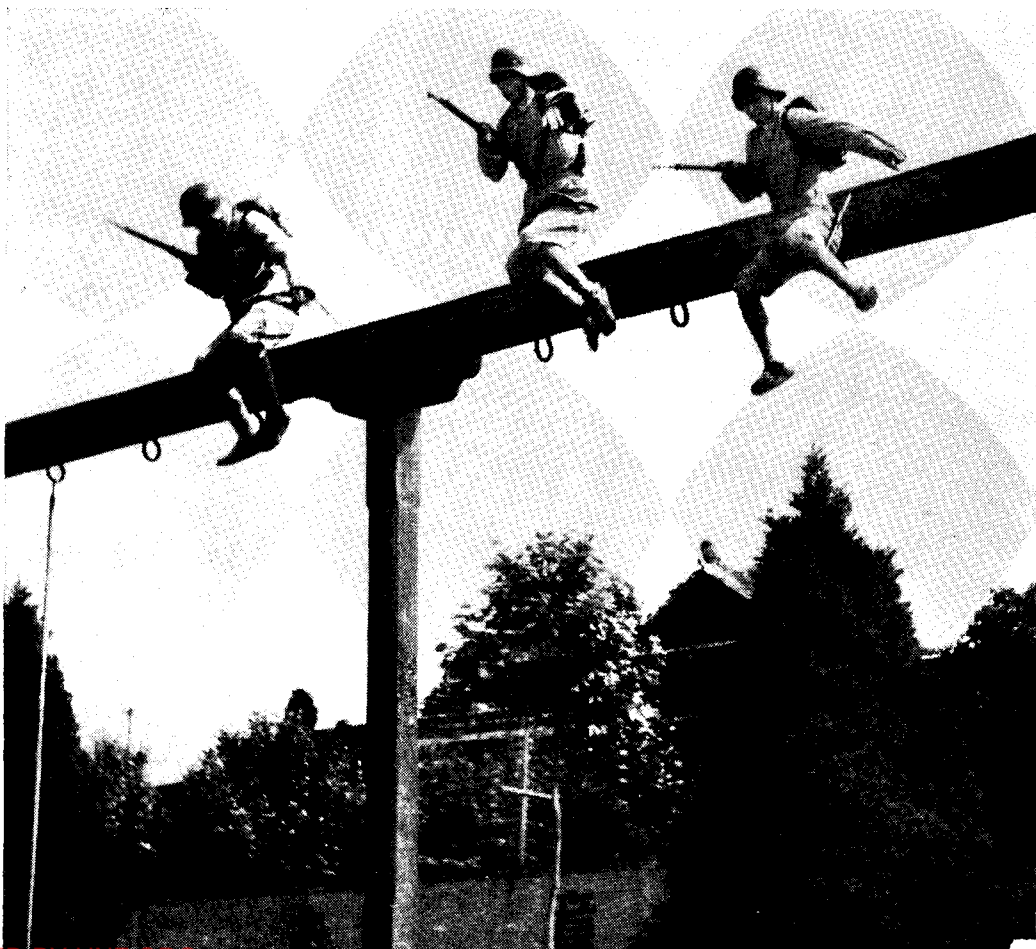
Donald Nelson has changed that, or perhaps it is better to say he has made a start. The War Production Board, by sweeping reforms, has greatly increased China's industrial output. At the time of the invasion, some 600 factories were moved away from the coast, a job involving the transport of 120,000 tons of goods and machinery, and journeys of hundreds of miles. Today there are more than 1,500 privately owned industrial plants in the caves and hills of the interior, and a number of odd units of heavy industry under the direct control of the National Resources Commission.

Much of the production is still primitive, judged by our standards, but amazing in view
(Continued on page 46)

Co-commanders of the Composite Wing's Third Fighter Group are Col. T. Alan Bennett and Maj. C. H. Yuan. Airmen were first to give China modern military aid



U.S. training methods, applied with the help of U.S. officers in India and China, have changed whole military picture in China. Here cadets jump off high bridge



Evie

BY EDWIN LANHAM

If you've ever known—or been—what people call a “nice” girl, you will feel for Evie, who, with a special evening ahead, yearned to be anything else for just once

THE days were long in the corner grocery store, but when darkness came and the lights went up and the shelves were in soft shadow, there was a soothing quality—like moonlight, Evie thought—and she forgot that she was tired and minded less the petty exasperations of her job.

The customers of the Taylor Grocery said that Evie was so nice. Anything she could do for you, you could count on Evie, the customers said. She would save a quarter-pound of butter for you, they said, even in the worst shortage. But tonight Evie was excited and simply passed out the butter to the first in line, saying, as she had said for two hours past, “Hurry, folks, we’re closing early tonight.”

All day she had watched the clock. Robert was coming back after a year in the Pacific, bringing another submariner with him for twenty-one days at home, and her father and mother had gone to the station to meet them. She glanced at the clock; already the train must have arrived at Grand Central.

“Evie,” a whispering voice said, “how’s for some butter?”

Evie said loudly, “Sorry, no more butter,” and turned and saw that it was Vivian Adams.

“Now, look,” Vivian said. “You promised to save me some.”

Vivian wore a scarlet fascinator over her blond hair and had the right lipstick to match it. She stood looking at Evie with her casual, contrived smile, which had just the right values of awareness and detachment. Ever since high school Evie had envied Vivian her confident good looks.

“Okay,” Evie said. “I’ll see if I can manage it.” She spoke so low that Mr. Albelli, who was examining the cauliflowers, could not hear her. “Just wait, Vivian,” Evie said. “We’re closing in five minutes.”

AS SOON as she had said it Evie was sorry. They’d be back from the station in a few minutes, and if Vivian was there when Robert came Evie would have to invite her to the party. Just this once, this first night, Evie wanted Robert and Jack Warren to herself. Of course, Pop had asked a few people in—after all, there was a whole keg of beer—but Evie knew how it would be if Vivian came. It would be Vivian’s party.

“Evie, when does Robert get here?” Vivian asked.

“Tonight,” Evie said, and went to weigh Mr. Albelli’s cauliflower. As she began putting his purchases in a paper bag she thought that probably Robert would like to have Vivian at the party. Robert had always had an eye for Vivian, and he had been a year in the Pacific. After all, it was his party.

She rang up Mr. Albelli’s payment, then took an oblong of butter from the cache in the back of the refrigerator. As she passed



Evie smiled as she rested her cheek against the door. A rich warm tone came into her voice. “I thought she was the answer to a sailor’s dream,” she said

it to Vivian, she said, “Why don’t you drop around tonight? Pop’s got a keg of beer and it will be sort of a party.”

“Fine,” Vivian said. “I’d like to.”

It was a matter of minutes now. In her room on the third floor Evie took her new dress from the closet, the dress she had bought for this night. She liked its small floral print and simple lines because it brought out in her a certain freshness that was her one asset, Evie thought. She put it on, and as she fixed her hair at the dressing table her eyes strayed to the snapshot tucked in a corner of the mirror—two smiling sailors. One was Robert and the other one, the tall one, was Jack Warren. In the top drawer of the dressing table was a little sheaf of letters to “Dear Evie,” and she had felt she knew the writer rather well, but now, just before she was to meet him, it seemed that she did not know him at all. She was excited, and a little shy, and she kept thinking how it would be when Vivian came to the party and he first saw her blond hair and calm blue eyes and the carefully casual smile.

“Dear Evie,” the last letter said. “Well, I’m going to meet you at last. I guess Robert already wrote you that I’m coming home with him on furlough. I’m looking forward to New York and remembering the package you sent me last Christmas. I want some more of that hickory-smoked cheese. . . .”

SHE heard the slam of a taxicab door and caught her breath. She sat very still, looking at her pale face and large, dark eyes in the mirror, and listening as the side door opened down below. She heard Robert calling, “Hey, Evie!”

Evie raced down the stairs. She saw Robert’s grinning face, then his arms were around her and he was slapping her shoulder. She had a glimpse of a tall man in Navy blue. At last Robert let her go and said, “Well, here’s Jack.”

“Hello, there, Evie,” the sailor said, and put out his hand. The snapshot had not shown that his hair was a sandy color nor that his eyes were a steady blue. His smile was nice, and it came to Evie that he was as shy as she in this first meeting.

“We’ve got the cheese,” was all Evie could think of to say.

“And a keg of beer,” Pop said. “Boys, let’s open her up. Come on upstairs, you two. Evie, you want to show Jack to his room?”

“Evie, I brought you something,” Robert said. “Wait till you see what I brought you.”

“A grass skirt, I bet,” Evie said.

Robert gave her a blank look, and Jack Warren laughed.

“Did I guess it?” Evie said, and put her hand on Robert’s arm. “I’m sorry, Robert. I don’t know why it came into my head.”

“Up the stairs,” Pop said. “Upstairs, everybody.”

Evie led the way. She was upset because she had taken the fun out of it for Robert. She said over her shoulder, “I’ve always wanted one, Robert. I can do the hula and sweep the floor at the same time. It’s just the thing.”

Her mother had gone directly to the kitchen and Pop to the keg of beer. Robert and Jack followed Evie to the third floor.

“This will be your room, Jack,” Evie said. “I’m afraid it’s pretty noisy, right on the street.”

“Noisy!” Robert said. “Not after the kind of aschans we’ve heard rattle, Evie.”

It was still hard to realize that Robert had been to war. He had always seemed so irresponsible, so incurably lighthearted. His dark eyes still were bright and his smile had the little twist the high-school girls had thought wicked, but he was pale, Evie thought, very pale. She thought of how it was under the ocean, far from sunlight, how it was when depth bombs were exploding. She remembered movies she had seen.

“Jack brought you something, too,” Robert said. “Go on, Jack, give it to her.”

It was too late for Evie’s frowning look. Jack was embarrassed, but he had to bring out the present, there in the hall, with Robert looking on. He had it in his pocket, a bright bracelet with no weight at all.

“Came off a Jap Zero,” Jack said. “Fellow out there makes these things. Cuts off a

(Continued on page 55)

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Germany was in her death throes when New York's Archbishop trod her soil and looked upon the frightened faces of her people. He saw, too, unfrightened faces of young Americans who are now white crosses in a field. Those faces made him think of peace

IT WAS in the Church of St. Cornelius in Kornelimunster that I offered my first Mass for our American troops on German soil. The old German pastor told me he was nervous when first he heard I was coming, and when I arrived I found him on his knees scrubbing the floor. He was anxious to be co-operative and cordial, and together with a professor from the Seminary of Cologne, he served the Mass. A quartet of American Doughboys sang an Ave Maria, and German children sang some hymns.

The church was thronged to the doors, and the choir loft was filled to the rafters with soldiers in grimy battle dress. I think the German civilians present were deeply impressed by the devotion of the American soldiers, and amazed to see them praying, for they had been told that all Americans were cruel, bloodthirsty and revengeful.

When the Americans had entered that town only a few days earlier, the old men, women and children dropped to their knees, with sheets and towels in their upraised hands in token of surrender, begging mercy, for they believed that the Americans were there to kill them. Our soldiers had been instructed to be correct but not cordial to the Germans, and, except in church, they were forbidden to gather in groups. On this particular occasion so many hundreds of Germans wished to take advantage of this exception, the church was not large enough to hold them all. It was an unforgettable peaceful scene, enemies mingling together before the Throne of the Prince of Peace.

Meeting with a Commanding General

At the edge of a picturesque village resting peacefully on the side of a hill, in a little house hidden in a small, dense forest, I met the commanding general of the First Infantry Division, Clarence R. Huebner. This general has the unusual distinction of having held every rank except brigadier general from buck private to major general in this same First Division. During his extraordinary career he has been twice wounded and been awarded the D.S.C. with Cluster and the Silver Star. The First Division is first in more than name, and the general is very proud to lead it, and for all his men he has the deepest affection. This division was first in France in the last war when it was commanded by General Summerall, and in this war it was first to land on three beaches: at Oran in North Africa commanded by the gallant leaders Terry Allen and Theodore Roosevelt, at Gela in Sicily, and on the "Omaha" beachhead near Cherbourg commanded by General Huebner. The First Division had been in the front lines for two years and, without one day's rest since landing on the Normandy beaches, had made the deepest American penetration into Germany.

At day's end I visited a hospital and, with one of the doctors, I threaded my way through the narrow spaces between rows of wounded. Softly he told me a bit about each boy.

Cautiously lowering his voice to a bare whisper, he said, "That youngster two litters away just lost both his legs."

And the boy lying at our feet smilingly spoke up, and my throat tightened as he said, "No, Father, I'm the one who lost both my legs! I'm one of Archbishop Cantwell's boys." He knew that would mean to me that his home was in Los Angeles.

I promised that I would tell the archbishop about him, and I knew that one of the first things I would do on reaching home would be to tell Archbishop Cantwell about the shining bravery of that youngster.

There was another wounded soldier that

I shall long remember. He called me to his cotside. His eyes, face and voice were pleading as he propped himself up on his two hands and asked, "Father, what's this all about? It's awful, terrible and terrifying. I don't understand it. This morning I killed eleven Germans! The last one hit me and I lost my leg, but I got him right in the center of his forehead. It's kill or be killed! I'm not of your religion, but I, too, was brought up and taught 'Thou shalt not kill.' Women and children came out of their houses waving sheets and towels begging us not to kill them. The little children especially got me because I have two babies of my own. Those tiny tots thought we wanted to kill them, while all I wanted to do was to take them in my arms. Tell me what *is* this disease of fury and death?"

I gave the soldier the only answer that I know: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind and thy neighbor as thyself." It is fundamental to an enduring peace, and those who violate it are enemies of peace. Until all peoples of this war-racked, war-wrecked world learn this lesson of war and believe and live this Commandment, so long will millions of boys pitifully ask, "What is this all about?" as in the morning of their lives, death comes.

Every day, men also ask of me: "Will religion change in the postwar world? What will be the future of religion in Germany?"

To these questions, too, I know only one answer.

The future of religion in Germany is no different from the future of religion in any other land or the future peace of that land. Blueprints for peace, for world reconstruction, for rehabilitation, are many, long, varied and complicated, but there is only one blueprint for the future of Germany and the world. God drew that blueprint.

As Ye Sow, So Shall Ye Reap

Men of every nation have tried to live by its contradiction and have sown and reaped devastation, destitution and death, almost unto the complete destruction of civilization and Christianity. Why, then, will not men try this simple formula for peace that He gave us so long ago: Love thy God, and love thy neighbor as thyself?

No one has better lived and taught this truth than Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, who from its beginnings has been one of Nazism's mightiest challengers, and, fearlessly outspoken, actively anti-Nazi, has begged of his people and priests to remain faithful to their religion and to humanity, and thus to themselves and to God. His own life in jeopardy, the cardinal, at the height of Nazi domination, pleaded not alone for Catholicism, but for the very life of Christianity.

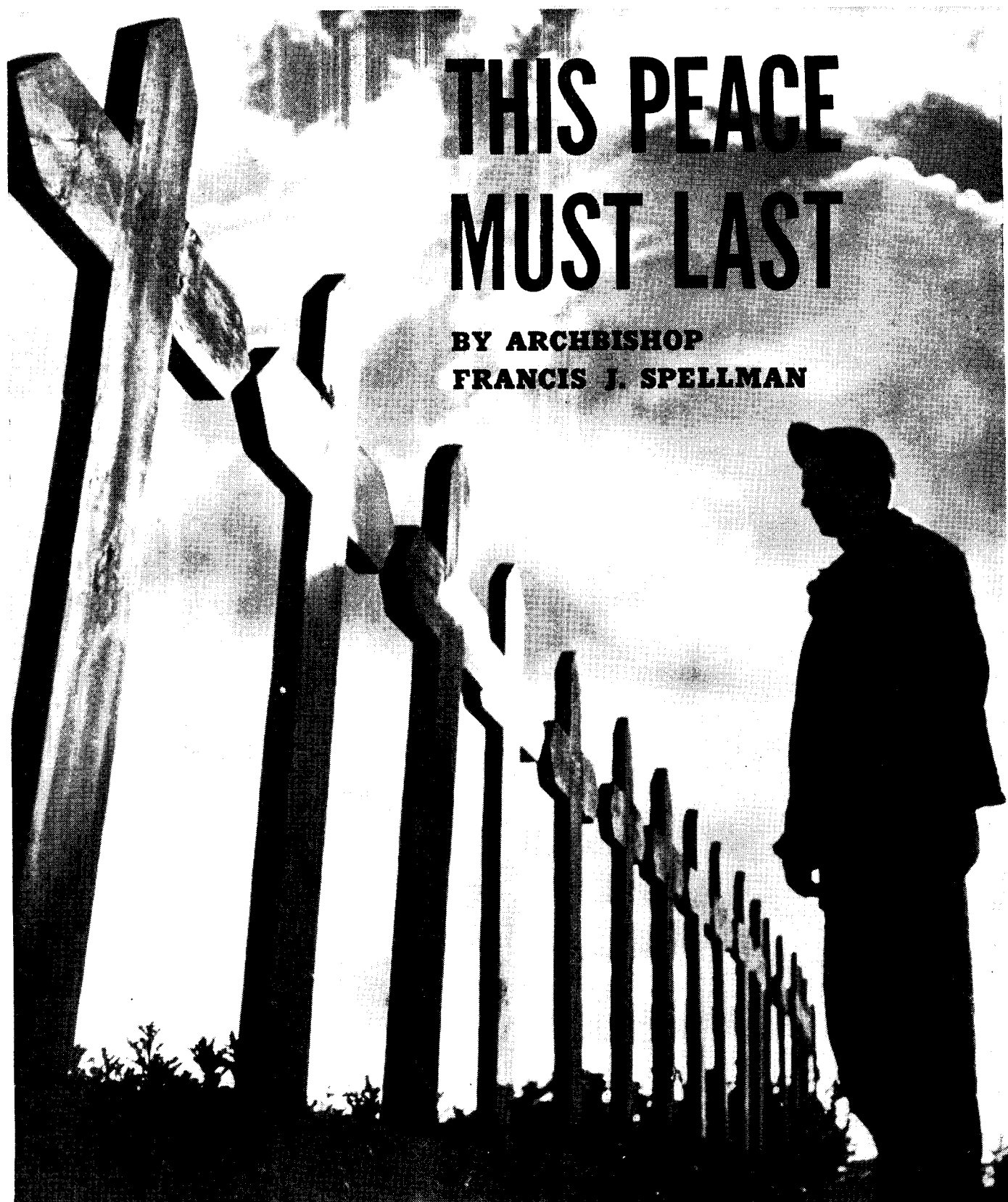
"The Church must stand together in the

fight for its existence," he said. "Today it is a question of life or death for Christianity, for in its blind rage against religion, the Nazi 'faith' does not distinguish between Protestantism and Catholicism."

In the fury of Allied bombings, one by one most of the churches of Germany collapsed, and Cardinal Faulhaber said that, in Munich alone, forty-three churches lay in utter ruin, making it impossible to have services in any of them. And one by one his priests, too, were imprisoned, for no other reason than openly and fearlessly fighting to safeguard religious education and religious freedom.

When first the cardinal heard the air-raid signals that presaged the doom of his own beautiful cathedral, he was saying the Rosary with members of his household in an underground chapel in Munich.

"At four o'clock in the morning," the cardinal said, "with houses burning and time bombs exploding all around me, I finally reached the cathedral. The sacrilege was already wholly ablaze and none of its contents could be saved. High-explosive bombs had decapitated the vault above the choir and had even smashed supporting pillars. The entire sanctuary with its famous choir stalls and the episcopal throne fell prey to the flames. Even three days after the disaster and despite efforts of the guards on duty, the 'sacrificial fires' broke out again and again. When I stepped from the ruins into the



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transepts of the cathedral, weeping, praying men and women stretched out their faithful hands to me. Faith in God is resurrection, and many who faltered, failed and left the Church in the 1930s have now returned to religion and to God."

Another great and courageous soldier of God is Martin Niemoeller, who, from the time when Hitler became master of Nazi Germany, daily risked his life for the principles of Christianity in which he believed, for which he fought and because of which he spent eight years in Nazi concentration camps. Pastor Niemoeller was imprisoned because he dared to disobey, and steadfastly led his people to disobey, the Nazi commandment: "Turn from God and obey Hitler."

On the very day of his release, the anti-God, anti-freedom-respecting Nazis who failed to force him to betray God for Hitler, were taken prisoners by the Allies! And on that first day of Martin Niemoeller's liberation from captivity, his message of warning and guidance was: "Turn again to God." Men who suffer for their faith, their beliefs, their God, know the depth and the truth of the only answer in which lies the future of religion in Germany and of the world, "Come back to Me and I will come back to you."

Strange Noises on the Roof

I visited General Omar Bradley at his headquarters. Quiet, aggressive, determined, General Bradley never raises his voice above a conversational tone, and his attitude and actions reminded me of a college professor. While the general and I were in his van, I heard the strangest noises on the roof. It sounded as if some little boys were playing leapfrog. I could not imagine what the racket was all about.

The general said, "Those are my two dogs playing. Like monkeys they climb up the camouflage net and have a great time together!"

Through days and nights I heard the constant grumbling of artillery fire, the singing and crashing of German shells, and saw the flashing and splashing of our own. One night under cover of darkness and fortified with a password, but feeling more fortified by the company of two comforting MPs, I went to visit an outfit under the command of General Howell. The password was funny but I knew it would not be funny if we forgot it! There was not even a ribbon of light. We groped our way into a dimly lighted cellar where we found the general. He took one glance at me, turned to my companion and asked, "Does he speak English?"

I had never before heard so much noise inside or out, nor seen so many people working in such a small space, yet everyone except myself knew exactly what he was doing and what was happening every minute. The general had his full quota of equipment, including the inevitable war maps, but this was the first headquarters I had visited where I was more interested in how I was going to get back than in the general's explanation of where his troops were and where they were going.

Early the next morning I said Mass for a group of our soldiers in a division of the First Army commanded by Major General Louis Alec Craig, younger brother of four-starred General Malin Craig, and a great and devout soldier. My vestments were camouflaged, and a camouflaged net was stretched above the portable altar. All during Mass, intermittent bursts from machine guns broke into the continuous rumble of artillery fire, and the soldiers, who often use their helmets for seats, kept them on their heads except at the Consecration. These helmets serve many purposes from water basins to baptismal fonts; the light pith helmets which cushion the steel ones are used as sun helmets, and occasionally they have been used as collection baskets and filled with coins to help repair a damaged church, hospital or orphan asylum.

I continued on my way to Belgium. There, homemade American flags flew from many of the houses, and though some were short in the number of stripes, and all were short in the number of stars, these flags were good to see, for they reflected the good will of the

people and their hope in us for happiness. Along the roadways were signs: "For you Americans, Beer and Lemonade" and "We give our hearts to the American people as souvenirs for our liberation."

In a chateau in which I stayed, the people wanted to know if the Americans would remain in Belgium to protect them after the war. That night I was in favor of it, if only out of gratitude for a good night's sleep in a bed which must have been like the one in which Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother had slept. One had to jump or climb on a little stool to get into it. As good as the bed looked to me, it looked even better to Father Stephen Kenny who was with me, for it was the first one he had seen in four months.

My heart was consoled by one story of great faith, loyalty and devotion. In a small Belgian town, an old priest had harbored more than a dozen Jewish children for more than four years. He provided for them out of his own resources, helping to care for

edge of the guilt or innocence of the imprisoned, but some of the relatives were strong in asserting that the only crime of their dear ones was that they had not been killed by the Nazis.

One Belgian merchant wryly observed, "It's impossible to differ even slightly with anyone without running the danger of being shot, and it's the only way to have the last word in an argument."

From the fevered, faltering lips of many eyewitnesses I heard of the cruelty and torture inflicted by the invaders. One chaplain in the White Army, as the Belgian partisan forces were called, was tortured and both hands were pierced before he was shot by the Nazis. Another priest, a Jesuit, was saturated with gasoline and thrown into a fire. Fortunate were they who died with a head-shattering or a chest-piercing bullet in comparison with those whose lives were leached by torture practiced by some of the world's worst sadists. So revolting and diabolical were

story that prompted the chaplain's laugh and turned the psychological trick was his recollection of an American youngster whom he tried to soothe, saying, "I wouldn't cry that way if I were you," and the little girl answered, "This is the way I cry, you can cry the way you want to!"

A story, tinged with a twist of humor, was told by a chaplain who spent Christmas afternoon with the boys at the front visiting them in their foxholes. A 19-year-old doughboy asked him if it were too late to make his First Communion. "It's never too late, and there never will be a better day," the chaplain answered and jumped into the foxhole. The communicant, being a good soldier, kept one eye on the chaplain, one eye on a German machine gun across no man's land, and one finger on the trigger of his gun.

But what, I wondered, of the conditioning of millions of these fighting men for peace? When the guns cease firing, are we prepared to train these men for the tasks of conserving the peace with the same realism and vigor as they were trained for war? Are we prepared to develop men's minds toward peace with the same intensity as we disciplined men's bodies for war? Will we, with equal determination, guide and equip them for the pace of peace as we geared them to the pace of war? Will we forge the links in the chain for peace with the same strength as we forged them for war? Will leaders of nations continue to try to establish and enforce peace by decree from above, instead of building the foundation for an enduring peace upon the mutual understanding, good will and well-being of the families and communities who gave their sons to war?

In war, Americans of every race, creed and color were worthy to be sent to fight and die and be buried side by side. In peace, shall we forget too soon the inglorious indignities wrought by man upon man, the lavish loss and wanton waste of cherished lives, the destruction and desolation of lands and nations, the degradation of moral and spiritual values?

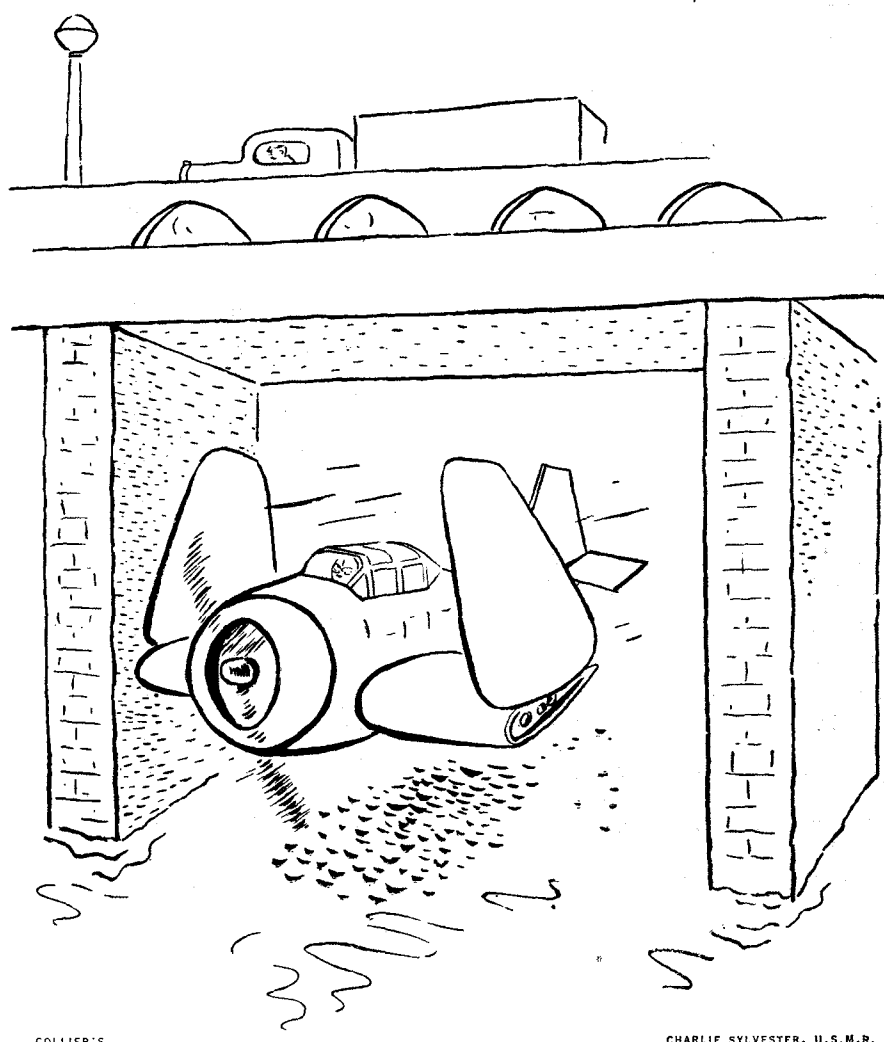
"Lest We Forget"

We have already begun the process of forgetting if we think that peace will come by formulas, covenants or decrees, that peace means only the reconstruction of devastated areas and the revival of trade; or that peace is propaganda, for mere words and phrases are no more tools of peace than they are the implements of war. Bloody battles have been fought down through the centuries all over the world, but it is sad and ominous that the countries which boast they have made the greatest contributions to civilization are those which have excelled in the vengeance and violence of war.

To win the battles of peace we need the same determination and tactical genius as we need to win the battles of war. Men must be conditioned for the pursuits of peace with the same steadfastness and perseverance as they were disciplined for combat in war, and training for a permanent peace can be achieved at a fraction of the cost of preparing for periodic wars.

In the woods of Luxembourg, I found awaiting me two thousand boys unmindful of the hail and driving rain. A sheet of canvas strung from four trees covered the improvised altar within the forest but afforded little protection, and my vestments and the boys' uniforms were drenched by the water which literally streamed down our bared heads and faces. A band played the soft, soul-stirring strains of Ave Maria, and I was inspired, as always I have been through the world, to see the faith of our men of the front lines so humble and sincere. After Mass, talking with the boys, sharing hot coffee and doughnuts distributed from Red Cross clubmobiles, we heard the thunder and rumble of artillery, and only then did we realize that, strangely, there had been no shelling during the entire service!

Again I was on my way. On the main Aachen-Liège highway, I stopped at a new American cemetery, stretching across a wide wind-swept field, marked off by sparse hedges and crude fences of fieldstone. On one side the terrain sloped gently to the beautiful valley of the Meuse, and on the opposite side lay a vista of green fields and low, rolling hills



COLLIER'S

CHARLIE SYLVESTER, U.S.M.R.

their physical and spiritual needs as best he could. On his calendar he marked their Sabbath and holydays, and refugees observed their holydays in his house. On the Day of Atonement, so that they would not leave his roof hungry after their fast, he spent a whole day collecting food for them.

Protector of the Oppressed

Not only the very young but also the very old were of his brood and came under his compassionate protection, and hundreds of refugees, with his aid, escaped from the Gestapo. Finally the Nazis became suspicious, and the priest had to go into hiding, but first he secured the children's safety in the rectory of another parish. When the town was liberated he returned and again took into his care the stranded, homeless children and arranged for their adoption by Jewish families.

In Charleroi, I visited an armory which had been converted into a prison for alleged collaborationists accused of traffic with the enemy. Women—wives, mothers and sisters with anguished faces hovered around the jail, their tear-brimmed eyes clinging plaintively to the barred windows, frantically waving toward the grim brick walls in the hope their loved ones might see them through the narrow slits in the masonry. I had no knowl-

edge of the atrocities deliberately inflicted on innocent civilians throughout Europe, that unless there was evidence substantiating the facts, these tales would be unbelievable.

In Holland I was the guest of General Charles Corlett, known to all the Army by his nickname "Pete." The last place we had met was in Alaska and in the meantime he had become one of the heroes of Guadalcanal. When I mentioned all the mud through which we had jeoped our way to find him, he reminded me that it was nothing like Alaskan mud.

Pete told me about Captain Rooney of New York, Field Artillery chaplain, whose specialty seemed to be caring for the tiniest folks in the war. He was driving through one town when the enemy began to pound the road with shells. Running to take shelter, Chaplain Rooney saw a frightened little girl crouched in the middle of the road. The shells were hitting so close to the youngster that he thought she would be hit before he could cover the half block to reach her. He took the child in his arms, covered her completely with his stooped body and got safely to a shelter.

From sheer relief the youngster began to cry, and the chaplain started to console her. Suddenly he began to laugh. The child immediately forgot her fears and laughed, too. The

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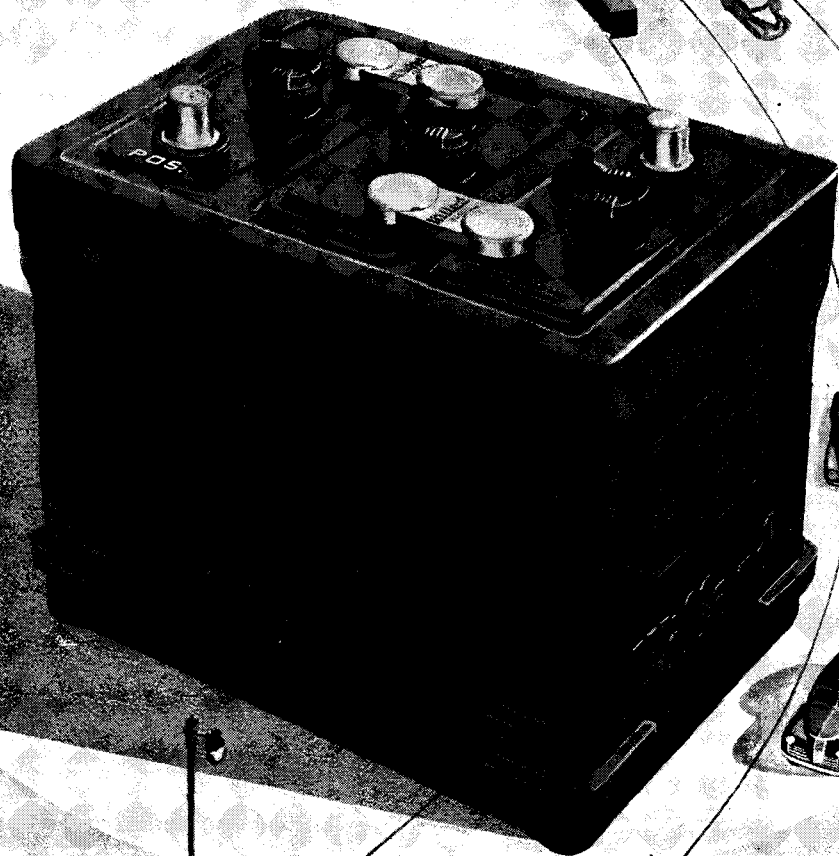
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dotted with old farm buildings and even older picturesque churches. At a turn in the road I lingered at a wayside Calvary erected by the pious farmerfolk of the region and said a Rosary for all our dead and their bereaved beloved.

Here was a military cemetery in the making, a new sanctuary where not only the bodies of our soldiers were being buried, but with them the hearts and hopes of those who loved them. Someday it too would be trim and well kept with tall trees restlessly moaning and rustling in the winds. Someday its serried white Crosses and Stars of David would be set off by freshly raked gravel paths and cool green lawns, like Brookewood outside London, like the American cemetery by the lake near Oran, or like the one at sun-baked Ponte Olive looking down across the plain of Gela toward the lapping blue waters of the Mediterranean. But on this day it was a lonely expanse of sticky black mud with yawning holes of familiar shape and depth dug in low rows lined by white tape.

In one corner the day's harvest of the dead lay piled. Some were just as they came, fresh fallen from the field of battle, bloodstained and gory. Some from the field and evacuation hospitals still wore their splints and bandages or dressings now sadly soiled, disarranged and shaken loose—mute, melancholy evidence of the fervent but vain attempts of medical corpsmen to save them. Others lay wrapped in their mud-spattered, soggy, drab duck sacks, which serve as mattresses for the living and as burial shrouds for the dead. Some lay twisted and horribly contorted; some were bloated; some were burned and charred.

The Price of Peace

Here lay the youth of a "decadent democracy," modern youth accustomed from earliest years to the ease, the comfort, the so-called luxuries of typical American living, yet capable of going out with an infectious grin, a wisecrack and a hasty prayer, and dying for an ideal, dying for the America they knew and loved, dying for lands and peoples unknown to them.

Across the swirling, swollen Meuse behind them were the lands they had liberated, where the streets had been thronged with people who had greeted them with wild shouts of acclaim, music and laughter, with tears, kisses, handclaps and a torrent of grateful words. As liberators they had tasted the brief, exhilarating glory of the liberator, and then they too were freed from the bondage of war—forever free!

Silence was broken only by the mournful sound of picks and shovels hacking at the soft yielding earth—gateway to the only peace thousands of our boys who fought for peace would ever know. Sad and still, I stood with them in the dank mud while the chill, gray, dripping fog and marrow-searching cold hugged me, and I prayed that love and tolerance may quench the fires of bigotry and hate and in their ashes we may plant the seeds of peace.

Standing with our hallowed dead, the memory of them forever graven in my heart, I could not then know that soon their Commander in Chief would take his place beside them. Vivid and precious is my memory of Franklin Roosevelt, who led the America he loved to the threshold of victory.

He Died for Freedom

He lived and worked, he fought and died for freedom. The oppressed and afflicted were his especial care. He believed that freedom was the birthright of the great and small, the strong and weak, the poor and afflicted. He believed in the Christian ideal of liberty in harmonious unity, builded of respect for God's image in man and every man's right to life, liberty and happiness. He died a martyr to that sacred cause.

My own eyes saw his struggles to prevent war, his burdens and sorrows in war, his hopes, his prayers and his works to conquer war.

Franklin Roosevelt was a warrior for peace, and as the clouds were lifting and the night passing, he was called to become a part of the great holocaust of war which mankind is offering to gain peace. In every country throughout the world, except in those countries that have caused the very wounds and ravages we are called upon to heal, Franklin Roosevelt is mourned.

The leaders of two of those nations met inglorious deaths, harvest of ignoble lives. Hitler and Mussolini are dead. Franklin Roosevelt lives on in the ideals and hopes of free peoples! He has taken his place among our valiant, immortal dead who have made our nation consecrate, and today it falls upon us, the living, to preserve this nation in fulfillment of our sacred debt to them. In memory of all our martyred dead, and in pledge to our future generations, I beg that in victory we do not lose the peace, by revenge, sinning against mercy; by fury, killing and enslaving; by hate, destroying ourselves and breeding deadlier wars.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AFTER talking to a few Army officers in the Pentagon Building, we have begun to wonder what to do about our war heroes. As we understand it, the War Department is almost as scared of individual hero servicemen as the enemy is. We can't go into it at becoming length here, but one of the officers tied it up rather neatly by saying, "They're okay as long as the war lasts, but it's going to be tough to get them back to filling-station jobs and suchlike. The great majority of them are fine, modest boys protesting that they didn't do anything. But wait until we try to tell them that." And here is a note of warning from one of the new veterans: "Fellows," writes he, "after being discharged from the Army, keep your uniform on as long as possible. I got my discharge, went home a hero, took off my uniform, and now all I am is my wife's husband again."

AND a six-page, single-spaced, typewritten letter from Pfc. Aaron G. Leuterbach of Ephrata, Pennsylvania: It tells, we think, what Pfc. Leuterbach and 12,000,000 other servicemen are going to do when they get home and organize. But it's his brief postscript that we understand clearly: "P.S.," writes Pfc. Leuterbach. "What I mean is: Do you know where I can get a good job?"

ON THIS absorbing subject—the future—we learn that a building contractor in Massachu-

setts wrote a letter of appreciation to his soldier son in Italy. The lad had sent his father a batch of Nazi decorations taken from a prisoner. Amongst other things the old man wrote in reply was: "Medals fine. If you can get your hands on any good Italian marble, send it along because it will get high prices here after the war."

CORPORAL ANDREW L. SCHWARTZ rather tardily reports to us that a nice, clean new soldier arrived at Aachen to give a hand in capturing that ancient city. He took a good long look at what remained of the place. Then turning to his squad he said: "Boy, that's liberatin' 'em!"

AND a Red Cross lady was telling a munitions worker in Detroit that he certainly should not miss seeing the movies of the German concentration camps. To spur him to action she began to tell him about them. "Hell, madam!" he replied. "You ought to take a good gander inside a Detroit board- inghouse these days."

SOCIAL note from Romantic Alta, Utah: "If you see in the papers," writes Mr. J. Dielks, "where Sam Ward sit out that reception to Mayor Watson last Saturday night in his overcoat, it was on account the zipper on his pants, and the wife wouldn't stand for it." . . .

W. D.

Odds Against the Girl

Continued from page 19

phone. He was glad to hear Mary's voice, as he always was; it sounded so light and pleasant and warm. He told her what Keller had said.

"Yes, darling, I know."

Lonnie swore to himself humorously. Damn it! She always knew.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Mr. Keller told me how he felt about you."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because he said he wanted to."

"What time do we eat?"

"Ten. Is that all right? The pressure should be off you by that time."

"Fine. I may have to come back to the Inn, though."

"Oh, Lonnie!"

"Well—I'll see. But somebody has to be around here all the time. It's always something."

"You work too hard, darling."

Lonnie laughed. "That's something I never expected to hear anybody say about me."

"Are you sorry?" asked Mary, immediately on the defensive. "Do you want to go back to horses and blondes? If so, please say so."

"Mary, I hope you're kidding."

"I am—in a way. But sometimes I worry, and you know it."

"I love you, baby."

"I love you, Lonnie. I love you so much that if you get bored with me, you may have a blonde, if you like. But just one—a small one."

"I don't love you that much, darling. One false move out of you, and I start shooting."

They both laughed. When he'd hung up, Lonnie lighted a cigar and sat down at his desk. Things were quiet for a moment. He leaned back in his chair and yawned luxuriously. In a few short hours, he'd be home in that now beautiful dining room, candles on the table, well-cooked, carefully selected food, Willy serving as if he'd spent years as a waiter at the Ritz, and an air, an atmosphere, about the whole thing. . . . Well, it was great, that's all.

There was only one trouble with Mary. She was violently, at times fantastically, jealous. This was very flattering to Lonnie, but also a little irksome, especially as there was nothing for her to be jealous about. Other women hardly existed as far as he was concerned.

Mary satisfied him in every way. But he could never seem to convince her of this fact. They had many quarrels and when he spoke

sharply to her she reacted with a violence which astonished and dismayed him. Her eyes turned black; she seemed to grow in stature, and there was something so formidable-looking about her that Lonnie would draw back, staring.

It usually ended in a laugh. But on several occasions, Mary locked herself in the bedroom and wouldn't talk to him for hours. This was all due, Lonnie finally came to understand, to her possessiveness. She wanted him all to herself. She didn't want him even thinking about any other woman. Lately, she had grown calmer, and when they went out in public she did not immediately bristle at the sight of an attractive girl and imagine that Lonnie was staring at her.

"Oh, well," said Lonnie. "I'm just as jealous as she is, only I conceal it better."

It was a small matter, anyway. The important thing was that they were extremely well suited to each other and very, very happy.

DINNER was over, and Pinky and Willy were just finishing the dishes. Ray was sitting on a corner of the kitchen table, smoking a cigarette and watching them.

"Things sure went off well," said Willy. "We sure showed them blue bloods."

Ray restrained a smile and went on smoking. Not so long ago Pinky and Willy had been slovenly, bickering, impossible. Nobody would have put up with them but Lonnie. Now they were bragging about themselves for being so efficient. Mary surely had a touch.

There was a brief silence. Willy put the last dish away. Pinky hung up the dish towels. "You guys like it this way, don't you?" asked Ray.

"Sure," said Pinky. "Why not? We get appreciated."

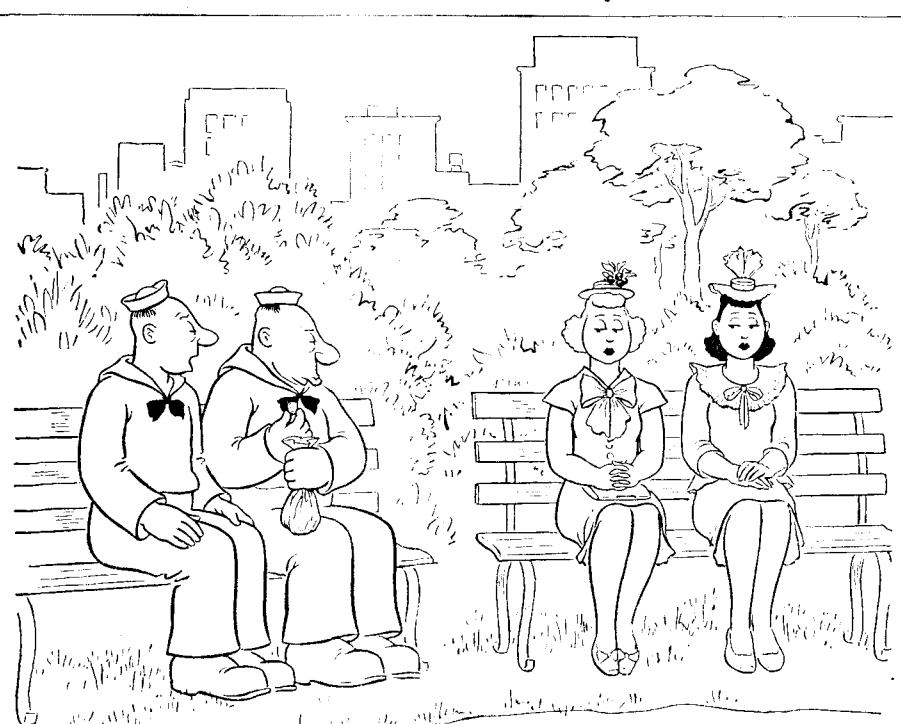
"We get regular days off, too," Willy said. "When Lonnie was running things, you never knew whether you was going or coming. Ask for a day off, and he'd get sore. Any time he called and couldn't find you, he raised hell. When you didn't want to get off, he'd always tell you you could have the day off. Now we know when."

"Yeah," said Pinky. "And if we want to find out what to do, we ask. In the old days Lonnie'd just say: 'Figure it out for yourself, you bum. What am I paying you for?'"

Ray laughed. What they said was very true. They wanted and needed a boss. Now they

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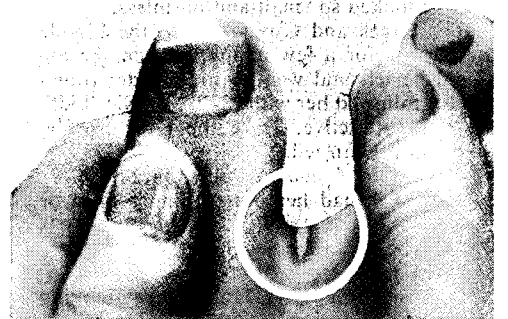
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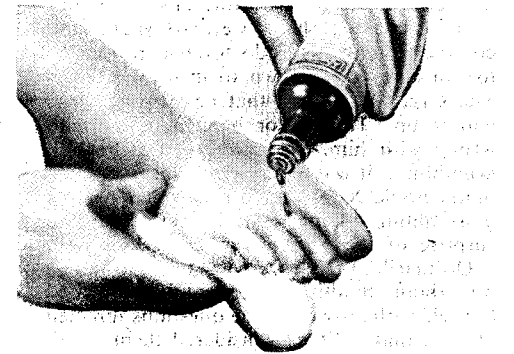
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Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.



1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.
 2. It dries the skin between the toes.
 3. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
 4. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.
- Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

had one. Ray was just getting ready to speak, when the hall door opened and Mary came in. He got to his feet and smiled. Pinky and Willy turned and looked at her respectfully. "Boys," she said, "you did wonders tonight. I want to thank you."

"Glad it went off so well, Mrs. Drew," said Pinky.

"Yeah," said Willy.

Mary smiled at them all again, then turned and went out. There was a long silence. Willy took off his soiled house coat and hung it in the closet, then he lighted a cigarette and leaned back against the table, smoking with marked enjoyment. Pinky joined him.

"There's one thing I still don't get," said Willy. "Between ourselves. Why did she ever go around with that Greek?"

Pinky glanced at Willy, then at Ray, wondering how he'd take it.

"That," said Ray, "I'll never know."

THE Greek was sitting in a booth at the Turf Café with a slender blonde and a small Italian named Gus Borgia, who looked comically pathetic in spite of his obviously expensive clothes and a huge diamond ring he wore on his little finger and displayed at every opportunity.

Gus, a former Chicago racket man, had a reputation for being merciless in his business dealings, but a sucker for women, especially blondes. He'd served time in Joliet and Atlanta in the old days, but for over ten years he hadn't had a rumble of any kind. He'd been a very hard man to convict in court because the juries always ended by feeling sorry for him—in spite of his ugly record. Even the judges who sentenced him addressed him sympathetically. He talked in a low weak voice, he seemed in ill health, and he looked so small and harmless.

The Greek and Gus talked to the blonde desultorily for a few minutes. Then she excused herself and went to the powder room.

Gus followed her with his eyes. "Nice kid!"

"Very attractive," said the Greek. "She likes you. I can tell."

"She a girl friend of yours, Jack?"

"No. I've had her out to dinner once or twice."

"Maybe I can cut in, then?"

"Why not?"

Gus smoothed his lank, greasy-looking black hair and stared off across the café. "I think I'll go talk to Benny a minute," he said, "while the kid's away. We got some unfinished business."

The Greek nodded politely, and Gus got up and shambled over to Benny's office behind the bar.

The Greek ordered a brandy and sat sipping it meditatively. He hadn't been feeling well lately. In fact, for the first time in his life he'd gone to see a doctor. His symptoms, as he explained them, were so vague and contradictory that the doctor had proceeded to run every test known to medical science. The Greek was sorry that he'd brought the matter up. The doctor had found nothing wrong with him. The Greek paid the bill, grumbling—it was a very large one, including innumerable X-rays—and ever since, he had gone about talking against doctors, to the surprise of the people who knew him well.

Ordinarily, the Greek wasn't one to talk—not about anything. He usually contented himself with answering the questions directed at him; that is, if he considered them worth answering. It began to get about that the Greek was slipping, not the man he used to be.

"First," Joe Pacini, a surly gossip, would say, "this dame he was carrying a torch for took the well-known powder. Then Keller give him the brush. What does he do about it? He don't do nothing." Joe would laugh unpleasantly. "Now I ask you, pal. Does that sound like the Greek?"

Even Benny was taking a slightly different tone with him. His associates began to study him sharply, looking him over for flaws. But externally at least the Greek was unchanged. He was still irreproachably dressed; he was still as careful about his nails, his hair and his face as an aging beauty; he still had that sleek, man-about-town look—that dark, shining, almost gigololike air; and he was still seen with one good-looking and fashionably dressed girl after another.

"He's got a front," the boys said, "a great one. But . . ."

After a few minutes, the blonde came back to the table. The Greek rose politely till she was seated, then he sat down beside her, looked about him for a moment, and said, "Give a little, will you, honey? He's beginning to wonder."

The blonde smiled wearily. "How did I know he was going to look like this? He looks like Jimmy Savo after he'd been out in the rain for a while."

"You don't have to marry him. Turn it on a little. He doesn't understand subtlety."

"Now I know what they mean by a fate worse than death."

The Greek's dark eyes flashed, then he veiled them. "Honey," he said, "I do not feel very humorous tonight. It would be simple for me to interest him in another blonde."

"Slow it down a little, Jack. What makes you so touchy lately? I'll do my best."

"All right," said the Greek, "but without jokes."

He ordered another brandy for himself

and a Martini for the girl. Just as the drinks arrived, Gus came out of Benny's office and walked toward them, his face lighting up at the sight of the blonde.

"We were beginning to wonder what had happened to you, Gus," said the blonde. "Or should I keep on calling you Mr. Borgia?"

"Gus suits me fine," said the little man, sitting down very close to the blonde and running his eyes over her with such frankness that the Greek looked away.

LONNIE walked up and down nervously waiting for Ray to finish checking the books for August. It was a beautiful late-summer night, warm and mild. All the windows were open. The lawn sprinklers had been going most of the afternoon, and now the wind was carrying the fresh, pungent odor of new-cut grass mingled with the pleasant smell of fresh water from the lake.

It was Saturday and the restaurant and bar were jammed with a drunken, noisy crowd. The hubbub irritated Lonnie and he was anxious to get home to his quiet living room.

Mary would be waiting, looking beautiful and fresh and young as usual, in one of her pretty negligees, her dark hair down her back, or tied up like a schoolgirl's with a ribbon. "Right to the cent," said Ray, taking off his glasses and wiping them carefully.

"I was afraid of that," said Lonnie.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you notice the take?"

"Of course."

"It's not enough. I'm going to end up behind the eight ball at this rate."

"You'll never go broke taking a profit."

"I mean—I can't live on it. We've got to find some other way to make money."

"Now wait a minute, Lonnie," Ray began.

"I don't mean gambling. Something legitimate. Something where I can get my hands on a big hunk at once. I'll be on the edge in a month or two, and then I'll spend the rest of my life chiseling out dimes. Maybe I'll make it and maybe I won't."

"Come on, Lonnie, let's go home. You're tired."

"All right," said Lonnie, suddenly docile.

"On second thought," said Ray. "Maybe I better stay. It's a big night."

"For once, let's forget it."

They went out. The place was still packed. They were standing three deep at the bar. George, the headwaiter, came over to Lonnie.

"Excuse me, Mr. Drew, would you mind speaking to Mr. Pool? He's been asking about you. I told him you were busy."

"Okay," said Lonnie, glancing at Ray.

The Greek got up, smiling politely, when he saw Lonnie coming toward him. There was a blond girl in the booth with him, and a strange-looking, dark-faced little man, who seemed too small for his clothes—like a comic whose head will suddenly disappear down inside his collar.

"Well, Lonnie," said the Greek, offering his hand. "How are you?"

They shook hands briefly.

"Fine," said Lonnie. "And you?"

"Fair. This is Rita Anderson, and Mr. Borgia. . . . Lonnie Drew."

Lonnie nodded, acknowledging the introductions. Then: "Food okay?"

"Perfect," said the Greek. "Really—the only decent restaurant in town. Won't you join us?"

"Sorry. I'm in a hurry. But thanks. Enjoy yourselves."

He walked to the door where Ray was waiting for him. "The Greek wants to be friends, I guess. Or maybe he's got an angle."

"He usually has," said Ray.

On the way home Lonnie observed, "The little fellow with him—the Greek said his name was Borgia. Couldn't be Gus Borgia?"

"You mean the old Chicago racket guy?"

"Yeah. He was a rough customer in the old days. I've heard Benny talk about him. He had a lot of fellows knocked off—or so they say."

"Not that little man!" Ray protested.

"If it's Gus—which it probably isn't—he's got a lot of money. He's been operating around Detroit." There was a long silence. Lonnie laughed finally. "I don't know what would ever make me think that silly-looking little character was Gus Borgia."

SEPTEMBER, usually a mild month in Lake City, came in with cold lake winds and heavy rains. In ordinary times it was hard enough to heat the old beach house. Now, owing to the fuel shortage, it was virtually impossible. When Lonnie bought the house he had intended to have the old-style coal furnaces torn out and new ones installed. But he just hadn't got around to it. When he was in funds, he never thought of it; and when he thought of it, he was never in funds.

Not that it bothered him in the slightest. Half of the time, in the coldest weather, he'd forget to wear an overcoat. But Mary was of a more delicate constitution. Several times when he came home after work, she met him at the door, wearing a heavy coat. She laughed it off as a joke, but it began to worry Lonnie. He had a talk with Willy, who tended the furnace.

"First place," said Willy, "we ain't got enough coal. Second place, the damned old furnaces don't work good. The missus is cold all the time."

One night at dinner Lonnie brought the



JUSTICE FOR THE BUMBLEBEE

BY JIM MARSHALL

ACCORDING to the laws of aerodynamics, the bumblebee is so constructed that it is scientifically impossible for it to fly. But the bumblebee does not know this, so it goes ahead and flies anyway."

This wisecrack, concocted by someone with only a dim idea of aerodynamics, has been printed millions of times in various places, and is still in circulation as an inspirational piece. Just what it is supposed to inspire, no one knows.

The fact is, however, that the bumblebee is constructed according to the laws of aerodynamics. It is true the bumblebee does not know this but it probably wouldn't give a damn, anyway.

The general assumption of the anti-bee crowd is that the insect's wingspread isn't large enough to support its fuselage. In all human-made flying machines you have to follow formulas, and when some insect that has been around for several eras longer than humanity doesn't follow these formulas, the upstarts go around saying it can't fly because it doesn't follow their rules. But nobody ever heard of a bee crashing and killing all aboard.

At the Northrop plant in Hawthorne, California, where they build Black Widows, the personnel usually eats in an open-air dining room. Bumblebees often hang around the place, waiting for crumbs; one day a visitor from the East told a couple of aeronautical engineers it must be a mirage: Bees couldn't fly; it was scientifically impossible.

This got under the hide of the engineers, and when the visitor had gone, they got out their slide rules and caught a bee and measured its wingspread and fuselage. They studied it.

"It's an ornithopter," said one, "or else I'm no aerodynamicist."

"Too bad Rimsky-Korsakov didn't know that; he could have written the Flight of the Ornithopter," said the other.

Then they found a book which said that the Germans, some years ago, had built an oscillating machine that measured *Insektenflugels* and such things, and had proved that bees could really fly.

So the Northrop experts built their own *Insektenflugels* machine and covered many old blueprints with calculations—all during the lunch hours, so as not to interfere with production and have "Hap" Arnold raising hell. The result was two formulas:

$$I. A = \frac{R}{2} (0.20 S^2 M^2 + 0.36 SMVN)$$

$$II. \frac{A}{W} = \frac{R}{2 AW} (0.20 S^2 M^2 + 0.36 SMVN)$$

For the benefit of the skeptics, A represents lift, R is air density (over which the bumblebee, naturally, has no control), F is wing area, S length of wing, M the amplitude of motion, V speed of flight, and N the number of flapping motions per second. W is the focal point of the whole controversy—the weight of the bee.

The first formula proves that the bee has lift at zero speed, meaning that it can take off. The rest is easy, because any bumblebee with a reasonable I.Q. is intelligent enough to flap its wings at the proper angle and speed to keep going.

But Formula II will squelch any further doubts. A schoolboy can see that if $\frac{A}{W}$ equals + 1, then the bumblebee can fly, and that if the insect flaps its wings fast enough, it can go places in a hurry.

So next time you see a bumblebee in flight, don't swear off or tell someone it's scientifically impossible.

Ol' bumblebee, he done got formulas back of him now. ★★★

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Nathan Milstein

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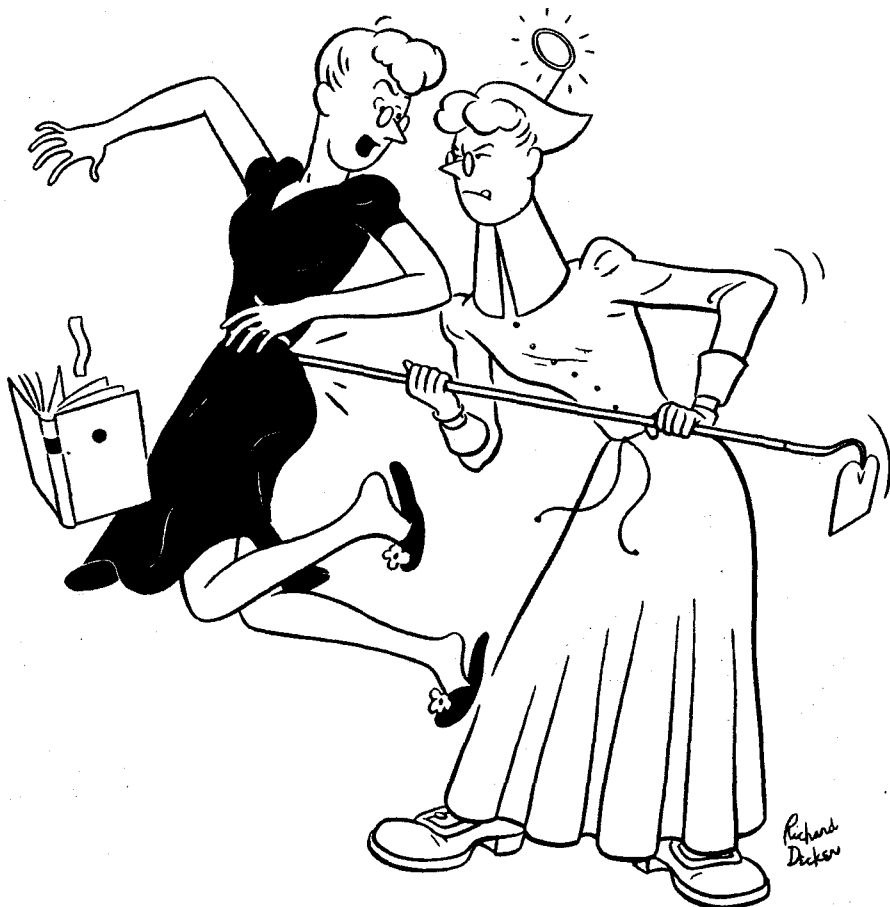
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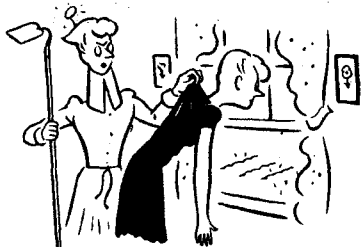
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"OW—THAT HURTS!"

War Conscience: You can "OW" all you like, baby, but I'm going to keep right on digging this hoe into you till you get out and do some Victory Gardening! I'm your Wartime Conscience, lazybones!

Woman: I have a Victory Garden, you—



War Conscience: Sure—but you're neglecting it. It's two weeks since you so much as nodded "Good Morning" to your garden. And there's many a string bean, and fat red tomato-to-be feeling sad about it.

Woman: Why, I thought they looked fine last time I...



War Conscience: Yeah, last time. Right now they're mighty peaked—all choked up with weeds, and the soil packed round 'em so hard they can't get any moisture.

The whole point of a Victory Garden, baby, is to increase our overworked supply of vegetables. And you've got to do more than *plant* the little dears if you want to see 'em at the dinner table later on!

Woman: O.K., teacher, I know, I know. I was going to tend my garden today, but gee, I feel kind of anemic myself. Y'see I had coffee last night—gosh I love it—but



it won't let me sleep. Keeps me jumpy as a grasshopper all night.

War Conscience: M-m-m, affected by caffeine. Well, if that's all that's bothering you—drink Sanka Coffee. It's *ultra* for flavor and aroma, and it lets you sleep.

Woman: Are you kidding? Is it *real* coffee?

War Conscience: *Real* coffee, all coffee! And the reason Sanka Coffee's so pleasant to have around the house evenings, is that it's 97% caffeine-free! That's why it *can't* keep you awake! So drink Sanka Coffee, and catch up on your snoozes—then I'll be giving your Victory garden a blue ribbon.

SANKA COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP
A product of General Foods

FOR DELICIOUS ICED COFFEE—
make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping table-spoons to one cup of water).

subject up jokingly just to see what Mary's reaction would be.

She laughed and said, "All I need is a mink coat. That will keep me warm."

"Go buy one," said Lonnie.

"You mean it? Are we doing that well?"

"We sure are," said Lonnie.

"They've got several beauties at Karr-Dean," cried Mary, delighted. "I've already looked at them. One especially. But it's very expensive, Lonnie. Three thousand dollars with tax."

Lonnie winced inwardly, but he said, "Is that all? Get it."

Excited as a kid, Mary got up and ran round the table to kiss him. Lonnie was such a wonderful husband and she'd had such doubts of him! She felt so ashamed of herself that she went out of her way to pet and wait on him the rest of the evening.

Lonnie was so preoccupied that he hardly noticed the attentions she was lavishing on him. He was disgusted with himself. In the old days three thousand dollars had meant nothing to him. He'd lose it one day and win it back the next. Now he was caught in a financial web he couldn't untangle. He had got to the place where he was worrying about hundreds instead of thousands, and no relief in sight. A sudden expenditure of three thousand dollars would put such a burden on his budget that it would take him at least six months to absorb it. Nevertheless, he wanted Mary to have the coat. Damn this penny-pinching!

The next day he talked it over with Ray, who protested, "That'll break us, Lonnie."

"We're broke now."

"Not exactly. Look, Lonnie. Why not keep on being practical? Forget the coat. Spend a little money to have the furnaces fixed."

"The hell with that," said Lonnie. "You can't get anything done now. Besides, the weather'll clear soon. I never saw a September like this in Lake City before in my life."

Ray argued a little further, but he realized that it was no use.

A few nights later, Mary had what she called an "unveiling." When Lonnie got home, Willy opened the door and, smiling mysteriously, told him to go into the living room. Lonnie hurried in. Mary, in her beautiful new mink coat, was waiting for him. As soon as she saw him, she began to "model" it, walking up and down, grotesquely exaggerating the steps and postures.

She looked overpoweringly beautiful in spite of the clowning—so beautiful, in fact, that Lonnie could only stand and stare, his heart beating unevenly.

"I got it for a little less," she said. "Mr. Coster was very nice about it. And we don't have to pay it all at once, darling. A thousand down and the rest when they catch us."

"Oh—turning out to be a businesswoman!"

"I've always been—sort of."

"Sort of—is right," said Lonnie, laughing, and hugging her until she made him stop, afraid he'd injure the coat.

However, the weather got worse instead of better. Bitter winds blew steadily across the lake from the northeast, and at night howled round the rickety old frame house which creaked, groaned and vibrated.

ONE night, Mary had a bad sore throat and the next day she complained of a painful tightness in her chest. She seemed in such distress that Lonnie was frantic with worry and immediately called a doctor.

The doctor didn't mince words with Lonnie in the hall afterward. "She has a bad cold," he said. "Nothing alarming. But this place," he went on, with an abrupt gesture, "is not good for her. Too drafty, too cold, too damp."

"You mean she's got to go South?"

"No," said the doctor. "But if I were you, I'd get her away from the water. Find a house or an apartment in town—if you can. If you can't, try a hotel. And keep her there all winter. She appears to be in good health—aside from the cold—but she is delicately made and probably not too strong."

After the doctor had gone, Lonnie stood pondering what he had said, then he decided to talk it over with Mary. It was the only sensible thing to do.

She agreed at once.

"The first day I saw this house," she said, "I wondered. I can't stand dampness—and I get very cold in the winter."

"Why didn't you say something, darling?"

After a long and protracted search, Lonnie managed to find a seven-room apartment in a big apartment hotel—the Brookmeade. The rent was exorbitant, but he ignored that angle of it. They took Pinky with them. He was to "live in" at the apartment and do all the work. Willy and Ray stayed on at the beach house.

Mary recovered quickly and in a little while was deep in the congenial task of fixing up her new home.

But Lonnie was worried about money and found it harder and harder to enjoy anything, although he put on a front for Mary's benefit. He and Ray had long talks about it.

FINALLY one night Ray said, "Look, Lonnie. I'll give you my frank opinion. You're not being fair to Mary."

"How do you mean?"

"She's got no idea what a snarl your affairs are in. If she had, she'd help. You know her."

"I don't want any help from anybody," said Lonnie sharply. "If I can't make enough money so we can live decently, then I'm a jerk. And I might as well find it out, give up the whole thing, and get a job selling papers. That girl could have married money. Why should I stint her?"

"I disagree with you entirely," Ray said. "If she knew, she'd want to help. She'd be happier that way."

"Maybe. But eventually she'd begin to wonder what kind of a man I was. I don't want anybody—least of all her—to be making excuses for me."

"It's hopeless," said Ray.

Lonnie banged his hand on the desk. "I've got to find a new way to make money."

All the way home, Lonnie felt depressed and bitter. He couldn't rouse himself. It was raining hard again, and visibility was poor. The persistent bad weather seemed like an added affront. He drove recklessly over the shining, slippery pavements, taking chances, narrowly averting a crash at an intersection and swearing viciously at a taxi driver who yelled at him.

But when he got home, the candles were lighted in the dining room, Mary looked beautiful in her plain, tight-fitting black dress. There was a fire leaping on the hearth, and the apartment seemed so cosy, so livable, so much a refuge from the rainy, blustering night—from the world, for that matter—that Lonnie felt a sudden pang and silently took Mary in his arms and kissed her gently and repeatedly. She drew back to look at him.

"Well," she said, laughing, "what is this?"

"Nothing, honey. I'm so glad to see you. I missed you today."

"I miss you every day. Sometimes I think the hours will never roll past."

Pinky had cooked Sole Marguery from a recipe Mary had found in a French cookbook. It was delicious.

Lonnie grew more and more expansive and, after a brandy with his coffee, he announced, "Ah! This is the life."

"Don't you ever hanker after the gambling and your life of gilded sin?" laughed Mary. "Not even one tiny little bit?"

"No," said Lonnie, emphatically. "Not even a slight hanker..."

A few nights later when Lonnie came in the restaurant, he saw the Greek sitting at the bar with a new girl—a brunette with long dark hair somewhat like Mary's: a pretty fair-looking kid, at least from a distance.

Lonnie smiled to himself and thought: It's just one after another with that guy, and he must be over forty. Time he was slowing down a little!

He went toward the office, but the head-waiter intercepted him. "Mr. Pool's been asking about you," George said. "I think he wants to see you. He's at the bar."

Lonnie hesitated, a little puzzled. The Greek had been very pleasant and friendly of late. Wasn't that a little strange? Lonnie decided to go on into his office, take care of a few routine business matters and then come out later. But as he turned, the Greek looked around, saw him and smiled.

"Hello, Lonnie," he called.

Lonnie nodded, waved a hand in acknowledgment of the greeting, then walked over to the bar. The Greek's new girl had turned and was lazily observing him now. Lonnie decided that she looked better from a distance. Although her hair was very attractive, her large blue eyes were too prominent and almost expressionless, and she had an air of languor and boredom that was too obviously an act. She handled a long cigarette holder with a sort of awkward daintiness and sat with her chin in her hand and her elbow on the bar, trying hard to look glamorous. Strictly from the wrong side of the tracks, Lonnie decided, and overdoing the sophisticated business.

"Hello, Jack," said Lonnie. "George said you wanted to see me."

"Well, not exactly," said the Greek. "Just wanted to buy a drink. This is Miss Kallen. Lonnie Drew, darling. He owns the place."

"Hello," said Miss Kallen, without a change of expression.

"Likewise," said Lonnie, annoyed by the act.

The Greek noted Lonnie's expression and, lowering his eyes, smiled to himself. No subtlety about this fellow: all on the surface, a man you could read like a book.

"What will it be, Lonnie?" he asked.

"Bourbon and soda. But I like to buy the drinks in my own place."

"Not at all," said the Greek, smiling. "And you, darling?"

"Another Martini," said Miss Kallen, then she turned to Mack, the bartender. "And, please—less Vermouth and an extra dash of bitters. Not too much bitters now. Just an extra dash."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mack, compressing his lips. Telling him how to mix a Martini, this dame! Who did she think she was?

"Where do you keep yourself?" the Greek asked. "I never see you around any more, Lonnie."

"We don't go out much. I work pretty long hours."

The Greek turned to Miss Kallen, who was watching Mack mix her drink. "He's only been married a month or so, and he seems to be taking it seriously."

"Oh, these overly married men," said Miss Kallen. "At times they're very tiresome. Not you, of course, Mr. Drew." She turned quickly to Mack. "Only an extra dash now, remember!"

Mack's neck got red but he made no comment.

"Things are moving along nicely for me," said the Greek to Lonnie. "Maybe I'll drop around and talk to you some day soon. I've got something you might be interested in."

"I doubt it, Jack. I've got my hands full here with this place."

"Well, don't worry about it. Nothing definite yet."

Mack brought their drinks. Miss Kallen lifted her glass at once and sipped it critically.

"Enough bitters, miss?" asked Mack, ironically deferential.

Lonnie and the Greek turned to look at Miss Kallen. She was daintily tasting the

Martini, trying to decide if it suited her obviously very fastidious palate.

"Um, well . . ." she considered. "Perhaps just a trifle too heavy . . . but it will do. Thank you so much."

The Greek turned to Lonnie. "Anyway," he said, "I can drop in now and then, and we can have a drink together. We miss you in the stud games. They're getting dull. Gregg took a beating at the track, and now he makes us put a limit on the game."

The Greek sighed as if for the old days and sipped his drink.

"Drop in any time you like," said Lonnie. "I'm generally here in the evenings till pretty late."

Lonnie bought a drink, then after a few more minutes of desultory conversation, he excused himself and went to his office, wondering if the Greek enjoyed being irritated by the supercilious Miss Kallen.

Maybe that's just her public manner, thought Lonnie. Maybe in private she acts more like what she looks like.

The Greek puzzled him. What was going through his mind? And what sort of "something" was he talking about that might be of interest? Lonnie sat thinking for a long time, then he roused himself and began to run through the papers the headwaiter and the head chef had left on his desk.

SEVERAL days later, Ray came into the office, took off his slicker and hung it in the closet, then he put his sodden hat carefully on a chair. Lonnie was sitting with his feet up, watching him.

Ray took off his suit coat and struggled out of a heavy, V-neck sweater.

"I got here just as quick as I could, Lonnie," he said, kicking off his overshoes. "Willy put the sedan in the shop. It's got a bad knock. I told him it was probably the rotten gas, but he wouldn't listen. So I had to drive over myself, in the wreck."

The wreck was Mary's battered old coupé.

"When you locate yourself in the middle of all those clothes," said Lonnie, "grab a chair and sit down."

"It's this lousy weather," said Ray defensively. "Everybody's got a cold, and I understand there's a lot of flu around. That house is as drafty as a barn. What are you so cheerful about?"

"The Greek's coming over. He's got a proposition."

"The Greek? He's making you a proposition? Wait a minute!"

Lonnie nodded, grinning cheerfully. "And a legitimate one, he says. I don't have to put up a cent, and he guarantees me at least ten thousand dollars."

"What kind of guarantee? I don't trust that guy. And certainly you shouldn't."

"You mean about Mary? Look. Let's not kid ourselves. To us, Mary's a miracle. To the Greek she was probably just another beautiful dame. He's had plenty of 'em in his day."

"Yeah, but you made him look like such a chump."

(Continued on page 40)

At a baseball game you had a cold

(Your throat felt simply foul)



So someone pitched you a pack of KOOLS

If KOOLS made such a hit with you then

(Even when you had a cold)



Why not team up with them all the time?

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Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS for good!



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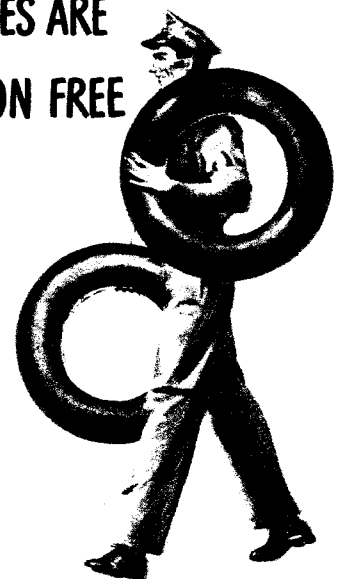
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5. **The "Plus"** of Goodyear experience in building more tubes than any other manufacturer.

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See your Goodyear dealer—today. And remember—

TUBES ARE RATION-FREE

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TUBES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE Heroes

XXXVII

WHEN Allied troops drove across Belgium, herding Hitler's demoralized armies before them, a first fruit of victory was the release of thousands of tortured men and women who had never thought to leave their prison cells alive. Of all the hopeless lot, not one was more emaciated or more maimed than Father de la Croix, a Franciscan monk who had stood up under Gestapo "questioning" for two long, terrible years. Even the early Christian martyrs suffered less, for the wild beasts of Roman arenas killed outright.

Young Paul Camp—his name in the world—took the vows of the order in 1933 and for some years did missionary work in the deserts and mountains of Morocco's hinterland. At the outbreak of the war in Europe, however, he was the head of a mission school in Marrakech, and few had greater influence with the native population. General Nogues, commanding in Rabat as Vichy's representative, was well aware of this, and when Berlin demanded shipments of slave labor to the Reich, he sent at once for the Franciscan.

"I call on you," he rasped, "to see that the orders of deportation are not resisted. Preach loyalty to Marshal Pétain and tell your people that they are going to Germany only for a short stay, and at high wages."

Father de la Croix pretended obedience, but argued that it would be best for him to make a tour of the countryside, giving explanations personally. Gaining consent, the patriotic monk turned his journeys into campaigns for General de Gaulle and the Free French, warning the Moroccans that the partnership between Pétain and Hitler meant exile, slavery and death. More than this, he organized an underground, and he brought in British agents to lay plans for an uprising when the Allies were ready to strike.

For two years he pulled the wool over the eyes of both Germans and Vichyites. Regularly and enthusiastically, the good father reported that things were going well for France, although taking care not to let it be known that he meant



FATHER PAUL DE LA CROIX

the France of General de Gaulle. At last, unhappily, the Gestapo had the wit to put two and two together. What more significant than that every community visited by the Franciscan soon flamed into revolt, and that when Nazi slavers raided a town or village, they found that all of the men had fled to the mountains?

As a result, Father de la Croix was summoned to Rabat in the spring of 1942 and accused of treachery by General Nogues, whereupon the indomitable monk made answer that the general himself was the traitor. When torture failed to make him reveal the secrets of the Moroccan underground,

DRAWING BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

the Franciscan was sent to Paris for further questioning by the experts of General Otto von Stuepnagel. For ten months they kept him in solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet, and once each week they carted him to the Rue de Saussaies, the notorious Gestapo torture center.

"There," and these are the words of Father de la Croix, contained in a sworn affidavit, "a Gestapo brute named Schilling, invented a series of tortures for me. First he would remove my cassock which my Moroccan parishioners had piously mended, putting their initials on each patch. After undressing me, he would bring in German Wacs to witness the beating of a nude French priest. When this could not make me break down, he would hang me from the ceiling like a ham, my arms and legs fast bound, and my face just a few inches above a basin filled with ammonia."

After a month of this, the tortured monk agreed to talk, but when investigation revealed that all of his information was false and misleading, Schilling took revenge by tearing out the father's finger and toe nails one by one. Before he could recover sufficiently for further questioning, the Allies advanced on Paris, and the prisoner was removed to a dungeon in Lille. Here again it is well to quote the priest's own words:

"The Gestapo agents in Lille were almost as ingenious as Schilling. One morning they woke me at dawn and told me to start praying, as my last hour had come. Cutting short my prayers, they took me out into the courtyard and put me before a firing squad. Even as I commended my soul to my Makér, the Gestapo men burst forth with screams of laughter, and beat me all the way back to my cell. Three times, at intervals of a week or so, they repeated the mock execution."

The vileness of the Germans, according to Father de la Croix, was worse than their cruelties. There was the time, for example, when they opened his door and threw in a sobbing Jewish girl. Her skirt was spotted with blood, and a broken shoulder strap showed that her breasts had been torn with pincers. The purpose soon stood plain, for grinning photographers entered the cell, and after pushing the prisoners into each other's arms, took innumerable shots. The pictures, they gloatingly explained, would be used as anti-clerical propaganda.

Drawing strength from deep wells of the spirit, the priest would not die, and the Germans would not kill him. From Lille they took him to Mons, and from Mons to Brussels, but the swiftness of the Allied advance prevented his deportation to the Reich. A pitifully broken man at the time of rescue, he is still crippled, but the faith that sustained him during years of torture has lost none of its flame, and he counts the hours until he can again shepherd his flocks in Morocco. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

Odds Against the Girl

Continued from page 37

"That's water under the bridge. Anyway, we can listen, can't we? Just think what ten Gs would mean to us right now."

"Is Mary in on this?"

Lonnie cleared his throat and looked off across the room uncomfortably, rubbing his chin. "Not so far. She might worry."

"She might talk you out of it, you mean."

"Look, Ray. We don't even know what the proposition is yet. Did you take a look at the bank account at the end of last month?"

"Yes."

"And the books?"

Ray nodded.

"Well?"

"I know, Lonnie," said Ray. "But you've got a good business here. It's just that you won't even try to live within your income. Mink coats. Seven-room apartments!"

"In other words we operated at a loss of over a thousand dollars last month."

"Counting everything—yes. But the business made money—plenty of money for any reasonable guy. I still think you ought to tell Mary how things are. Her allowance is far too big and . . ."

"No," Lonnie said. "I'll figure it out some other way."

"And grow gray doing it. Or else go back to gambling."

Lonnie opened his mouth to speak, but a knock at the door interrupted him. "Come in," he called.

George, the headwaiter, opened the door. The Greek was standing behind him.

"Mr. Pool is here," George said.

Lonnie got up. "Come in, Jack. You know Ray Cooper."

George bowed and went out, closing the door. The Greek came forward with a wide, pleasant smile which showed his slightly pointed but beautifully white teeth.

"Mr. Cooper," said the Greek, inclining his head. Then he shook hands with Lonnie. "Sit down, Jack," said Lonnie. "How about a drink?"

"No, thanks," said the Greek. "I've stopped drinking for the time being. My doctor told me to."

He took off his well-cut dark topcoat and put it carefully over the back of a chair. Then he sat down opposite Lonnie, who had returned to the swivel chair behind his desk.

"What little you told me about the proposition on the phone sounded all right, Jack," Lonnie said. "Let's hear some more."

The Greek glanced questioningly at Ray. "And Mr. Cooper?" he inquired.

"It's okay," said Lonnie. "He knows all my business."

THE Greek shrugged slightly as if he didn't approve, then he lighted a long cigarette, which gave off a pungent, exotic odor. "We're putting over the biggest coup that's ever been pulled off in the Middle West. We've got the money, and we've got the horse. But we need help."

Lonnie glanced at Ray and said, "You mean you need help placing the money, so it won't make too big a splash."

"That's it. We've talked it over—the Syndicate, I mean—and as far as we can see, you're the only man around here who could possibly handle a proposition like this. You know every bookie in the Middle West. You've had plenty of experience spreading money out. . . ."

"That's right," said Lonnie.

"And you're risking nothing. Win, lose or draw, you get your commission. Ten thousand dollars—providing you get all the money put up."

"How much money?"

"A hundred Gs."

Lonnie whistled and glanced at Ray, who was sitting with his mouth open.

"That will take some figuring—a hunk like that," said Lonnie. "That's a tough order. To carry out right, I mean."

"Precisely," said the Greek. "That's why we're willing to pay such a commission."

"What's the horse?" asked Ray.

"He belongs to Ed Gregg," said the Greek. "He can run on any kind of track and he hasn't won a race in three months. He's had a bad hoof."

"You mean Saladin?"

"That's the horse."

The Greek took a pamphlet out of his pocket and handed it to Ray. "You, I believe, are the handicapper?" he asked.

Ray nodded.

"Here's the condition book. Look it over. Meanwhile," he went on, turning to Lonnie, "what do you think about it? Could you handle it?"

"I never handled one this big. But I brought one off once for nearly fifty Gs. Yes, I guess I could handle it. But I want to think it over. This is nothing to take snap judgment on. It means a lot of work and thought."

Ray looked up from the condition book. "Offhand, I'd say there were two horses in this race who outfigure Saladin—that is, providing they're in shape and trying."

"We're afraid of three," said the Greek, "but we'll take care of them. Gregg's already talked to two of the owners."

"Sometimes these big ones slip," said Lonnie, "as you probably know."

"Yes," said the Greek, "I know. I just had one slip recently. But the whole thing was badly managed. This is different. In the first place, we've got a real horse going for us this time. Saladin worked six furlongs in .12 flat, breezing."

Ray whistled. "Besides," said the Greek, "that's not your worry, Lonnie. You get your money—no matter what happens."

There was a long silence.

"I'll think it over," said Lonnie.

"Look," said the Greek, "how can you turn us down on this? I'll give you a thousand dollars cash right now—part payment."

"No," said Lonnie, "let me think it over tonight. Call you tomorrow."

The Greek smiled and shrugged. "I don't know why you should hesitate. But . . ." He rose and picked up his coat.

"I've got a business to run," said Lonnie. "I'm up to my ears right now."

When the Greek had gone, Lonnie and Ray sat for a long time in silence, both a little awed by the magnitude of the proposed coup. "Keller must have gone back in," said Lonnie finally. "Where would they get that kind of money?"

"The Greek said it was a Syndicate bet."

"Must be. What do you think, Ray? I'm looking for the catch and I can't find it."

"I figured there must be one before I heard the proposition. Now I don't know. I guess they just need you."

"Of course they do. And the Greek's no one to let a grudge stand in the way of making a little money," Lonnie said.

"It would be a tough one to handle. I don't think anybody could handle it but you, Lonnie." Ray sat staring across the room, thinking of ways and means. Suddenly he said, "Why don't we just forget it? You want to stay out of that game, don't you?"

"I intend to," said Lonnie. "No more of that for me. But this is different. It costs me nothing but work and time. I'll have an expense account—that's a cinch."

"Mary's not going to like this."

Lonnie whirled around in his chair to face Ray. "She's not going to hear anything about it, understand? She'd just worry."

LONNIE sat in the living room of the apartment with Mary, listening to the radio and staring moodily at the floor, lost in thought. Finally, he came to, feeling Mary's eyes on him, and glanced up quickly. Mary looked away. "Nice program," she said.

"Swell," said Lonnie, smiling, and in a moment was lost in thought again.

Mary got up and shut off the radio.

"What's the matter?" asked Lonnie.

She came over, sat on the arm of his chair and began to stroke his hair.

"Are you bored, Lonnie?"

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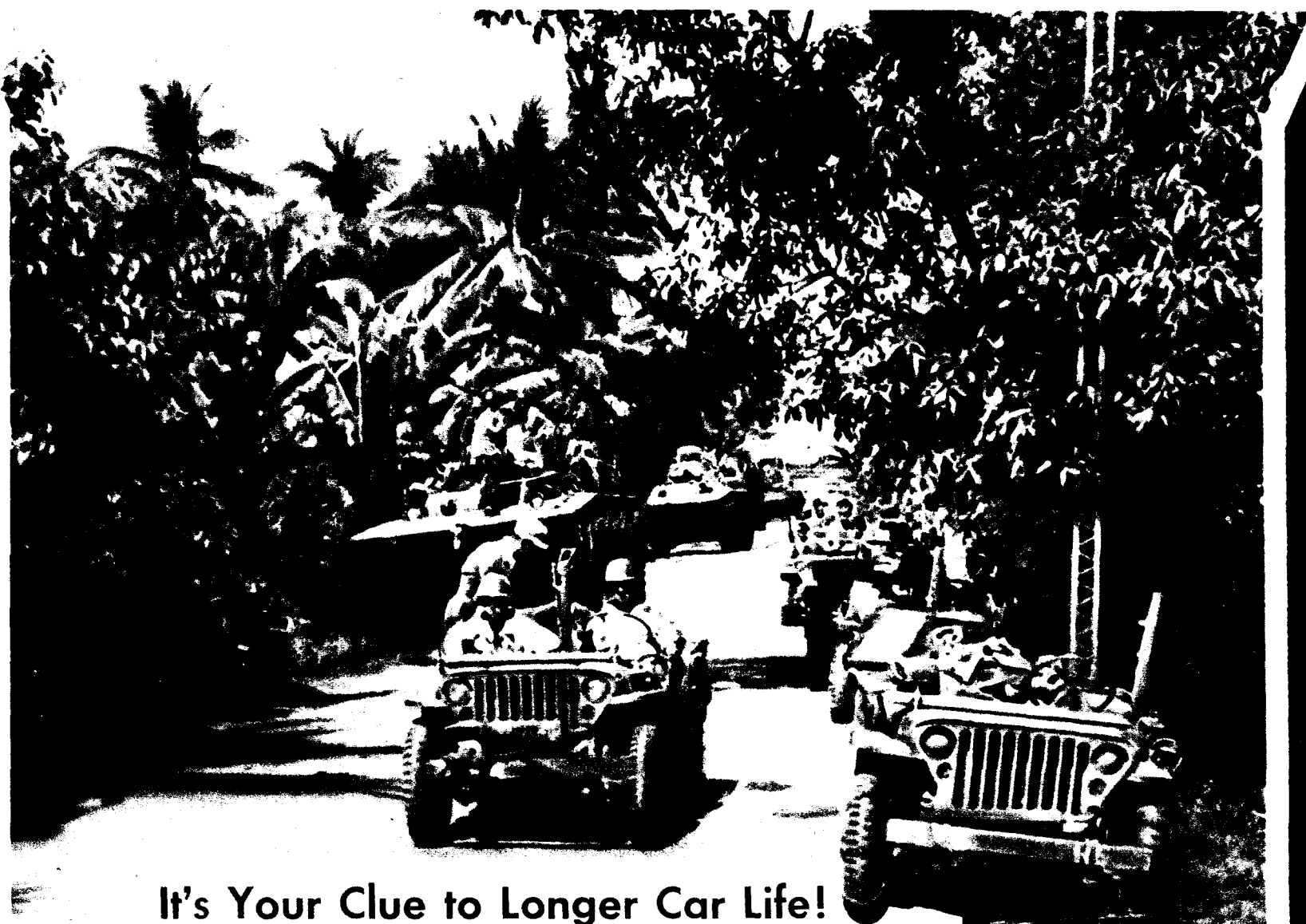


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"Me?" he said, turning and looking at her in genuine astonishment. "I should say not!"

"You hardly said a word all through dinner. And since we've been in here, you've been staring at one spot on the carpet. Lonnie, you worry me sometimes."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm afraid you're not very happy."

"I never was happier in my life."

"Sometimes," Mary went on, "I feel that you're living this way just because you know I like it—when you'd rather be out getting drunk, chasing blondes and gambling."

"You can't do all three at once," said Lonnie lightly; "at least, I never could. Maybe I'm just the backward type."

He pulled her down on his lap and kissed her.

She felt better now. She kissed him and patted his face. "If you ever do want to gamble and get drunk, please tell me. . . ."

"You left out the blondes," Lonnie put in.

"Because," said Mary, going right on, "I couldn't bear to have you straining yourself being a good little boy just on my account."

"I've got an idea," said Lonnie. "Let's run over to Salini's, I'll have a couple of drinks, and we'll loaf around for a while."

"Maybe we can get the same booth where . . . you know. . . ." She jumped up, delighted with the idea.

When she left to get her coat, Lonnie rose and stood staring at the same spot on the carpet. Some instinct warned him that he

proceedings to give the question much thought.

"He was intended for a great horse, Lonnie," Ed Gregg was saying. "I was all set to run him in the Kentucky Derby when he went wrong. As a four-year-old, he was in and out on account of that bad hoof. Even so I won three pretty fair stake races with him. He's game as a pebble. Now all of a sudden he seems to have regained his best form—just like that. And nobody knows it but us." Gregg looked about him, grinned, and took a sip from his highball.

"Besides," said the Greek, "the only three horses we're worried about aren't going to try."

"We'll win by eight," said Gregg emphatically.

BENNY sighed and rubbed his face uneasily. "Only thing that worries me," he said, "is all this money pouring in. It's going to look bad."

"That's my job," said Lonnie. "I can plant it from New York City to New Orleans. A thousand here, a thousand there. Nothing to it. Ray here is the best man there is on the handle. We've turned some big ones in our time, eh, Ray?"

Ray nodded, noting that Lonnie seemed more like himself than he had for months. His blue eyes were twinkling, and he looked both eager and relaxed. He was like an old race horse which hadn't been to post for

to you, and you handle it however you please."

Ray and Lonnie exchanged a glance. "We don't want anybody to have any idea where the money's coming from," the Greek went on. "We could deposit it to your account. But there are finks in a bank same as any place else."

"You mean you're going to turn it over to me in cash?" asked Lonnie.

"Why not? We all trust you, Lonnie."

Lonnie pondered. He was certain now that Keller was in on it, and just didn't want his name to appear in any way. Otherwise it was very doubtful if Benny and the Greek would trust him with a hundred thousand dollars cash—in spite of his reputation.

The same thought was running through Ray's mind and he felt relieved. After all, the Greek and Benny were a couple of wolves—very dangerous. But Keller was both decent and rich.

"The money will be delivered to your office tomorrow evening," the Greek said. "I'll deliver it myself. Of course, I'll have somebody with me. We'll count it, and that will be that."

"Fine," said Lonnie.

"Oh, yes," added the Greek. "I'm bringing you five thousand in cash for yourself. You get the other five after you've placed the money."

"What about an expense account?" Lonnie asked. "It's going to cost plenty to get this money up. No reason why I should stand it."

"We'll leave that to you—any legitimate expense, you understand."

"I won't pad it."

"We're sure of that," said the Greek, smiling pleasantly, "or you wouldn't be handling our money." He glanced from Ray to Lonnie. "Everything set?"

They both nodded.

On the way back to the restaurant, Lonnie drove in silence for a long time. Ray smoked leisurely and stared out at the crowded streets of the downtown district. It was theater time. The boulevard lights were burning brightly in the clear air, and crowds were pouring in under the marquees.

Lake City had changed greatly since the war. At night, the sidewalks were jammed to capacity, traffic moved at a snail's pace and got into almost inextricable snarls at the main intersections, and there was a feverish, abandoned atmosphere he'd never noticed in the old days. Lake City, at night, looked like a boom town, full of reckless strangers with money to spend.

"It's a cinch," said Lonnie, as he turned off into a side street to avoid the traffic, "that Keller's in on this."

"I think you're right," said Ray. "Everything points to it."

"I'm going to make some real dough out of the deal," said Lonnie. "I'm going in with the play."

"What!" cried Ray, starting up.

"I'll save out a stake, don't worry. But this is too good to pass up. The way I'm operating now—small scale, I mean—I might be able to set myself for years."

"Or wreck yourself for good. I thought you were off gambling?"

Lonnie laughed. "Do you call this gambling?"

LONNIE and Mary had been to a movie and were now having a late snack at Salini's. Lonnie was in high spirits, and Mary, who was very sensitive to his moods—too sensitive for her own good—was in high spirits also. They talked about the picture they'd seen, and Lonnie laughed so loud, remembering one of the gags, that people turned to look at him.

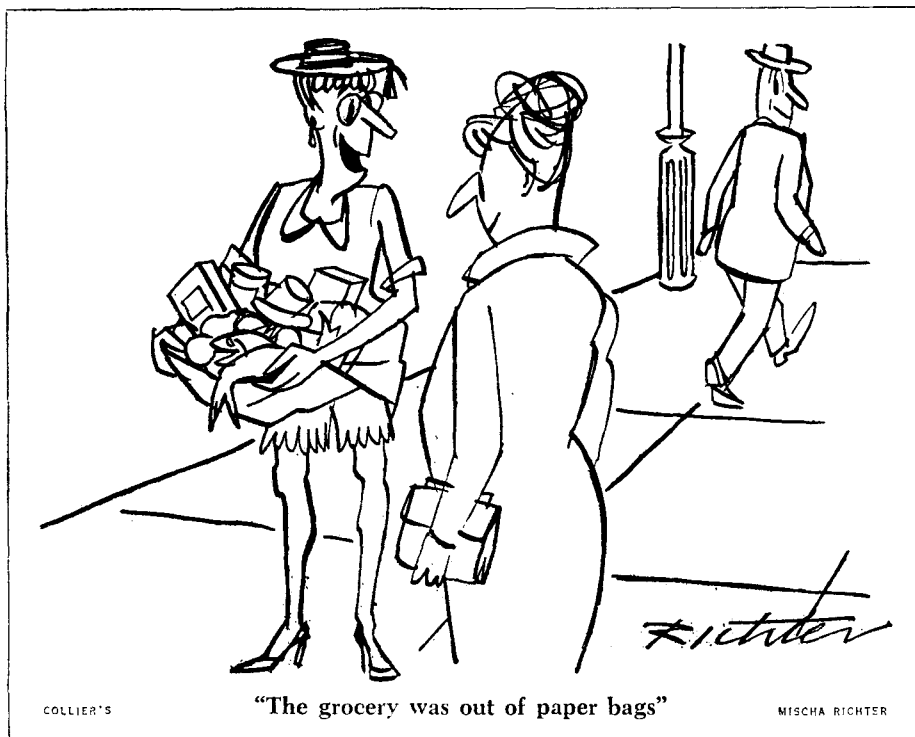
"Lonnie!" Mary said. "They'll think you're drunk. What has got into you?"

"I feel great."

"It makes me happy to see you like this," said Mary. "You should take more time off. You work too hard."

As they were leaving, a man in the crowded vestibule touched Lonnie's arm. He turned. It was Mr. Borgia with Rita, the blonde. They were such an incongruous couple that Mary stared at them, then glanced at Lonnie.

"How do you do, Mr. Drew?" said the blonde, smiling sweetly. "How are you?"



ought to reject the Greek's deal. But on the other hand, if there was a sleeper of any kind in it, he couldn't find it. Besides, if Keller had returned to the fold. . . .

Mary danced gaily back into the room, wearing her new mink coat.

"That's a lovely hunk of fur you've got on your back, ma'am," said Lonnie.

"Yes," said Mary, "and just think: ten more payments and it's mine!"

They went out laughing, arm in arm.

RAY was surprised at the excitement he felt now that the decision had been made. He'd done his best to talk Lonnie out of going into the deal. First, because he didn't trust the Greek. Second, because he was afraid Lonnie, after engineering such a coup, would never be content to go back to running a restaurant. Third, because he was positive that at some stage of the game, Mary, who was very sharp and observant, would catch on that something important was happening and insist on being let in on it. But all his words were of no avail. Lonnie simply would not listen.

"My conscience is clear," Ray told himself. "Now I can forget about it and pitch in."

They were all sitting in the back room at the Turf Café: Lonnie, the Greek, Benny Hayt, Ed Gregg and Ray. From time to time Ray wondered vaguely why Mr. Keller didn't show up, but he was too interested in the

years and suddenly hears the roar of the crowd and the bugle calling him to the track.

"If we get stuck," said Lonnie, "we can even bet a few thousand at the track. With the kind of handle they're getting, it wouldn't make much of a dent."

"No," said the Greek, "and it might be a good idea."

"Okay by me," said Gregg.

"Well," said Benny dubiously, "I don't know. I've seen 'em go so wrong. And if this one goes wrong . . . brother!"

"How can it go wrong?" the Greek cut in hastily, throwing a sharp look at Benny.

"It better not, that's all," Benny muttered.

There was something in his tone that made Gregg, Ray and Lonnie turn to look at him.

The Greek laughed. "Benny's feeling a little low. Don't pay any attention to him."

Benny nodded vaguely and went out. Gregg left with him.

"Benny's like an old woman," the Greek said. "Maybe in the old days he was tough, but he's certainly got over it. Notice his hands shaking? He'll worry himself into an early grave. This one's just a little too big for him."

"What's he got to worry about?" asked Lonnie. "All he has to do is sit back and collect."

"Precisely," said the Greek. "But"—he shrugged—"some men are like that. Now about the money. We're going to turn it over



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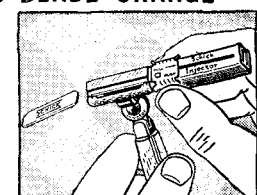
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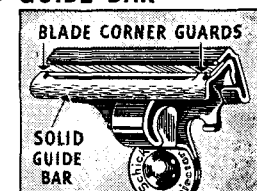
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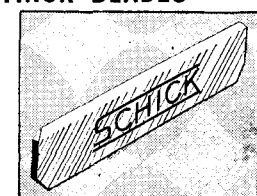
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DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

... just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

"Good evening, Mr. Drew," said grotesque little Gus Borgia, eying Mary eagerly.

Lonnie spoke to them and hurried Mary out.

As they were walking toward the parking lot, Mary said, "Why don't you introduce me to your friends? Are you ashamed of me?"

Lonnie glanced at her, then burst out laughing. "You panic me with your remarks," he said.

"Such people!" Mary shuddered slightly. "They're friends of your old pal, the Greek," said Lonnie, giving her a satirical look. "He brought them to the Inn."

Mary ignored him. "What is the little man made up for?" she demanded. "And the way he stared at me! And the girl—she must be at least a foot taller. And what was she wearing for hair? Really, Lonnie, you know the strangest people."

He turned to stare at her. "I know the strangest . . ." Then he realized she was laughing at him. He seized her arm and shook her gently. "Sometimes," he said, "I think you are too smart for your britches."

They walked into the parking lot with their arms around each other.

BOTH Ray and Lonnie were a little nervous and kept glancing at the office clock. The Greek was due with the money any minute now. Half an hour ago he had talked to Lonnie on the phone, and they had decided it would be best for the Greek to drive around behind the restaurant and park near Lonnie's office, which had an outside door opening on a cement walk. Lonnie hardly ever used this outside door because he found it hard to open. It was one of those doors that performed erratically, opening easily at times but usually requiring superhuman strength.

All day long, Ray and Lonnie had been making lists of bookies. The key spots were easy, but there weren't enough of them to absorb a hundred grand without a kickback of some kind. Theoretically, they had been able to place a little over half the money. They still had quite a problem on their hands, but with that much disposed of, they felt sure that they could eventually solve it without too much difficulty.

It was a pleasant warm night. A series of eccentric storms had passed over the Middle West, centering mostly in the region of the Great Lakes, and the weather had been so bad that even the oldest inhabitants claimed that they hadn't seen anything to equal it in fifty years.

Now the weather, as if to balance matters, had moderated to such an extent that many people were going about without topcoats, and that afternoon Lonnie had seen a bunch of kids swimming at the beach as if it were midsummer. A gentle wind was blowing in from the lake. The moon was up, and from the office windows you could see the lake,

flat as a pavement and bright with moonlight.

"How about Jack's at Natchez?" asked Lonnie, looking up suddenly.

"He can't absorb over a G. Two at most," said Ray, glancing up from his own list.

"Every little bit helps."

They heard a car driving slowly around the corner of the restaurant and they both sat with pencils poised, listening. Lonnie threw a look at the clock. The car continued, going slower and slower; then it stopped.

"That's it," said Lonnie, then he turned to Ray. "Have you got the new combination handy?" He'd had the combination on the safe changed that afternoon.

"In my billfold," said Ray, getting up. "Why?"

"Just wanted to be sure."

A car door slammed; then another. After a moment there was a knock at the door. Lonnie walked over and heaved it open. The Greek, carrying a brief case, came in, followed by a gorilla who looked very solemn and rather pale. The men all glanced at one another and nodded. The Greek put the brief case on the desk and began to take off his topcoat. He also looked a little pale.

"Ducky," he said to the gorilla, "go out and get yourself a drink at the bar. I'll let you know when I'm ready."

"Okay, Mr. Pool," said Ducky. "I sure need one—rock-and-rye." He turned to Ray and Lonnie. "I got up out of bed to help Mr. Pool with this business. I been sick as a dog. First time I was ever took down in my life!" Ducky shook his big, round head in complete bewilderment.

"All right, Ducky," said the Greek, obviously on edge.

Ducky nodded and went out into the restaurant, shutting the door behind him softly.

"I've got a sore throat myself," said the Greek, "and all the way over here, that big ape keeps coughing . . . coughing . . ."

He put his coat carefully across the back of a chair, sat down at the desk, and opened the brief case with a key. Then he began to take out stacks of new bills in wrappers.

"Better start counting," he said. "I've got a receipt here I want you to sign—purely as a matter of form, of course."

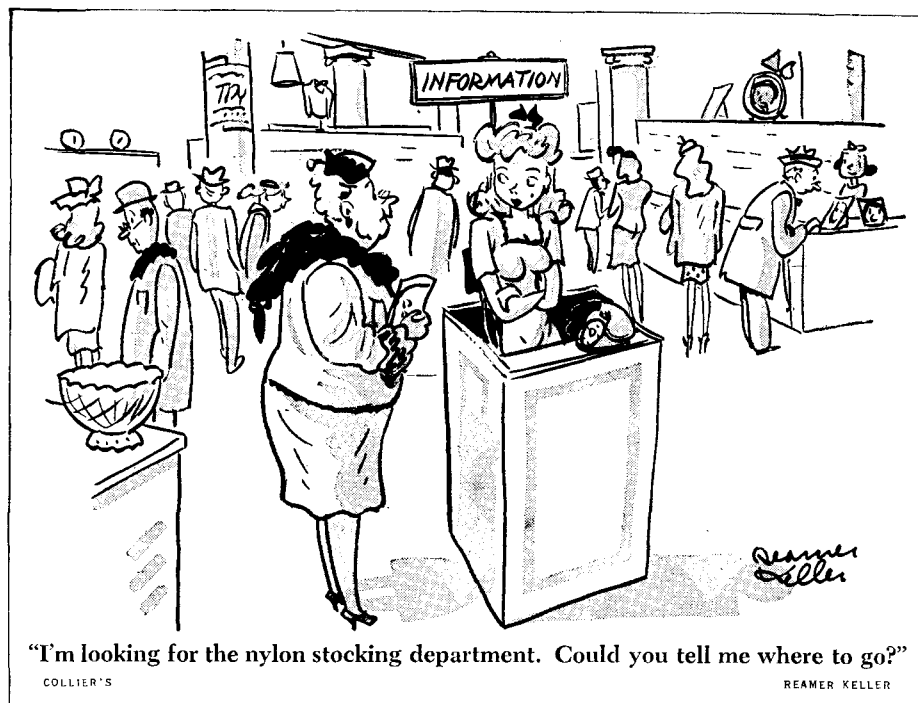
"Sure," said Lonnie. He sat down and carefully counted the bills. When he had finished, he turned to Ray: "Now you count it."

Ray sat down at the desk, with shaking hands, and slowly rifled the bills, wetting his thumb methodically from time to time like a file clerk leafing through a pile of correspondence. "A hundred and five thousand dollars, I make," he said, looking up.

"Right," said Lonnie.

The Greek shoved the receipt at Lonnie, and took out a fountain pen, which he held poised.

"Satisfied, gentlemen?" he inquired. "If not, speak now. Want to count it again?"



"I'm looking for the nylon stocking department. Could you tell me where to go?"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

Lonnie merely shook his head and, taking the pen from the Greek, signed the receipt with a flourish.

"Well," said the Greek, getting up, "so far—so good." He pushed the brief case across the desk toward Lonnie. "I'll make you a present of this. It's a nice one, and I've got no more use for it."

"Thanks," said Lonnie.

"Now I think I'll go out and join Ducky in a rock-and-rye. My doctor says I mustn't drink. But I don't think he knows what he's talking about."

"Why not have it here in the office?" asked Lonnie. "I'll order it for you."

"No, thanks," said the Greek, picking up his coat. "In the first place, you men have got a lot of business to look after. Besides, I've got three phone calls I want to make."

"Suit yourself."

THE Greek walked to the door and turned. "Good luck, boys! If this one works out, none of us will have to worry for quite a while."

Lonnie hesitated, then said: "I was a little surprised at Mr. Keller getting back in the game. He came in here one day and told me he was all washed up."

"Keller?" The Greek raised his eyebrows and looked from Ray to Lonnie. "Keller's got nothing to do with this."

Lonnie controlled a start and averted his eyes from Ray. "I was just guessing," he said. "I figured with his kind of money . . ."

The Greek smiled a rather superior smile. "Keller's not the only man in the Middle West with a bank roll. Gus Borgia's in with Benny and me now." He looked from Lonnie to Ray. "Maybe you'll come out and join me in a drink later."

"Sure, sure," said Lonnie hurriedly.

The Greek went out. Ray whistled with feeling and lighted a cigarette.

"That little guy was Gus Borgia," exclaimed Lonnie. "How do you like that?"

"I don't like it," Ray said. "Lonnie, if you're smart, you'll back out of this right now. Give the Greek his dough and get your receipt. I thought that if Keller . . ."

"So did I."

Lonnie stood staring at the wall unable to make up his mind what to do. All day long he'd been very happy, thinking about that nice big nest egg he was going to have in his kick in a week: maybe fifty Gs, depending on what odds the horse paid. It was tough to throw it all away just like that! On the other hand, it wasn't good sense to get mixed up in a deal with a guy like Gus Borgia. Some very tough boys had been deathly afraid of Gus in the old days.

Lonnie stood looking down at the stacks of big-denomination bills lying on the desk. "I don't know, Ray," he said uncertainly. "What can go wrong?"

"It's bad business," said Ray, worried by Lonnie's indecision. "I . . ."

Ray was interrupted as the outside door flew open, propelled by a violent kick. He

and Lonnie turned. Two short, stocky men stepped in quickly, carrying heavy automatic pistols. One of them kicked the door shut behind him. They were well dressed in business clothes: one in blue serge, the other in light gray. Both had decorative handkerchiefs in their breast pockets. The one in blue serge was pale; the one in gray was swarthy and looked like a Syrian.

"Hello, fellows," said the swarthy one, grinning. "We just come in to collect some dough. I hope we don't have to shoot nobody to get it."

He backed Ray and Lonnie into a corner. They were so dumbfounded that they stood staring with their mouths open. The Syrian talked to the man behind him without turning.

"There it is on the desk, kid. And if I ain't mistaken I see a brief case. Load it and let's get out of here." He grinned again at Lonnie and Ray, but his eyes were hard and merciless. "Just be good boys. It won't hurt a bit—like the dentist says—unless you jump. How about it, kid?"

"Keep your pants on," said the one in blue serge, stuffing money into the brief case hastily, and looking about him to see if he was missing any of it.

"Nice weather we're having, ain't it, boys?" asked the Syrian conversationally, still grinning. "I hope it don't rain no more, because I was beginning to grow web feet. How is it, kid?"

"With you in a minute."

Ray was shaking all over, it was like a nightmare to him. But Lonnie was beginning to recover. "You must have had a tip on this one," he said, smiling slightly.

"Either that, pal," said the Syrian, "or we're just plain lucky. Yep, just lucky. We walk in and there it is all spread out for us."

"All right, boy," said the one in blue serge. "We're loaded."

They began to back to the door, both with guns leveled, the one in blue serge carrying the brief case under his arm.

"Now be nice little boys and stay in that corner," said the Syrian, as he reached behind him for the doorknob. "Nobody's going to get hurt unless he asks for it."

He tugged at the door but couldn't open it. He began to get nervous. His gun wavered.

"Take it easy," said Lonnie. "The door sticks."

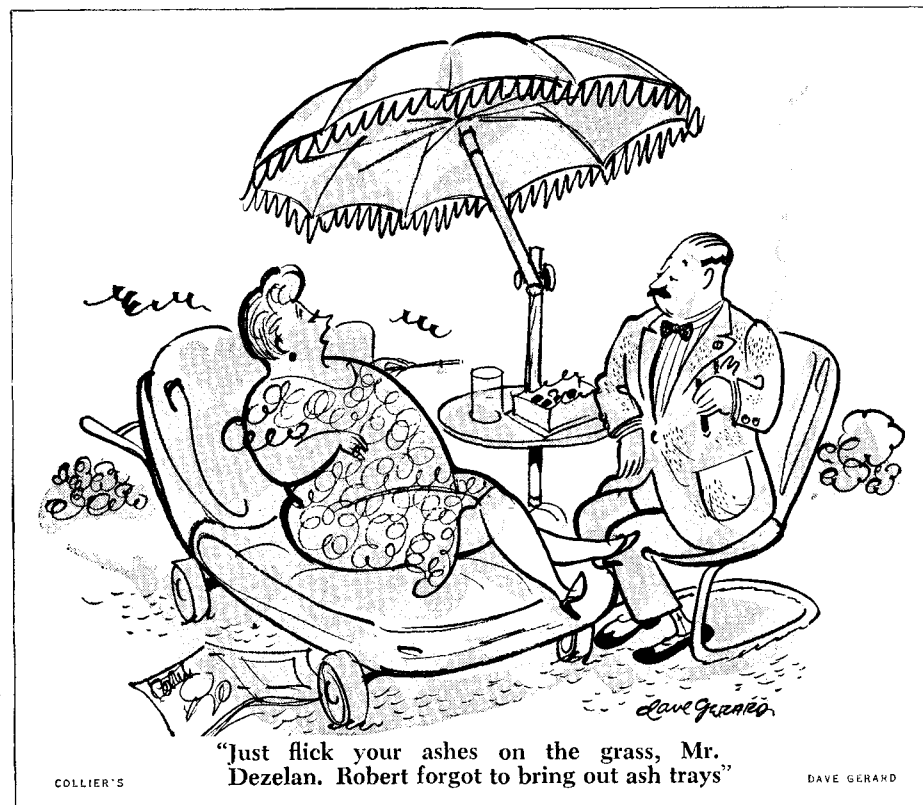
"Open the door—damn it!" the Syrian yelled at the man in blue serge. "I'll look after these guys."

The one in blue serge put up his gun and pulled at the door. The Syrian began to get pale. Lonnie was afraid he'd shoot without meaning to. "Relax now, relax," he said. "You'll get out."

Finally the door came open. The men rushed out into the night, slamming it behind them.

"Good God!" cried Ray, deathly pale, and fainted and fell sideways before Lonnie could catch him.

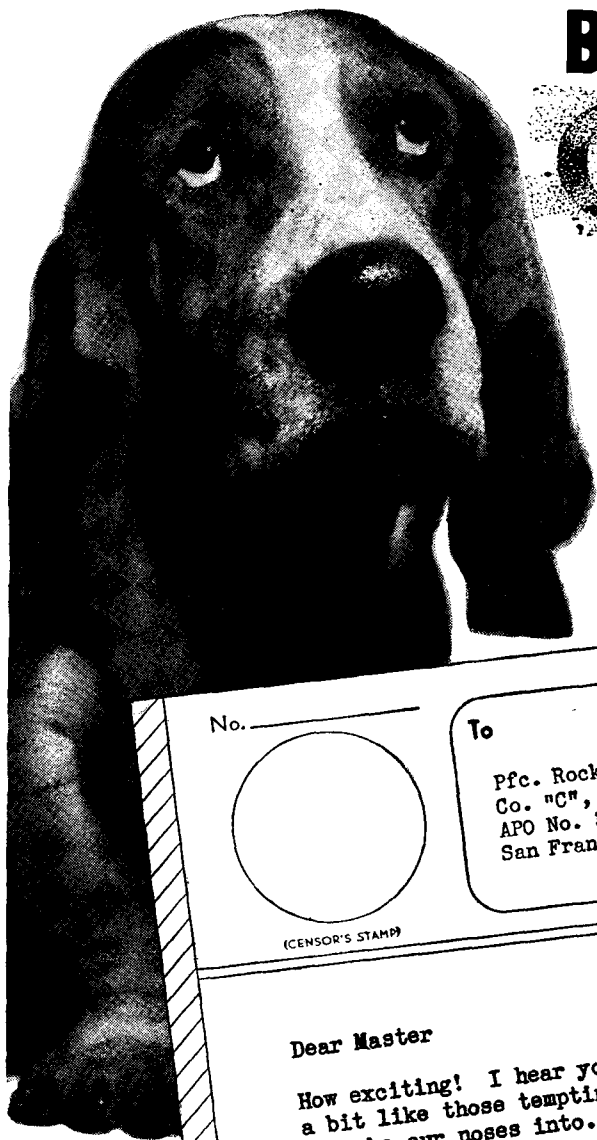
(To be continued next week)



"Just flick your ashes on the grass, Mr. Dezelan. Robert forgot to bring out ash trays"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERAND



**Banish
GLOOM**

Spread

Joy



No. (CENSOR'S STAMP)

To
Pfc. Rockwell P. Harrington, 58792202
Co. "C", 165th Infantry
APO No. 308 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

From
"SCRAPPY"
(Sender's name)
Beaverbrook Knoll
(Sender's address)
Piney Glen, N. Y.
June 25, 1945
(Date)

WRITE V...MAIL

Dear Master

How exciting! I hear you are in a foxhole! But mistress says it's not a bit like those tempting little burrows in the meadow that we dogs love to poke our noses into. She says it's often dreadfully dark and dangerous ... and lonely.

Oh master, you MUSTN'T be lonely. We're going to write you often ... every day we can. Maybe short letters - but happy letters. Fast-flying V-MAIL letters. And what lovely news I have today! Mistress is feeding me GAINES! Yes master - GAINES DOG MEAL - the meal that for years and years has been fed by the owners of big kennels to their fine, prize-winning dogs. I suppose you'd really have to be a dog to appreciate how good GAINES tastes and smells. There's MEAT MEAL in it - plenty of it - and lots of other tasty things that keep me happy and well. All mistress does is mix it with water. And just so I'll always love my GAINES, she mixes it sometimes with milk or soup or gravy. For variety's sake, she says.

But master - please don't think I'm tickled with GAINES just because it tastes so grand. I'm thinking mostly of the day when you come home from war. I want to hear your voice call "SCRAPPY!" - and see the surprise and joy in your eyes when you see how well I am, how glossy my coat is, and when you find me still playful as a puppy. That's why I want to keep getting GAINES right along. Doesn't it make you feel a whole lot happier in your foxhole - to think of me just full of bounce and joy?

Dearest - I'm so thankful Frank's veterinarian told us about GAINES. He says it nourishes EVERY INCH of a dog - and I sure believe it. Scrappy just feels good all over! Look for another little batch of good news in a V-Mail letter I'll be getting off to you tomorrow. Love

Jane and

SCRAPPY



CHEERFUL letters



PEPPY letters



LOTS of letters



FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

Complete Meal

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

Copyright 1945 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.

In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels

NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA USED FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

Itching Feet, Toes—Red, Raw, Cracked, Soggy or Peeling Skin on Feet or Between Toes—are Symptoms of Highly Infectious Athlete's Foot



WARNING! Danger lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your feet or your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy!

Even a spotlessly-kept home may not prevent invasion of highly infectious Athlete's Foot. It afflicts 71% of the population at various times. But you can help prevent as well as effectively fight Athlete's Foot by making daily use of Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex a "must" for yourself and your whole family.

In this remarkable new powder preparation of Dr. Scholl's, is the miracle drug Sulfathiazole, among other highly effective medicaments. The function of this extraordinary drug in Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex, is to help prevent, as well as to combat serious secondary infections frequently occurring in Athlete's Foot.

It does this by dissolving in the perspiration and tissue fluids of the skin of the foot, to quickly attack the area of infection.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex quickly relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills the fungi on contact. Aids rapid healing; helps prevent reinfection.

This new formula of Dr. Scholl's, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores, and by prescription in certain states requiring it.

There is no other formula like Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. Get it today and protect yourself and your family against Athlete's Foot. Use exactly as directed.



Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX
The SULFA Preparation For ATHLETE'S FOOT

Also for Athlete's Foot—Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, Liquid or Ointment, 50¢

Don't Count China Out

Continued from page 25

of the handicaps. I have seen small vessels made out of salvaged steel plate, and steam engines constructed from what we would regard as scrap. In one town, there is a textile mill that carries on in a three-mile stretch of bombproof tunnels; and other factories, either underground or cleverly camouflaged, turn out electrical equipment, chemicals and munitions. Even vegetable oils are processed in such manner as to produce an acceptable substitute for gasoline and Diesel oil.

Modern methods and modern machinery, now being provided by the War Production Board, are bound to show increasingly good results.

Another forward step is the correction of disorganization and confusions in the Supply Service. Yu Fei Peng, an honest and able civil servant, is now top man, thanks to the merit system recently installed by the Generalissimo. He has had our American experts make a thorough survey of the whole commissary situation, and on the basis of their report, a ration has been worked out in an effort to give each soldier a balanced and reasonably sufficient diet.

Better Distribution of Supplies

The heart of the system is an improved method of collection and warehousing. The plan provides that instead of having foodstuffs commandeered, farmers are now paid for everything bought, and storage depots have been built at key points. At that, the supply picture, as a whole, is still far from rosy.

The railroad situation is bad, the main highways are not as good as our rural roads, and trucks remain a headache. At last count, there were only 6,000 in all Free China, and the newest of them was three years old.

To meet the lack of mechanical transport, the Chinese have built up what they call "stage lines." But for the pluck behind them, they would be laughed at by the most backward American community. Rafts, junks and carts are pulled by men and animals—horses, mules, donkeys, camels. Where no roads or waterways are available but only rough trails, human carriers are used, packing as much as 90 pounds per man, and covering 20 miles a day.

It is in connection with the military establishment, however, that the greatest reforms are foreseen. Through the centuries, for instance, Chinese armies have been drawn from the peasantry, and herded into uniform at the point of bayonets. Military service was scorned by the better classes, and honor was for the scholars. Now China has a Selective Service Act much like our own, and an Educated Youth Corps of 100,000 drawn from China's elite is nearly ready for the field. Chiang Kai-shek's son and the sons of high officials are in uniform, sharing dangers and hardships side by side with soldiers of the coolie class. I have asked the Generalissimo several times to let me have his son for staff duty, but he refused to take him away from combat.

I cannot speak too highly of General Chen Cheng, the new Minister of War. A competent soldier and a capable administrator, his honesty is proved by the fact that he has nothing but his army pay after long years of military service.

Another good man is Yu Ta-wei, promoted to be Assistant Minister of War by reason of his brilliant record as Chief of Ordnance; a Harvard man, by the way, where he won the scholarship that sent him to Germany for military study.

These two are doing a great job with the Generalissimo's backing. It used to be that a soldier received about \$1.50 a month, out of which he had to pay for his rations. Today he gets \$30 a month, and his food and clothing are furnished by the government. Medical care was not even a promise a few years ago, but now there are field and base hospitals, training schools for nurses, and blood banks.

One of the fundamental reforms is what we call the "cannibalization" of the army.

This means a concentration on fitness rather than size, and emphasis on quality rather than quantity. For example, we will take three divisions, say, weed out the unfits and misfits, and form one effective, well-equipped and well-trained division. That is an achievement, for the old-style army had a pathetic faith in the value of numbers.

Officer personnel is now being turned out by three schools in operation under American direction, one for artillery, one for infantry and the third a General Staff College for advanced instruction. Americans, scattered all through the army, are teaching the techniques of modern warfare, and the results are already apparent.

The Chinese American Composite Wing, General Chennault's "baby," holds a lot of promise. Trained in India by American officers, the youngsters fly back over the Hump for combat duty, and filter into the Chinese air force that is in process of building. Language differences are not the obstacles that might be imagined, for it is common to hear a Texas voice drawing "Kai-shih-sheh-chi," which means "Commence firing," and have a Cantonese call back, "Okay."

A fine lot, and recklessly brave, especially where their precious planes are concerned, you just can't make them bail out, and all take the most desperate chances to save a ship, knowing the difficulty of getting a replacement. Not long since I heard of a case where the main fuel tank had been shot away, leaving the gas tanks empty and, on top of this, one engine was dead and the other choking. American officers ordered the pilot to jump, but he hung on and finally made a landing that saved the plane.

From what I have seen with my own eyes, I have no hesitation in saying that the Chinese have fought, are fighting, and will keep on until Japan's complete defeat. Adequately armed and trained, properly fed and well officered, they make as good soldiers as any in the world. This is not my own unsupported judgment. Ask General Dan Sultan, who has had 75,000 of them with him in the Burmese jungles.

The Generalissimo Follows a Pattern

It is untrue that the first three battles of Changsha were sham affairs, the Japanese advancing only to gather the crops, and then retreating. In each of the battles, as I have studied them, the Generalissimo followed much the same pattern. Road wrecking immobilized the enemy's mechanized units, while mines, planted under heavy aircraft fire, prevented Jap warships and auxiliary vessels from coming up the rivers. Then, instead of offering frontal resistance, the Chinese withdrew, and under cover of intense retreating action, shifted strong forces to the Japanese flanks and rear. After "sucking in" the enemy, they attacked and won decisive victories.

I think the Chinese a great people with a bone-deep love of country, and an intense ambition to take their place in the family of nations. In China today there is the upswing of a new, modern spirit, and plain evidence of a determination to cast off the medievalism imposed by centuries of Manchu rule. And I have come to esteem the Generalissimo as a great leader, a real patriot and an inspiring, unifying force.

Proof of it, to my mind, is furnished by the fact that when the opposition is asked to name a man for his post, in event of deposition, all disavow any thought of replacing him. From my conversations with him, I know that he counts the days until a congress, elected by the whole people, can frame democratic laws for democratic government.

With such a people and such a leader, how can China be counted out?

THE END

General Wedemeyer's payment for the above article goes to China Relief at his request

The Boom in Homes

Continued from page 20

homes going up now are not constructed as well or built to prewar standards.

The real danger lies still ahead. If property prices reach the \$10-a-square-foot price architects now are saying they will, people who want to buy or build houses after the war will have to be extremely careful to avoid the heartbreaks of the 1930s. That boom spiraled up to a point where banks wrote mortgages as high as \$600 an acre on farm land. When the bubble burst, two out of every five homeowners either lost the roofs over their heads or had to be saved from that plight by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. Between 1926 and 1938, almost two million homes were foreclosed, a million more rescued by HOLC.

This time, appraisal methods are considered sounder, and the existence of Federal Housing Administration insurance of mortgages, based on its own appraisals of values, has reduced interest rates, put mortgage repayments on a monthly basis, and eliminated many unrealistic second and third mortgages. But, as Harry Bates, A.F. of L. Housing Committee chairman, points out, FHA has not yet had to weather a period of deflation and tumbling real estate prices.

If you are hoping to buy, build, repair or rent a house after the war, you are in an uncomfortable spot, and will be for six to ten years after the duration. It will take that long to develop the necessary surplus of houses to balance supply and demand. In fact, the American Association for Adult Education estimates a million homes will have to be built every year for perhaps ten years after the war to care for our annual needs and to make up for the depression-born decline in residential building.

How soon you can get the home you want, how much and how long you will have to pay for it, appear to depend on four factors:

(1) What legislators do about real estate inflation.

(2) How much contribution prefabrication can make to ease quickly the housing shortage.

(3) How much provision low-rent projects and moderate-rent investment housing can make for sheltering some of the families who will throng the postwar market for new living accommodations.

(4) How wisely and carefully you yourself buy or build, and finance, the home you want after the war.

Some of the legislative suggestions advanced in the hope of restraining the inflation in real estate include:

The Marriner Eccles proposal that Congress enact a special tax on quick capital gains to curb speculation in real estate. Mr. Eccles believes that the desire of eight or nine

million servicemen to buy farms and homes will prompt speculators to buy up property for resale to vets at inflated prices.

The bid of Chester Bowles, OPA chieftain, for authority from Congress to control real estate prices.

Senator Robert Wagner's new program for the expenditure of seven billion dollars a year to build 1,500,000 dwelling units every year for ten years. What private enterprise does not provide of the seven billions, the New York senator proposes be made up by federal funds for low-rent public housing and farm housing. In addition, the senator wants very low interest rates for those families with incomes above the housing project rental bracket, but insufficient to buy houses.

More adequate zoning to ease crowded housing areas in cities. A public authority states that 5 to 15 per cent of many American cities is zoned for business when the area really required is nearer two per cent; 25 per cent is zoned for industry, when only 15 per cent is needed.

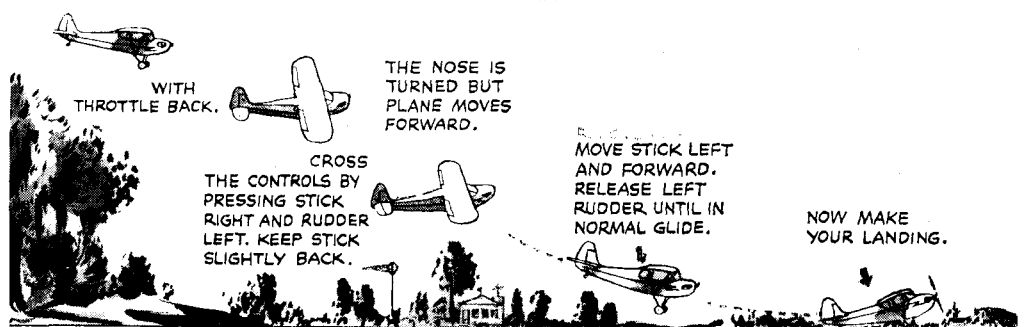
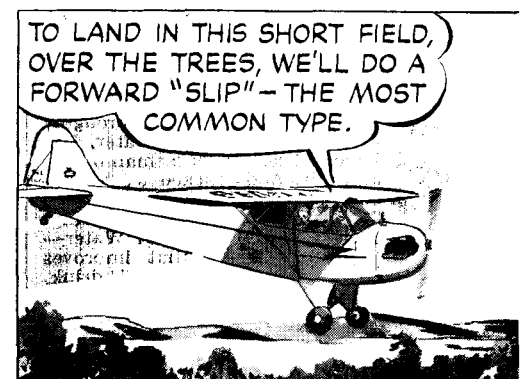
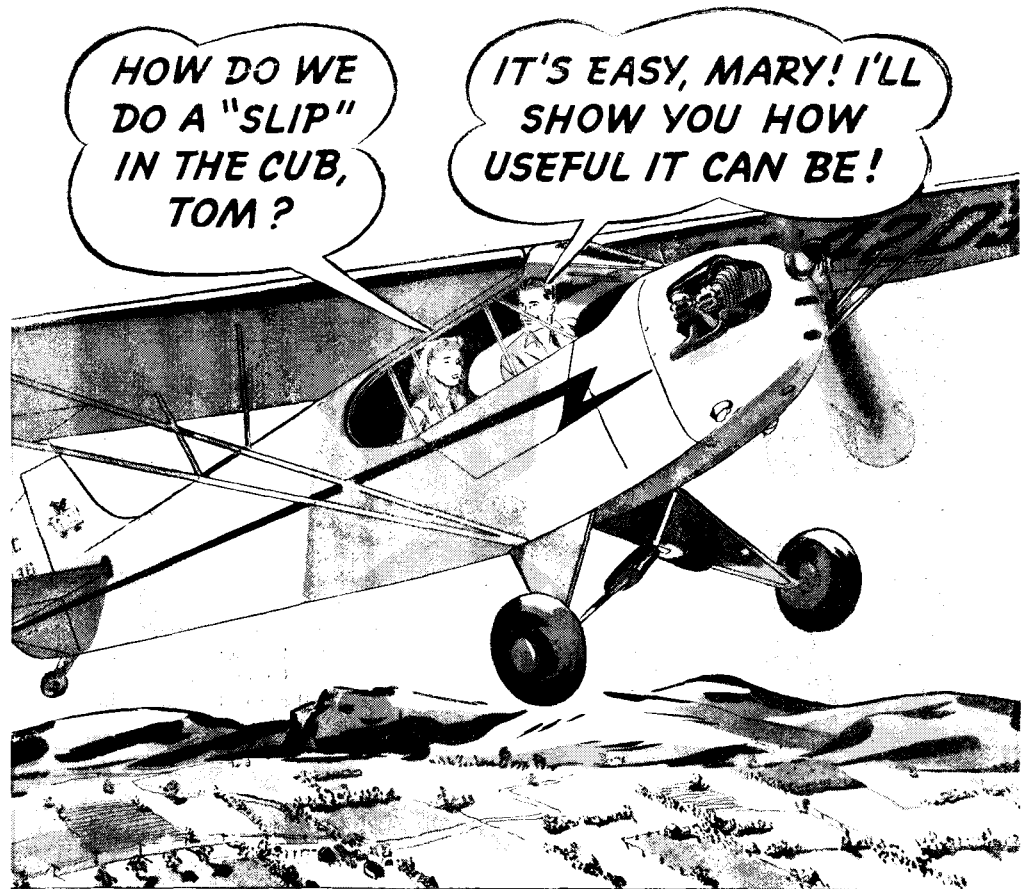
Prefabrication is the off-stage hero that may yet rescue the dream homes of many people by helping to create quickly the surplus of houses necessary to outwit inflation, and by making them less expensive. Henry Kaiser and other big shipbuilders see in prefabrication an answer to postwar use of our huge shipyards. That helps solve two problems with one idea.

There Can Still Be Variety

This does not necessarily mean your home will look like everyone else's. Design, decoration, color and furnishings may make it unique in many ways. What will be most frequently prefabricated in the early years will be bathrooms and kitchens, assembled in complete units to slide right into the framework of your new home. Other units will be wall units and doors.

The further extension of investment housing after the war will help restrain inflation by providing satisfactory living facilities for many families in what has been called the no man's land for builders: "the middle-income group which earns too much for subsidized public housing and too little to rent or buy decent homes in good neighborhoods." The most prominent example of investment housing is Parkchester in New York, built by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. at a reported cost of 50 million dollars, to house 40,000 people. More such communities with their reasonable scales of rent are planned after the war.

Some realtors feel that at the present rate of inflation of properties, it may be cheaper to construct a new house in the first years

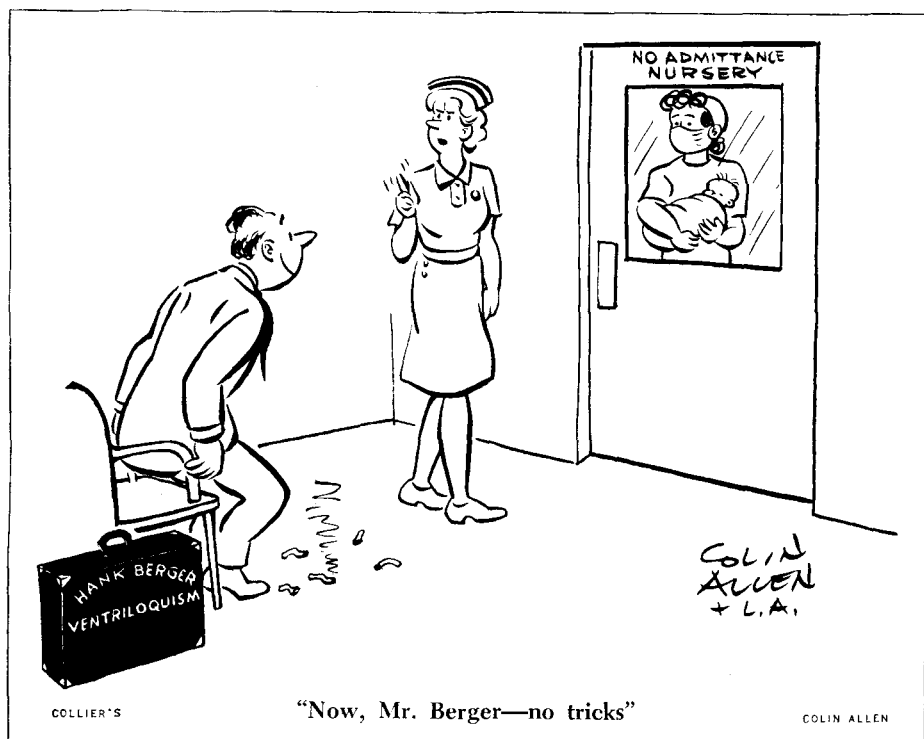


FREE booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates and describes various types of landing facilities, covers benefits, where to build and how to start. For your copy write Department R75W.

NOTE: This lesson and others that follow explain only the fundamentals. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction. Write us for information on available films showing "How to Fly" and "The Construction of a Light Airplane."

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SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW!

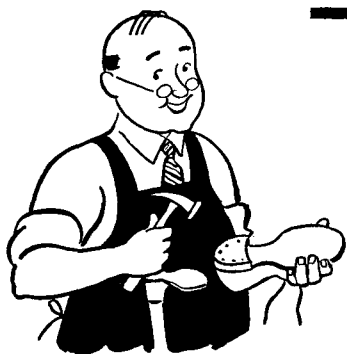


It's better with fresh fruit and *White Rock*



Try this White Rock Tom Collins!

Put 1 level tablespoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 lemon (or 2 small limes) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes) then 1½ jiggers of gin—2 oz. plus. Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water—the tangy mixer that improves flavor. Stir slightly, and drink. Um-m-m!

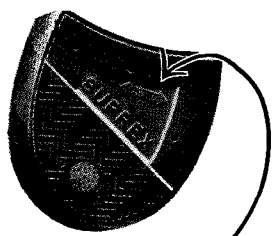


JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"A feller needs every vitamin in his Victory Garden to give him the energy to keep the darned thing in shape.

As far as I know, nobody's ever discovered a vitamin that's good for run-down heels. So it's good sense to get long-wearing rubber heels in the first place.

The best way to do that is to always ask for Hood Suprex Rubber Heels. You can tell them by the Hood Arrow."



LOOK FOR THIS ARROW



HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
A Division of B. F. Goodrich

after the war than buy an older one; others disagree. In any case, remember this rule of appraisers: "No property is worth more than the price at which it can be reproduced."

On that basis, investigate in your own area the going prices of the kind of home you want, and compare with the estimates of reliable builders for similar homes.

If you are in the market to buy a home for spot cash, you can protect yourself from speculators by having your local FHA office or a bank appraise the property for you. An appraisal may run as low as \$5, but a detailed summary will probably cost nearer \$25. Of course you may need the home so badly you will take it even if appraisal indicates the price is pumped up. A chain-store manager transferred by his firm to a Western city recently paid \$13,500 for a home previously appraised at \$8,000, in order to get his family out of a trailer camp.

When deciding whether to build or buy, investigate values offered by project builders who subdivide a tract, generally on the fringe of a community. These homes are often stereotyped, and the location may involve transportation difficulty, but they are frequently reasonably priced. To compare offerings, find out the exact area of the site of such a home, check the quality of the construction, find out what costs, such as taxes and insurance are included in these payments, and when and on what basis you actually get title.

You may calculate an approximation of the costs of building a new house by learning from a reliable builder, your bank, loan association or realty board, the average price per square foot for new home construction in your area. This provides a rough, if not final, yardstick.

A desirable average site would be 50 feet wide, which allows good placement of the building, and from 100 to 130 feet deep. The house itself should cover 20 to 40 per cent of the site, depending on the locality. Multiply the square-foot coverage of the house by the average price per square foot for new construction, add the cost of the site, and you will have some basis for comparison with prices of older houses.

FHA requires a minimum lot area of 5,000 feet, and has various minimums for coverage of lot by improvements, etc. Secure a copy of FHA property standards and minimum construction requirements for dwellings from your bank or loan association.

How you finance your home will mean a great deal.

The Mathematics of a Mortgage

It is an axiom among lending institutions that your monthly income should be four times your monthly payment on your mortgage. Thus, if you earn \$200 a month, you should be able to afford a monthly mortgage payment of \$50. If you are certain of the stability of your income, you can reduce the amount you eventually pay for your house by arranging larger monthly payments over fewer years. If your income is less secure, smaller monthly payments will help protect your equity if you run into trouble.

The interest charges on a mortgage pile up faster than many people realize. The rate on an FHA loan is comparatively low. FHA minimum is 4½ per cent, plus one half of one per cent for insurance on the loan. Here's a sample:

If your mortgage is for \$5,000 for 25 years, you would pay back \$29.80 a month, or a total of \$8,940. If you paid the \$5,000 back in 15 years, you would pay \$7,245, saving \$1,695 in interest payments. If, by a larger down payment, or a lower price, you reduced the loan to \$3,000, you would pay in interest charges \$1,347.

If FHA refuses to grant a loan because they find that the purchase price is pumped up, a prospective homeowner would have to go to private financing, and pay up to six per cent interest.

A great advantage of an FHA loan, besides the lower rate of interest, is that the construction of a new house financed under FHA must meet certain standards of quality. The construction is inspected while the home is going up to make sure it measures up to requirements.

The charge for FHA appraisal of the value of a home, for servicemen as well as everyone else, is \$3 per \$1,000 of valuation, with a minimum fee of \$10. Even if you don't get the loan, you will have to pay that fee, plus a small charge for having your credit checked. If the loan goes through, there will be charges for recording and notary fees, title and tax searches, drawing papers, proration of taxes and insurance, FHA mortgage insurance premium for the first year. These initial expenses may run between \$200 and \$250. Vets as well as others will have to pay them.

The benefits provided for veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights are these (and no more):

A veteran who can find a home that can be appraised at a reasonable normal value, and needs no more than \$4,000 to buy it (which presumes that the home is either a low-priced dwelling, or he has some cash of his own), may seek a loan up to \$4,000 at four per cent interest, under section 501 of the G.I. Bill. The Veterans Administration will guarantee 50 per cent of the loan, or \$2,000, whichever is less.

However, under another section of the bill (505), the veteran may secure an FHA loan from a bank or other lending institution, at interest that would be more than the G.I. rate. Then if he needed more money for the balance of the purchase price or building cost, he could get a second loan which would be guaranteed in full by the Veterans Administration, at 4 per cent. This second loan cannot exceed 20 per cent of the value of the property, or \$2,000. Obviously it will be to the benefit of a veteran to try to get a Section 501 loan at 4 per cent if he has the cash to pay the rest of the cost of his home, rather than borrow above \$4,000, and pay FHA's higher rate of interest.

The other side of the coin is that the combination FHA-G.I. loan does enable a veteran to get 100 per cent financing of his home, while other people can get only 80 per cent of the FHA-appraised value on an FHA loan,

or 90 per cent for new construction. In addition, veterans are now obtaining priorities for building without waiting for the end of the war, if they are able to certify that they do not have adequate living accommodations. Veterans in that position should write their local FHA offices for a letter of instructions for application for priority, and an application form. Nonveterans may also get such priority if they can prove sufficient hardship or health need for a new home.

The Federal Home Loan Bank estimates the monthly cost of owning a home built at \$5,000 for land and house, and financed by \$500 down and a 90 per cent FHA-insured mortgage, at \$47.39 a month for the first 25 years and \$21.08 a month after it is paid for.

The argument that rent is money thrown out, money that could be put into buying a house, is not altogether valid. A house depreciates in value as it grows older; you "use it up" to some extent.

Beware the Jerry-Built House

Accompanying this article you will find a check list of value factors of homes. Use it to help make sure this all-important investment has a sound basis, and to help minimize as much as possible the impact of real estate inflation upon your family. Scrutinize especially sharply any house offered you now. The faults of jerry-built houses are generally under cover. Some houses may have been built of green lumber, which will warp and crack the plaster. Check the two-by-fours for warping. Try the doors facing east or west to see if they stick or jam, indicating a warped house. Then try the doors facing north and south. Also check with your local Better Business Bureau on the reputation of the builder.

You ought to know all you can before you buy or build a house. Most of us know little enough about this important transaction that can bring so much happiness—or heartache.

THE END

CHECK LIST FOR THE HOME BUYER

CHECK THE LOCATION

- () *Transportation:* Convenient, low-cost.
- () *Neighborhood:* Free of blight and badly kept properties; clean; not noisy; away from factories.
- () *Improvements:* Water, streets, sewerage, electricity, gas.
- () *Street:* Through streets are less desirable.

CHECK THE SITE

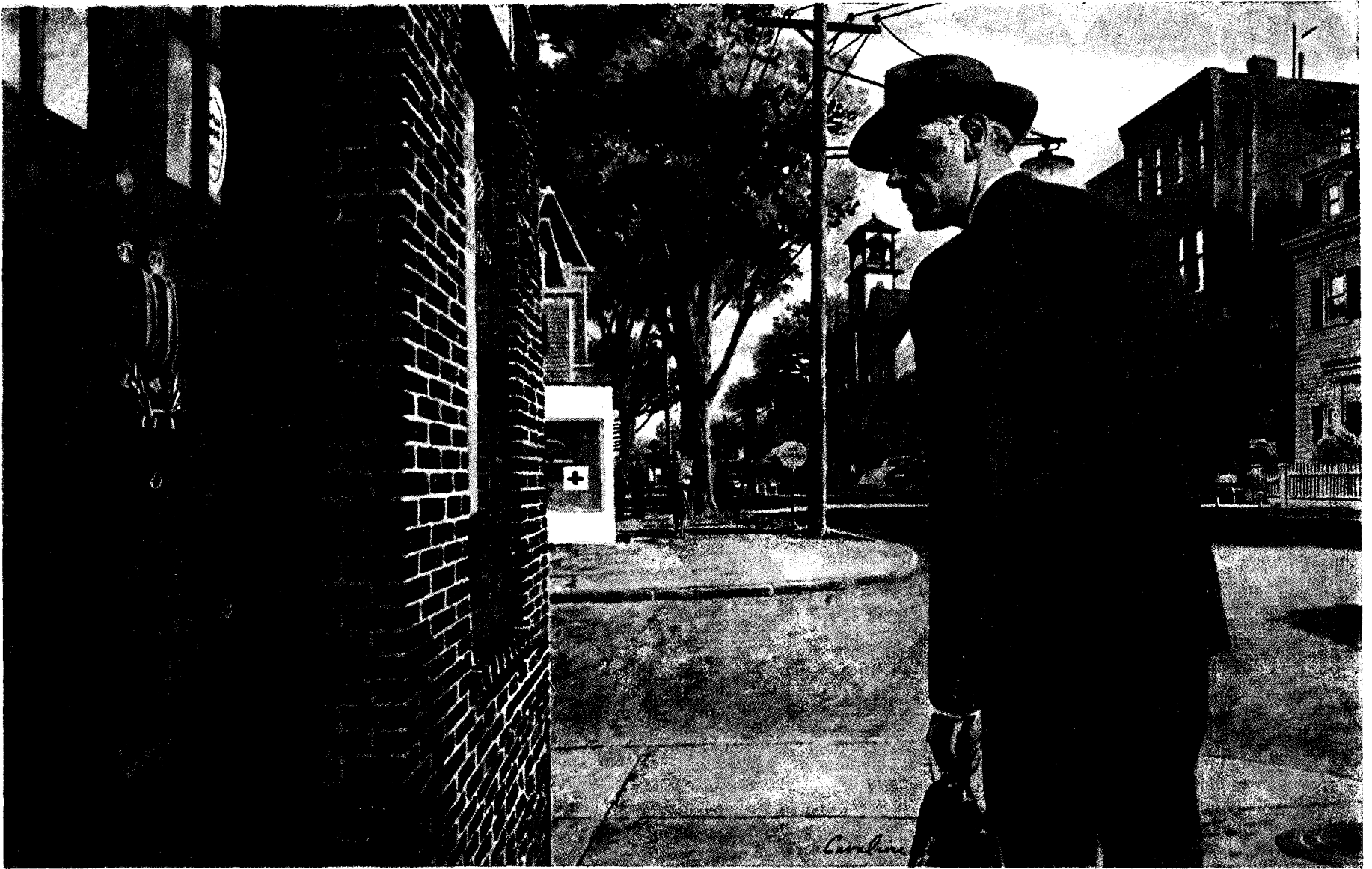
- () *If Filled-in Land:* Does it have suitable drainage? Will it "settle" later?
- () *If on a Slope:* Would retaining walls on property below yours affect your drainage? Will your property require retaining walls? Will heavy rains flood your cellar? Ask neighbors.
- () *Property Lines:* Make certain of the boundaries.
- () *Placement:* Position of the house on the site should allow privacy, ventilation, illumination.

CHECK THE EXTERIOR

- () *Appearance:* Design of the house should be simple, and popular enough to facilitate resale if later desired.
- () *Roof:* First signs of decay appear here—leaks, missing or worn shingles.
- () *Chimney:* Should be steady.
- () *Surface:* Does stucco or other surfacing need patching? Paint peeling or blistered?
- () *Timbers:* Are they warped? Do they need bracing?
- () *Beams:* Make sure the house is not resting on rotten beams.
- () *Gutters and Flashings:* Should be in good condition.
- () *Windows:* Should provide adequate natural light, ventilation.

CHECK THE INTERIOR

- () *Arrangement of Rooms:* You don't have to use rooms as originally planned. A dining room, for example, may be converted into a study or recreation room.
- () *Size of Rooms:* At least 120 square feet for major bedrooms. All bedrooms and baths should have entrance from corridor or living room.
- () *Installations:* Examine all plumbing and lighting installations on all floors, for proper operation.
- () *Insulation:* Roof and wall insulation, weather stripping and storm sash cut heating costs.
- () *Floors:* Should be even and sound, else may need reinforcing—new posts and piers. Plaster on underside provides fire resistance.
- () *Cellar:* A damp cellar means leaky foundation walls, increased fuel bills.
- () *Walls, Ceilings:* Look for spots and cracks, which may require repair of lath and patching of worn plaster. Walls should be easily cleanable.
- () *Windows:* Should work smoothly.
- () *Wood Trim:* Are windows and door frames, other trim in good condition?
- () *Heating:* Sometimes older houses are less compact, more expensive to heat; sometimes have outmoded heating systems.
- () *Storage Space:* Each bedroom should have a closet or wardrobe, in addition to dust-protected kitchen cupboard space, and general storage space.



The padlock that makes Mr. Slocum shudder

Mr. Slocum hates that padlock on Smith's Car Repair Shop.

He should. His car is eight years old—ripe for a breakdown. The town's only other mechanic is booked for weeks ahead.

We're *all* in the same fix. The average car is over 7½ years old—and almost half our mechanics are gone. Repair work is piling up. Repair parts, too, are notably lacking.

All in all, there's a pretty dark cloud over our heads. Except for two shining silver linings:

First is the man who services cars, bless him! The lad who prevents trouble...with good oil and grease, and lots of pains.

Silver lining number two: the world's finest lubricants. Such as Veedol Motor Oil, which is 100% Pennsylvania crude, passed through *three* refining processes. And the 5 Veedol chassis lubricants that fight off wear from vital chassis parts.

Yes, with aids like these, we can hold off the collapse of our national transportation. The Veedol dealer has the products, the know-how, the equipment for the job. See him. *Today*.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.



Trust your car to Veedol—
it will see you through

ning ravel-most on the from roof lor. ien a turn els- f the rican re the e al-most s and itory. e first n ache rt for Brig-n, of stood from rthur

nio, Tex., intelligence officer of the 6th Army, as he stood listening to the roar of guns from Corregidor.

Some Grim Facts On the Car Situation

There are 22,000 fewer car repair shops today than the 108,000 we had at war's start—a loss of 22%. And out of every 100 mechanics we had, only 47 are left.

A quarter of our cars are 11 or more years old; 58% of the total are 7 or more years old.

3,000 cars *every day* are going to the junkyards. This rate will increase as cars get older.

If car manufacturing resumed tomorrow, it would take at least 4 years to fill the demand for new cars.

What are you doing about your car?

stans Philp perss veled forw easte whic swa blas back atow pent amp pre rea forw was thro Sant that sona left tures coas we p ago.



BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



When Knights were Bold... *they were not so Big*

Most of America's fighting men couldn't begin to squeeze themselves into the armor of the Middle Ages. Hit-or-miss changes in diet certainly have increased mankind's stature and stamina gradually through the centuries, but today's progress in nutrition wears seven-league boots.

Wartime studies revealed that perhaps as much as half of our population was suffering from malnutrition while yet having enough to eat. The problem has been tackled with typically American thoroughness by physicians, dietitians, food processors and scientists. The ten laboratories of Anheuser-Busch are deep in an expanding program of research, with some significant accomplishments to their credit.

We have produced many tons of special, dried food yeasts to fortify the meals of our armed forces. Besides, our plant

has become the world's biggest single source of *natural* B Complex vitamins for pharmaceutical manufacturers and food processors.

We produce huge quantities of vat-grown yeast protein, overnight and with surprising economy. Protein, you know, is the most expensive food component in the daily diet by a unit for unit comparison. Our diet kitchen has found dozens of ways of making this food into economical, body-building dishes, each with a delicious flavor.

Dried Food Yeasts, produced by Anheuser-Busch, are specially grown for their nutritional value. They are rich in body-building protein and are an excellent source of *natural* B Complex vitamins. *Do not confuse them with the fermentable type of yeasts you have previously known.*

Future messages will tell you of other

advances in nutrition made by Anheuser-Busch... whose reputation rests chiefly on the fact that it operates the world's largest brewery.



Manufacturers of food and drug products interested in nutritional fortification; hospitals, war plants, institutions; physicians and dietitians requiring dietary supplements rich in proteins and high in Natural B Complex Vitamins, are urged to write us for complete information on the nutritional value and multiple uses of Dried Food Yeasts.

Whisky-and-Soda De Luxe

The tall drink that stands patiently on your chair arm and gradually loses its fizz while you chat, will be a thing of the past as soon as an ingenious invention reaches your future icebox. Two Californians have found a way to replenish the soda in a long drink as fast as it bubbles away. Instead of buying charged water for mixing libations, you will bring home a package of special ice cubes that have been frozen with the soda already in them. Liquor can then be mixed with plain water and two or three ice cubes put in. The fizz in the cubes can't get out until they melt, and the melting will be at just the right rate to keep the drink pepped up to the end.

Cubes will be sold over the counter like other frozen foods, and can be kept indefinitely in the special deep-freeze compartment of your refrigerator.

Rain to Order on Sun-Baked Roofs

When war industry expanded into the wide open spaces of America, millions of acres of flat factory roofs were laid open to the rays of the summer sun. Inside, workers boiled in the collected heat that even the best air-conditioning could not dispel. The solution was simple: a spray of water played over the roofs from pipes connected to a pumping system.

One of the neatest aids to the comfort of working people, the new roof-spray idea is sure to be found in postwar factories everywhere. The screen of water simply evaporates in the sun's descending rays, absorbing them so well that no appreciable rise in temperature is felt inside, even in the hottest weather.

By fitting the roof with gutters, the excess water is caught and pumped back through the pipes over and over again. Half a gallon per minute will take the sting off a piece of roof ten feet square.

First Blood

Continued from page 13

if you come off him in the middle of the arena, don't move if you can't make the fence."

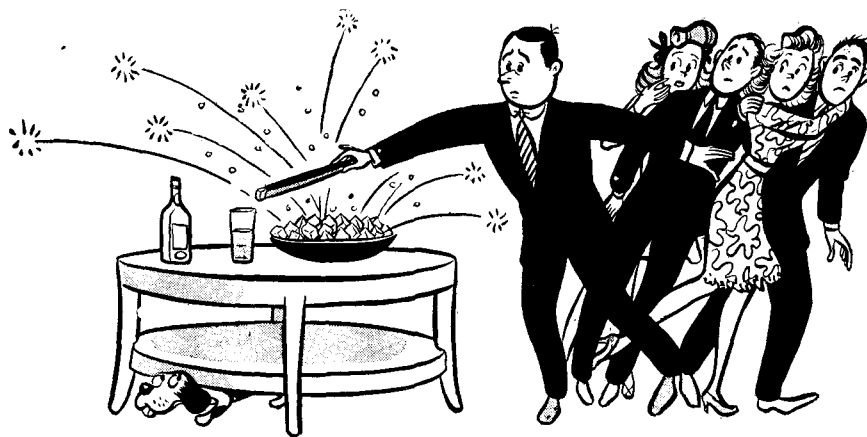
Birdy took a deep breath. "I'll try to rake him good, Shep," he said awkwardly. "I'll try to take the hide right off him." Then he stood there, silently, and waited for some helpful sign, some little thing, but his father's face was a wrinkled mask.

"I don't think you'll make it," said Shep Greenough suddenly and smoothly. "You're scared to death an' shakin' like a leaf." His calm words, delivered like a dictum, hit into the boy's listening face. "You just try not to get bad hurt," said the old man. "an' we'll go back to the ranch tomorrow." Then he turned and went stumping away.

Birdy stood there, staring after him, with his jaws snapped together so tightly they began to ache. When Shep had vanished around the corner of the corral, the boy pulled his hat down hard, and walked into the contestants' room. The big chart said he was up seventh, and he ducked out of the little office and went shouldering through the crowd of cowboys to the chutes.

There were more people in the Coliseum than he had ever seen in one place before. As he climbed up on the fence, he looked around at the sea of people and felt the tightness growing down under his belt buckle.

Everybody in Texas must be here, he thought, listening to the crowd and eying the heavy skeins of blue smoke that drifted up into the battery of lights over the arena. A prickling rash of fury was in his mind at what his father had said to him, and as the moments went by, that dull rage overpowered the tightness in his neck and stomach, so that he did not even see the first riders come out. He had no call to low-rate me like that, thought Birdy to himself. After all, I never rode the Brahmas before. It ain't like I was an old hand.



Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Electric Paint Brush

The same principles that drive tiny particles of electricity from negative to positive in radio tubes have just been put to work doing a high-speed, top-quality job of painting machinery and other complicated objects. Still partly secret for military reasons, the process works by the familiar laws of static electricity well known to every high-school science student. The machine to be painted is put on an insulated stand and strongly electrified. The operator then aims a special spray gun toward it. As the tiny droplets of paint are blown into the air, they receive an

opposite electric charge and are instantly pulled by electrostatic attraction, to the surface to be covered, falling evenly everywhere, no matter how irregular the surface may be. Intricate paint jobs that took many hours of skilled handwork with old-style spraying can be finished as quickly as though they were flat, and will take less paint to do it.

The inventors of the process are too busy with government work to plan on future applications now. But it is likely that entirely automatic painting machines will be designed to take automobile bodies, washing machines and almost any other irregular metal products, coat them electrostatically at high speed,

hugely, and Birdy knew that the ride had ended quickly.

Through the bars of the chute he could see the shadowy mass of his Brahma, and he knew, even as he approached, that he had drawn a big one.

The address system up in the lights rasped on, and the announcer's voice came booming out of it.

"Birdy Greenough," the announcer said, "coming out of Chute Three."

The boy let himself down into the chute. As he went down, slowly and cautiously, he wondered where Shep was, and whether he was watching. Once the Brahma lunged up and almost knocked him loose, but he pulled away and waited until the handlers on the ground had the big animal set again. Then Birdy eased down once more and felt his weight settle behind the big hump on its back.

The flank bell bonged out as the Brahma kicked at it viciously, and Birdy could hear an impatient murmur out in the crowd as he took the rope in his left hand. The loose skin on the animal's back shifted under him, and he hitched up toward the hump again, jerking his hat down firmly.

The men outside the chute were looking in through the slats. Their faces were inquiring and tense.

Birdy was trembling, and he took a deep breath. "All right," he said in a tight voice, "turn this scoundrel out."

The walls of the chute swung away on both sides and, for a fleeting second, he was there in plain sight of the crowd, a thin boy astride a big wedge-shaped animal. Someone, somewhere, laughed, a crackling sound, and Birdy jammed his spurs into the sloping sides. That was all that was necessary. The black Brahma lunged, hit once stiff-legged, and Birdy felt the big flanks go up, high and sideways. He was in the air and then down again, front end first, with a jar that threw him against the heavy hump and put a sharp pain in his groin.

Then the Brahma swapped ends, and the lights swam by Birdy's eyes. He remem-

bered to keep his spurs working along the big beast's sides, and even when he lost his hat at an unexpected turning, he kept his free hand swinging.

He was nearly to the rail, and when the Brahma crashed down, the huge body lifting and slamming stiff-legged to the ground, Birdy saw strange lights exploding before his eyes, and once he thought his bobbing head had been popped right off his neck.

Not long now, he thought confusedly, and rattled the arching ribs under him with a heavy kick, one for Shep. The maddened brute began to whirl, and that was hardest of all, for the boy had to keep leaning inward, and he didn't have any idea when the huge bundle of fury between his legs would reverse and start the other way.

I sure wish I knew this bull's plans, thought Birdy, and he kept getting dizzier and dizzier from the sunfishing until the bull lurched sideways out of a spin and sent him overboard.

The landing wasn't bad. Birdy took it on one shoulder and froze to the ground. When nothing happened, he relaxed a little and turned his head slightly. The bull had rushed around the far end of the arena and was bearing down on him.

AS HE lay there, plastered to the ground and unprotected, Birdy thought bitterly that this was where the unfair part came in, but he didn't move as the bull stormed over him and shied away at the last minute. He saw the cloven hoofs strike by his head and pound away again, and he lay watching as the wave of cowboys rolled back upon the fence before the bull's coming.

Lying there, he took stock of himself. His groin ached dully, and his face smarted where the oiled sawdust of the arena floor had ground into it, but that seemed to be the extent of his injuries. As the pickup man hazed the bull out of the entrance, the boy got up stiffly and limped toward the fence, slapping at his tight pants. He was angry because the bull had thrown him after he had done so well at first, and it took him about

Reservoirs Won't Get "Tired"

Engineers have discovered that there is actually clear and stormy "weather" in the deep bosoms of the nation's irrigation and power reservoirs. Put to work after the war, the principle will stop the choking of these lakes with mud and will vastly lengthen their life.

Billions of tons of powder-fine silt, brought down by swollen rivers, collect on the bottoms of the lakes behind all great dams like Boulder, Grand Coulee and Bonneville, steadily filling them in and hastening the day when they will be too shallow for flood control and power generation.

Soil-conservation experts, making intricate studies on glass-walled models of lakes contaminated with "rivers" of sand, have learned that mud does not sink at once as it enters but flows on through a reservoir as a submerged stream, sometimes for hundreds of miles.

These "density currents" behave exactly like air masses in the sky, forming fog-banks, clouds, storms and precipitation according to simple physical laws. By knowing when the mud currents arrive and where they go, operating men can remove them.

In future, the great reservoirs will have outlet pipes at many different levels at the dam. Batteries of ring instruments planted throughout the lake will tell the exact kind of muddy "weather" at every point. Thus new rivers of mud can be traced as they flow toward the dam and can be drained off before they can sink and foul the bottom. Even more valuable will be the scheme to furnish large tracts of farm land below the dam with "shots" of mud to replenish barren soil and plug up leaky irrigation canals. ★★



7 OUT OF 10* HAVE IT!

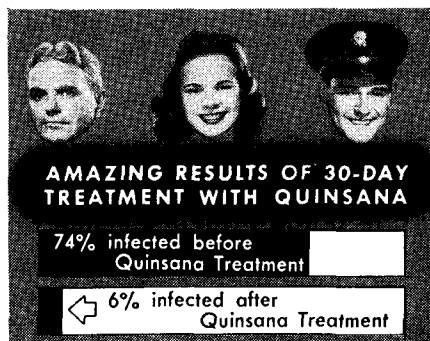
*Nationwide surveys

CHECK YOUR FEET for these symptoms:

- ☐ Peeling & cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching



YOU PROBABLY HAVE Athlete's Foot or will get it unless you guard against it. Over 70% of adults are infected yearly.* The disease is worst in summer! Now millions are discovering new Quinsana treatment.



ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana fungicidal powder (in records of thousands of cases). You'll find that soothing Quinsana powder is pleasant and easy to use daily.

USE 2 WAYS



MOST CHIROPODISTS RECOMMEND Quinsana for Athlete's Foot.* Use it (1) on feet, (2) in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of reinfection from shoe linings). Entire family should use it daily.



QUINSANA IS INEXPENSIVE—large package lasts months. To help keep your feet in perfect health, use Quinsana powder on feet and in shoes daily... visit a Chiroprapist regularly. **THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

ten steps to realize that the crowd was one bellowing flood of noise.

The knowledge startled him and he stopped, a thin bareheaded boy in a dark silk shirt, just off the center of the arena, with his head lifted into all the noise. The cowboys along the fence began to shout at him, someone called out "Champ!" in a laughing way, and the speakers up above boomed out again.

"The last ride," chuckled the announcer's voice, "and the best ride of the night, was Birdy Greenough, son of Shep Greenough, who was for many years the World's Best All-Around Cowboy."

A big flurry of clapping went up at that, and Birdy ducked his head and started toward the gate, stopping only once to pick up his hat.

"I guess the boy intended to ride right through to our matinee tomorrow," went on the amused announcer, and another great wave of laughter rolled down from the crowd and lapped over Birdy, hurrying along toward the gate.

Just before he got there, a formally dressed man in a derby hat swung into the arena on a gleaming chestnut show horse, and Birdy veered out of his way. The spirited horse broke its gait, and the man in the derby looked back angrily, but Birdy didn't mind. He felt warm inside and he forgot all about his bruises.

When he stopped to ask a cowboy about the ride, the puncher spat out an amber stream and laughed.

"Hell, yes," he said. "You rode right through the bell an' then got in about two-three more rides for good measure. Pickup man couldn't get near you."

Birdy knocked the sawdust out of his hat and grinned up at the puncher. "I never heard that bell a-tall," he said solemnly, and the puncher laughed and spat again. Then Birdy went down the worn brick lane to find Shep.

He found him in the tack room, down at the far end of the trick riders' stable. Old Shep was standing in the center of the room, his big hat pushed far back on the silvered hair, and he was counting a bundle of green bills. The money went whispering through his corded fingers easily, and just as Birdy stepped up on the wood floor of the room, Shep said "Two hunnert, even" in a satisfied tone, and shoved the money into his shirt pocket.

The boy stood back of him, just inside the door, and the light from the naked bulb lanced down across his drawn face. "Well, you was wrong about it," he said angrily. "I rode him."

Shep Greenough sucked softly through his teeth and buttoned the pocket flap on his black shirt. "Yes," he said, not turning

around, "you damn' near rode him out of the park."

Birdy shifted and his boot heels scraped on the plank floor. "He won't be the last one, neither," he said.

The old man said nothing, and a horse in one of the stalls outside the door whinnied out its breath.

Birdy tried again. "I found out something," he said. "Along about that third jump, I found out the bull was scared, too."

Shep Greenough laughed big and solidly at that. The sound of his mirth rollicked through the little room and turned him around to face his son.

"Still riled about that rawhidin' I gave you, hunh?" Shep rubbed his chin. "Well, I'll tell you something: Twenty-four years ago, on a night like this, I was just about to take my first ride, same as you tonight, and I was plumb discouraged about it. That night Sam Hildreth come up and cussed me so bad I jest forgot to be scared."

The old man swept off his hat and scratched his silver thatch with a gnarled hand. "Couldn't hardly wait to get my ride in," he went on, "so's I could kick the whey out of Sam. Matter of fact, he like to beat the tar out of me in sheer self-defense, but I don't guess I ever would have topped that big critter if Sam hadn't of prodded me the way he did."

BIRDY let his breath out slowly, and the tension eased out of him. "That the way it was?"

Shep nodded and put his hat back on. "That's the way it was. I figured it was about time to separate the men from the boys, and I had a couple hundred dollars bet that you was one of the men."

Birdy's tanned face twitched and a smile lapped across it from ear to ear. The two of them moved out of the room and started walking down the worn brick lane toward the Stockyards Hotel, just outside the grounds. When they passed by the bale of hay, Birdy smiled again in the darkness and spat a huge shorthorn on the rump with his glove. The chunky animal lunged forward in its stall and snorted wildly. Strains of music from the merry-go-round over on the midway floated in around the long rows of patiently breathing cattle. "You know," said Birdy suddenly and seriously, "I wasn't up close enough to that hump, and, once there, he like to got me."

The old man nodded. "You got to watch that," he said thoughtfully and softly, careful not to break in on the boy's new-found importance. "You sure got to watch that." Then the two Brahma riders walked on in silence toward the radiance over the streets ahead.

THE END





TRACTION

I was that boy on the tractor.

I felt the Iowa sun on my bare back.

I felt the thrill of power beneath my feet.

In my heart was the glow of pride. I was anticipating the words "well done" from my father when he saw the clean straight furrows, the crumbled surface of the soil—to provide a seed bed for the season's grain.

I didn't appreciate then, the sturdiness of those giant tractor tires.

Today as I drive my tank destroyer through the churned earth of battle . . . meeting sterner tests, greater obstacles, I know well their qualities . . . their unfailing grip, their traction . . . their sturdy dependability—called *backbone*!

Tested by the demands of war, the tires like the boy, show that quality men call backbone . . . the ability to shoulder a job, to master it no matter what the obstacles.

That quality was developed long ago by men who first had faith in rubber. In tires they put it to work for the farmer, the logger, the road builder, the quarryman, and the miner.

With war these Peacetime skills were turned to new and stern demands. The tire builders who fashioned the tractor tire of '41 met the challenge for greater loads, greater stresses, greater speeds in the tank destroyers, Army trucks and tractors, Super Fortresses—Navy fighters that land on carrier decks—for every tire-borne vehicle of war.

In this *you* had an important hand. Because you liked our tires, we put more men to work building them. More scientists, engineers, textile experts and craftsmen pooled their skills in the common effort of building better tires to serve your needs. You helped us grow. You made us strong.

When war came we were ready. And the lessons gained from war will serve us in building better tires for the constructive days ahead.

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*Keeps Both Hands on
the Wheel...
Eyes on the Road!*



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**FOOT-CONTROL
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Evie

Continued from page 26

piece and polishes it up and makes the design. Look inside it."

Inside was etched "Evie." She put it on, and the light caught it. Jack stood in the doorway of his room, grinning shyly.

"It's beautiful," Evie said.

"How about putting on my present, too?" Robert said.

Evie smiled and went back down the stairs, aware of the snug bracelet on her wrist. Her light feet took her to the kitchen. Her mother was making sandwiches, and Billy, the delivery boy, was helping her.

"How do you like it?" Evie said, and blushed a little as she held out her arm with its shining bracelet.

"It's nice, Evie," Mom said. "Did Robert bring it to you?"

"It came off a Jap plane," Evie said. "It doesn't weigh a thing—Billy, don't eat all those olives."

Pop called loudly from the next room: "Hey, you fellows, are you coming down? I've got her tapped."

Evie carried the tray of glasses to the living room, and Pop grinned at her and said, "Evie, that dress looks good on you. You sure look sweet."

Sweet, Evie thought. It was always nice, or sweet. She was tired of being sweet.

ROBERT and Jack came running down the stairs and the doorbell rang at the same time. Everyone was busy all at once. Mr. Kranz came over from the butcher store with his son, and Lester Silver arrived from the candy store, bringing a carton of cigarettes he had saved for Robert. The doorbell kept ringing, and the living room was soon packed. At last Evie was given a beer for herself and asked Pop, "For heaven's sake, where do they all come from?"

"Well, I asked a few," Pop said grinning. "I guess I asked pretty near everybody I saw."

Jack Warren came over to the corner where Evie was. He was taller than anyone else in the room and moved slowly and shyly, as some tall men do. He leaned against the wall, his elbow resting a foot above Evie's head, his hand in his hair.

"This is good," he said. "This is the kind of party we dream about out there. A family is a wonderful thing. Robert's lucky."

Evie remembered one of his letters, something he had said about his adopted family, and asked: "You have a family, don't you, Jack?"

"Well, I got relatives," he said. "Plenty of relatives. I wouldn't call it a family, though."

Robert passed by, pausing to slap Jack's shoulder and grin at Evie, and when he had moved on Jack said softly, "You know, I remember one of the letters you wrote me. They meant a lot to me, Evie, those letters. This one I was talking about," he said. "I remember you said you weren't much to look at."

"Oh," Evie said, and looked down at her glass.

"Evie, you're pretty," he said.

Evie blushed, but she knew it wasn't true. She had good eyes and a nice cut of chin, but she knew that she was plain. When people discussed her they discussed her good points, maybe, but they never put them all together and said that she was pretty. What they generally said was that Evie was nice.

"I like to just stand and look," Jack said. "I like the way your father stoops over the keg and how red his face is and that big grin. I like the way your mother goes around to see everybody has a sandwich. She don't say much, she just wants people to be fixed up right. Evie, this is pretty good."

Evie said softly, "You've been lonely."

"Well, you know how it is out there." He grinned. "But it's worth it when you come back to something like this."

Evie smiled. "You haven't tried the cheese. It's there on the table."

"You're like your mother," he said. "Fixing everybody up."

They pushed up to the table. Evie watched



him cut a thick slice of cheese and savor it and drink down his beer, and then she saw his eyebrows go up. She knew the reason even before she turned her head. A little late, a little breathless, Vivian stood in the doorway smiling her casual, well-planned smile. Evie heard Robert cry, "Well, Vivian!"

The blond hair was drawn back in a snood, showing Vivian's small, well-set ears. She wore a simple black dress with a silver belt and silver bracelets on both wrists.

"Who's the menace?" Jack Warren asked.

"Vivian Adams," Evie said. "You want to meet her?"

"Well, why not?"

Robert had reached Vivian. His arm went around her and he bent to kiss her, but at the last instant she turned her head and his lips touched her cool cheek. It was beautifully done, Evie thought, a graceful, last-minute reservation. Robert brought her over.

"Jack, this is Vivian. We went to high school together."

Vivian put out her hand, and Evie thought her smile was smug. She had stopped the show and was well aware of it. Evie murmured something about her duty as a hostess and went into the kitchen. It was the familiar pattern, and she could not blame it on Vivian; she knew a dozen girls who could have done the same. She started making more sandwiches.

The noise had abated, and Evie could hear Vivian's voice, although Vivian was not speaking loudly. It was always like that for Vivian, so easy to get attention.

Evie finished the sandwiches and carried them to the crowded room. Vivian was over by the keg with Robert and Jack and Pop. They all took sandwiches, hardly seeming to notice Evie. She put the plate of sandwiches on the table and went back to the kitchen.

She heard a slow step behind her and turned. Jack Warren stood in the doorway, grinning at her. "Say, you spend too much time in the kitchen. Come on out."

"In a minute," Evie said.

He came a step nearer her. "Who is the blond babe? Is she Robert's girl?"

"No, she's in circulation," Evie said, and then she thought: Why hadn't she said Vivian was Robert's girl? Why couldn't she be clever?

"Some pin-up girl," Jack Warren said. His face was a little flushed and Evie thought he must have drunk a lot of beer. She saw Robert, and he looked the same, and she thought that there were two moods in people, their everyday mood and their party mood. They could be so different, such different people, at parties, and she did not fit in. She was the everyday girl, Evie thought, the girl at the counter in the morning, early.

Vivian and Robert appeared in the door-



way behind Jack, Robert saying, "What's going on in here?" Pop crowded in behind Vivian, his big hand resting on her shoulder.

"Let's do the town tonight," Robert said. "Let's go places. What do you say, Vivian?"

"Why not?" Vivian said, and already her smile was a little less casual, Evie thought.

"Home again!" Robert said. "Jack, this is New York. Have you got that through your head yet? You know, all this time I've wanted just one thing—to be home with my family. Now all I can think of is, let's have another drink, let's go places, let's shoot some craps."

"Craps?" Pop said. "What sort of game is that? It's just throwing your money down. Stud poker, now, I might be interested."

Robert grinned and slapped his father's shoulder. "You still play stud every Friday?"

"How about a little game of five and ten?" Pop said, with a sly grin. "We can sneak into the dining room one at a time so your mother won't notice, then maybe Evie will bring us some beer. How about it?"

"Jack, you want to play?" asked Robert.

"Sure," Jack said. "But I don't know, maybe we oughtn't to slip off like that. We can play poker any time. Here we got women."

Vivian turned her smile to him. "I like poker, Jack."

"Well, say," Jack took her hand. "Let's go."

Evie straightened. She clasped her hands nervously together. Her voice was low and determined: "I think I'll play, too."

"You, Evie?" said Pop. "What do you know about poker?"

"Well, I've watched you every Friday night since I can remember," Evie said. "When I was a kid you used to let me hold your hole-card."

Pop chuckled. "Okay, Evie sits in, too."

Evie tried to remember what she knew about poker. It was pretty much of a jumble in her mind. But she'd be careful, Evie thought. She'd be very careful. She wouldn't take any chances.

THEY gathered around the table in the dining room, moving stealthily, and Pop brought Lester Silver and Mr. Kranz in. They had not been missed from the crowded room and Mom had not yet found them out.

Pop got out the cards and the chips, and the chair Evie had was next to Jack Warren, but Vivian was on his other side. Pop shuffled and dealt and when Evie looked at her hole-card she had a ten and her up-card was a ten. She had meant to fold the first hand and wait until she was sure of herself, but she couldn't fold a pair of tens.

The cards were shiny and even the familiar faces seemed alien to Evie. She was nervous and felt her heart beating. She was in out of her depth and knew it, but she tried to discipline herself. She would not be left in the kitchen making sandwiches this time.

Lester Silver's king was high and Lester bet. Evie called and three hands went down. She called when the next card was bet, pushing her chip timidly out to the middle of the table, and her fourth card was another ten. On the same round a pair of open jacks fell to Mr. Kranz. He bet his pair and Evie called and Lester raised. There were only these three players then and the others were watching. Evie was acutely aware that Jack Warren was watching and she saw Vivian's smile. Mr. Kranz raised again and Evie counted out her chips, calling the two raises. Lester Silver called.

The last card gave Lester an open pair of fives, and Mr. Kranz checked his jacks. Evie was not sure what he meant when he said, "Check." They were all looking at her and she fumbled nervously with her chips.

"He checked," Jack Warren said. "You don't have to bet if you don't want to. You can check, too."

"Check," Evie said.

Lester bet and Evie saw Mr. Kranz' grinning face, heard him say, "That's my bet," as he raised.

"Up to you now, Evie," Mr. Kranz said.

Evie could not think. She had wanted to fold this first hand. She looked helplessly at Jack Warren. Pop said, "Get in or out, Evie. Make up your mind."

It seemed the simple thing to do, just get out of it. Evie turned her cards down, and

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Lester called and showed that he had two pair, kings and fives. Mr. Kranz had jacks and sevens. Jack said softly, "What did you have, Evie?" and looked at her hole-card. "Why, say, Evie," he said. "You . . ."

There were tears in Evie's eyes. Vivian's crisp voice asked, "What *did* she have? Jack, do you mean she had *three* of them? She folded three tens?"

"I shouldn't have looked at your hole-card," Jack said. His blue eyes were troubled. "I'm sorry, Evie."

Evie whispered, "I thought it was a nine," and he said loudly, "She had a nine in the hole," and threw her cards in.

AS POP began dealing the next hand the noise from the next room was suddenly louder, and Evie saw Pop's guilty expression.

"So here you are," her mother said from the doorway. She stood there, shaking her head. "A fine host you are, Pop. And you, Evie!" She frowned. "Robert, is this the way you want to spend your first night at home? Gambling?"

Robert jumped up and hugged her. "Don't you want Pop to have a good time, too?"

"Go away, old woman," Pop said. "Go away and shut the door."

The affection in his tone made Jack Warren smile, and Mom smiled, too, as she turned away. "Whose bet?" Pop asked.

Vivian won the hand, and gave a pretty little show of mock greed as she raked in the chips. Evie saw that poker was not new to her; she knew the language and she knew the cards. There was nothing Vivian didn't know, Evie thought bitterly.

At midnight Lester Silver said that he had to cash in, and Mr. Kranz looked at his watch and said he was quitting, too. The game broke up and all cashed their chips. Evie had lost six dollars.

"There ought to be some beer left in the keg," Pop said. "Let's have a look."

There were only a few left now. The table was littered with empty glasses and the remnants of sandwiches. Mom and Mrs. Kranz were in rocking chairs in a corner, each with a glass of beer.

"Evie, you didn't win a hand," Jack Warren said. "Poker's no game for you."

"I'm just not lucky," Evie said. "I never was lucky."

"You don't need luck," he said quietly. "Just stay out of poker games. Does your mother need luck?"

Evie looked at her mother's placid face as she rocked in the corner with Mrs. Kranz. "Well, I'm not ready for a rocking chair yet," Evie said.

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean you stick to what you're good at, like cooking and making people feel good."

"Oh, I can cook," Evie said in a dismal voice. "Even if I can't do anything else."

"That's a lot," Jack said. He was watching Vivian as she stood with Pop at the keg. He called out: "Say, I won ten bucks. Let's spend it. Let's do the town."

"We've got time for the late floor show over at Joe's," Vivian said. "It's pretty good."

Vivian would know that, Evie thought. Vivian would know all about that.

"Let's go," Jack said. "What do you say?"

"Get your coat, Evie," Robert said, and called: "Mom, we're stepping out for a while."

Mom got up from her rocker. "Goodness, don't you kids know when to stop?"

"I know when to stop," Evie said. "I'm stopping."

"What do you mean by that?" Jack's big hand held her arm. "You're coming, aren't you, Evie?"

"I've got to open store in the morning, Jack."

"Now look here, I'll open up," Pop said. "Evie, you have a good time."

All at once Evie was very tired. "No, Pop, you need the sleep."

"Evie, you can't run out on us," Robert said. "It won't be any fun without you."

Vivian was watching with an odd smile, the faintest curving of her lips, and Evie saw how bright her blue eyes were. Jack stood silent, his big hands at his sides, and a puzzled look of disappointment on his face. At least, it *could* be disappointment, Evie

thought, but maybe he was just puzzled. She said quickly, "Okay, I'll go."

It was only three blocks to Sheridan Square, and Joe's place was a corner night club where the lights retained the furtive quality of its speakeasy days. The booths were comfortable and the band hot and the liquor came in jiggers that had a solid half-inch of glass at the bottom.

Jack and Robert ordered rye and Vivian asked for Scotch, but Evie said, "Beer, please."

"Come on, Evie," said Robert. "Loosen up. Have a highball."

"Beer is my speed," Evie said, and smiled apologetically. "You remember the last time I drank whisky, Robert? Pop's birthday."

"The trouble was you drank it like beer," Robert said, and chuckled. "As a matter of fact, you were kind of cute, while you lasted, Evie."

"I remember the headache next day," Evie said. "I don't want a headache when I open up in the morning."

The music was playing and they danced. The natural pairing was Robert and Vivian, and Jack and Evie. As Jack put his arm around her, he said, "I used to dream about this, when I was out there."

Evie thought that it was pretty hard to live up to a dream. She was acutely aware that her dancing was what you would expect of a good cook. She could not help feeling that she was a duty dance for Robert and for Jack, so long as Vivian was there.

She heard Jack chuckle. "Look at that brother of yours."

Evie saw their whirling figures. Jack smiled and said, "That boy can sure cut a rug."

Evie said, "I'm waiting to see you go to town."

"Not me," Jack said sheepishly. "I mean with Vivian," Evie said. "I don't mean with me. I'm the waltz type."

"That's *my* type," Jack said.

When the music ended the drinks were on the table, two ryes and a Scotch and Evie's beer. Evie sat down and smiled at Jack and answered Robert's wink and sipped her beer and then she couldn't help it—she yawned.

"Bad as that?" Vivian asked.

Evie smiled ruefully. "I was up pretty early this morning. This is late for me."

Jack looked concerned. "Say, I guess we should have let you go to bed. We were just thinking this was our first night in town and we wanted to set off the fuse. But you've done a day's work, Evie."

"You know what I'm going to do," Evie said. "I'm going to have a rye, too. Heaven help you boys."

"Atta girl," Robert said, and called the waiter.

JACK danced with Vivian when the orchestra played again, but Evie sat it out with her brother. She glanced toward the dance floor and saw the big figure in Navy blue, the trim hips and square shoulders. She saw his constant, engaging grin, and once she heard Vivian's laughter, even above the music. She drank the rye straight, with her beer as a chaser. Robert grinned at her. "Watch it, Evie."

"I'm afraid I'm a droop," Evie said. "I've got to do something about that."

"Any time you want to go home, you say so," Robert said. "Jack will understand."

"I'll snap out of it," Evie said. "Maybe I'd better have another rye."

Evie drank another rye, and the next time she danced with Jack she forgot her aching feet, but all the time she was thinking that he had just danced with Vivian and he had just talked to Vivian. Vivian could dance so that all watched her, and Vivian could talk so that everyone listened, whatever she said. She was simply not cut from the same cloth as Vivian, Evie told herself, even if she really felt that hers was more durable goods. She couldn't blame Vivian, she thought, and certainly she couldn't blame Jack; she'd better have another rye.

Back at the table she said to Robert, "Order me another, please."

"That's pretty fast, Evie," Jack said. "Better go easy."

"I've only had two," Evie said.

"I know, but if you're not used to it. It's nobody's birthday tonight, Evie."

Vivian smiled, and gave Evie that look universal among women when they want to go to the powder room and don't want to go alone. Evie went along, and as she opened her compact before the mirror Vivian said, "Having fun, Evie?"

"Lots of fun," Evie said. "Except I'm pretty tired."

Vivian gave her a sharp look, shook her head. "Listen, Evie, those boys are back from the war. They want to have fun."

"Of course," Evie said.

Vivian was still watching her. "They want a girl who can dance all night and kid them along and make them feel they've got something to hang onto," Vivian said, and the way she said it was a smug implication that she was what the morale officer ordered. "You've got to be on your toes with guys like that," she said. "Especially sailors."

"It's fine for you, Vivian," Evie said, and sharpness had come into her voice. "You're good at it. You've always been like that, haven't you? I haven't." She smiled. "But I've had two ryes."

"I guess Jack was right," Vivian said, with a slurring accent that made Evie quickly turn her head.

"What do you mean?" Evie asked.

"He said you were the homebody type," Vivian said. "I guess you are, Evie."

"What's wrong with that?" Evie demanded. Her hand trembled a little as she dabbed powder, and her eyes smarted. But she had expected it, she thought; she had expected it all along.

"Nothing's wrong with it," Vivian said. "But those boys are looking for fun, you know. They want to have a good time."

"You're the girl who can give it to them," Evie said, and walked angrily out of the room.

She knew that Vivian had been rubbing it in, had been enjoying a petty triumph. She stood against the wall, and the furtive light shone on her tears. It was no use; Evie thought, she couldn't compete. She couldn't be what she wasn't; all the whisky she could possibly drink would not change it.

Across the way the booth was empty, but the waiter was putting four more drinks on the table. Evie hurried to the booth and said in a whisper to the waiter, "Will you tell them, please, that I went on home?" Then she moved along the wall to the door and slipped out to the street.

In her room Evie dropped on the edge of the bed and looked at the snapshot tucked in the corner of her mirror. She thought of the letters in her drawer and her lip curled a little. The silly letters she had written, the silly dreams she had dreamed. It was different then, when he was far away in the Pacific. A letter could shut out the world and it was something between the writer and the one who read it. But when it was real, and it was people, rooms full of people, the quality of it was gone and nothing of herself was there. She couldn't compete, Evie

thought, and she knew enough to admit it.

She began undressing. She took off the dress and looked at the print and thought that it was like wallpaper and told herself that it was appropriate. Wearing that dress, she could blend very nicely with the wall. She hung it in her closet and slipped on her nightgown. As she went to the dressing table she saw the shining bracelet on her arm. She took it off and felt its slight weight in her palm, and turned it over and looked at the word *Evie* inside. She hesitated an instant, then put the bracelet on again.

She heard a quick, low rap at the door and spun around, but did not speak. She could not talk to her mother then, not just then. The rap came again and she stood very still by her dressing table. Then a low voice called, "Evie?"

Evie caught her breath. It was not her mother. It was not Pop. She knew the voice and called softly, "Yes?"

"What's the matter? We got back to the table and the waiter said you'd gone. What's the matter, Evie?"

"Nothing," Evie said.

"I told you to lay off those ryes," Jack said.

EVIE went slowly to the door, but did not open it. She rested her cheek against the smooth wood, her eyes half closed. "I have to get up early, and I didn't want to break up the party," she said. "Go on back, Jack. Have some fun."

"I had enough," he said. "Robert and Vivian stayed."

"Oh," Evie said. "I thought maybe you were trying to beat him out."

She heard his low chuckle. "Blondes like that are a dime a dozen."

Evie was smiling, and felt the muscles of her cheek tighten against the wood. A rich, warm tone came into her voice. "I thought she was the answer to a sailor's dream," she said. "She's beautiful. She can play poker. She can dance."

"I don't like women in a poker game myself," Jack said. "Evie, you're the kind of girl we dream about out there, not blondes like her."

Evie sighed. The bracelet had a wonderful shine in the dim light.

"Evie, I'm a family man," Jack said. "You know what I mean? I never had much family myself. I like a girl I know will be the same every day of the week. I like a girl I can count on. You see what I mean, Evie?"

"Yes," Evie whispered.

"What time you opening store tomorrow, Evie?"

"Early. Eight o'clock."

"Will you make me some coffee about a quarter to eight?"

"Of course I will," Evie said softly. "You bet I will."

"I'll be seeing you," Jack Warren said, and she heard his feet going lightly away along the corridor.

THE END

"What do you think I'm doing down here?"

Just between
us —



hanging on. Arrow buttons don't give up easily! What's more, all Arrow Shirts—and only Arrow Shirts—have the perfect-

Just between us, he's looking for the button that popped off his shirt.

And if this fellow is as foxy as he looks, he's going to have it sewed right on again—and wear the shirt instead of chucking it back into the drawer.

Idea!



A swell idea for everybody these days of conservation.

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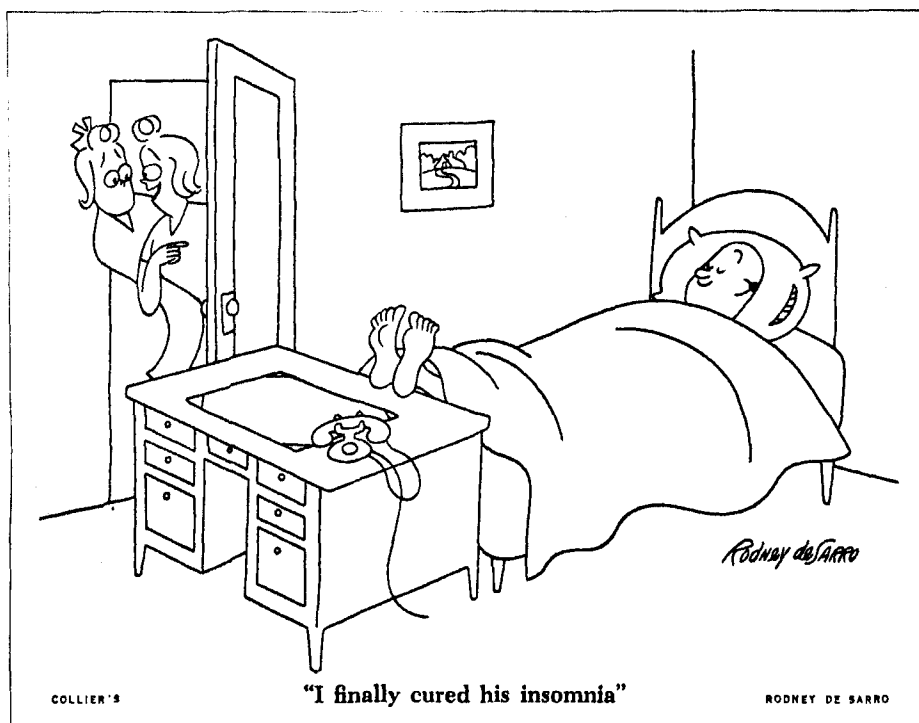
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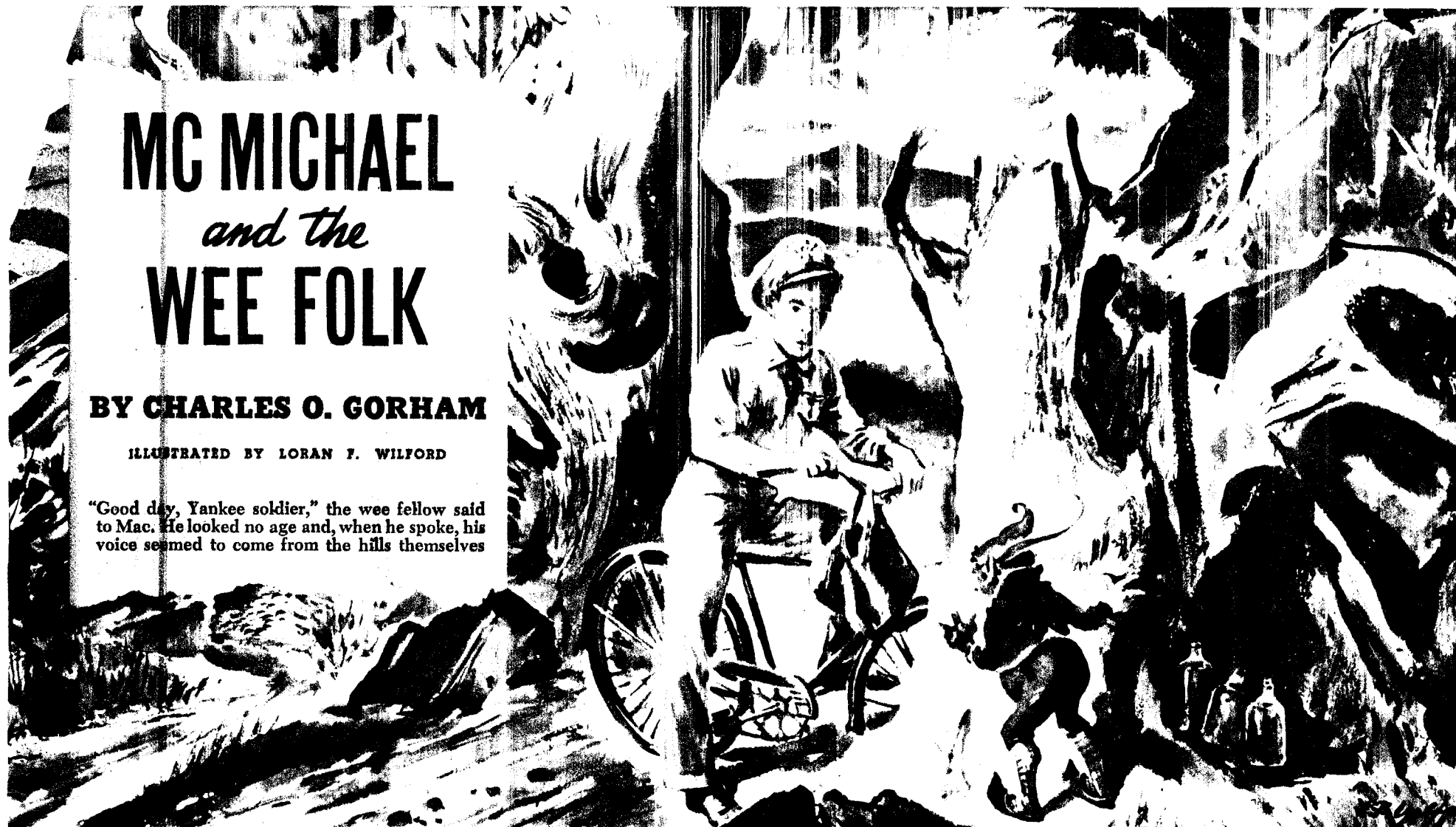
"I finally cured his insomnia"

MC MICHAEL and the WEE FOLK

BY CHARLES O. GORHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

"Good day, Yankee soldier," the wee fellow said to Mac. He looked no age and, when he spoke, his voice seemed to come from the hills themselves



THIS is the story that Paul Revere Patrick McMichael tells, and it is most probably a lie, for Mac was the finest liar in the squadron, and when it comes to artful prevarication, aviators rank with journalists and fishermen or perhaps a bit to the fore.

But Mac swears it's true and of course there's Pegeen to prove it, and Pegeen is most certainly flesh and blood—very lovely flesh and blood as well.

When we finished our fifteenth raid we were due for leave, and Mac and I wangled permission to go to Ireland. We were lucky with transport and on the second day of our leave we were in the taproom of the old Union Hotel in Belfast, drinking whisky and stout, and listening to lies which rivaled our own for clarity, body and vigor. It looked like a good leave.

On the morning of the third day, Mac went out on his own for a cycle ride in the hills. When he returned there was the look of the imp on his face and a thick brown bottle in his hand.

"What have you there, McMichael?" I asked.

"I'm not quite sure," said he. "But we'll have some and you'll judge for yourself whether or not he lied."

"Who lied?" asked I.

"The little man that sold me the stuff," said Mac, uncorking the bottle and holding it lovingly in his hand. "Here, try it, and see for yourself."

I have tasted fine whisky in my day, but I knew that I had never tasted spirits, in the true sense, until that moment. The taste in itself was magical enough, but an instant later a mighty sense of freedom, love and well-being coursed through my veins.

Reluctantly, I handed back the bottle. "Man, Mac," said I, "if that stuff were in general use throughout the world, there'd surely be no war."

He nodded and helped himself to a drink. "I thought you would agree that it was singular stuff," said he, wiping the bottle top and passing the liquor to me.

"But where did you procure it?" I asked. "Not in a pub, surely."

Mac shook his head. "It cannot be found in pubs," he said. "It's called poteen. It's made in the hills beyond the town and not everyone can buy it, only a certain type of man of which I'm one. It's procured from the fairies, you know."

I looked at him hard, for I knew him well. "Fairies," said I. "And how did a South Boston Irishman, and a bombardier at that, get on such good terms with fairies?"

Mac took a pull on the bottle and replaced the cork. I frowned at him and he withdrew it, and handed me the bottle.

"I was cycling, for pleasure," he said, "down a side road which runs through the hills, all leafy and cool beside a little brook. I'd just stopped for a moment to rest myself when this wee fellow comes out from behind an old stump."

"Wee fellow?" said I.

"Wee fellow," said Mac. "In a scarlet short jacket and green knee pants he was, with toes that curled upward and a feathered cap with bells. He looked no age and, when he spoke, his voice seemed to come from the hills themselves. 'Good day, Yankee soldier,' he said. 'Ye've the look of a man about you that would drink the stuff.'"

"I might," I said. "Would you sell me a drink?"

"Och!" said he. "We don't sell it by the drink at all. But for a nice young lad like yourself, fightin' and all, I'd gladly give you a drink, for a sample."

"And behind his stump he went and came forth with a bottle. I took a cautious drink, then a little more, and for the moment the voice of the hills rang round me, and I thought perhaps my time had come. Then a strange and peaceful feeling came over me and I said quickly to the little fellow, before he could change his mind, 'I'll take the bottle.'"

"A small financial transaction then took place between us, which is of no moment. I cycled home with the bottle, and here we are."

I NARROWED my eyes and regarded Mac with black doubt in my heart, but when I took another drink from the bottle, all of my suspicions dissolved.

"Do you know," said Mac, standing up and walking over to the window, "if a man were to take this bottle at twilight and go out into a field near the water, and drink it, a great peace and contentment would be bound to come over him?"

I agreed, and we both noted that the sun was just beginning to reach the very tops of the hills beyond the town. We put on our hats, took the bottle and went out. . . .

Next morning, half awake, I heard Mac

getting into his clothes, and a bit later the swish of his tires on the damp street below. I was fit enough but a drowsy sense warned me to remain in bed. I rose late, and by the time I'd had lunch, Mac returned, bearing a brown bottle which matched the first in size, shape, color and contents.

"You've met your wee friend again I see," said I.

Mac hesitated before he replied, and there was a troubled look on his face. "No, I did not," he answered. "But I met his daughter, or what I first took to be his daughter. I'll tell you how it happened, for I've a feeling it's important."

"I went back to the place I'd been yesterday, but the wee man wasn't about, and I was going to pedal off, when out of the wood beside the road stepped the loveliest girl a man ever laid eyes on. Man, she is beautiful! Coal-black hair, she has, thick and polished and in two long braids, with eyes as blue as the sea and skin as soft as the sky, all pink and cream. I was almost afraid to speak, she looked so lovely, standing there with the green of the forest behind her and just a sliver of sunlight touching the top of her head. But speak I did and I said, 'Good day, miss. Is it not beautiful, on a day like this, here in the hills?'"

"Aye," she answered. 'Beautiful it is, but to me it's like a prison, for I've been taken by the fairies and I can't leave them till I meet my lover, and that'll likely be many a year, what with all the young men gone off to the war. But I know what you're here for,' she said, 'and I'll not keep you waitin'."

"And behind the same stump she went, bringing me the bottle you see before you. I paid her and she was about to go, but something impelled me to say, 'Wait a bit, miss. There's no hurry, surely. What's your name and where are you from?'"

"My name's Pegeen," she said, 'and I'm from Donegal, far, far from here.'"

"I took a chance. 'Would you come for a bit of a stroll with me, Pegeen,' said I, 'and show me something of the country?'"

"To my surprise she agreed, and off we went. Ah, I tell you there's not a girl in the world like her, for charm, or beauty or magic, and it's not the poteen that's doing the talking, but myself alone, Paul Revere Patrick McMichael, Bostonian, bombardier and traveler. . . ."

I found my own pleasure in Belfast for the next two days, but each afternoon Mac would

return with a noble brown bottle, full to the neck. Not a word would he say concerning Pegeen, but I noticed about him the whole aspect of a changed man, for he no longer lied in the bars we entered, and hardly mentioned his own affairs, staring at the polished brass and wood of the Union taproom with a faraway look in his eyes.

It worried me until I asked him, "Is anything wrong, Mac?" and he answered, his eyes and his thoughts way off in the hills, "I'm wondering what my mother will say, my marrying a girl from such a far place."

"Marrying?" said I. "What are you talking about, man?"

He smiled a gentle smile and answered, "Of course, I'm going to marry Pegeen. I can't leave her back there with only that wee fellow to look after her, and him not really belonging to her at all. You'll be best man, of course, and the Group padre will marry us as soon as ever Pegeen can get to England."

I shook my head and took a deep draught of poteen, for there was a little left in the bottle. Then I forgot it for the evening and the next day we left Belfast, for our leave was up.

WELL, I was best man and the Group chaplain married them, in the little chapel near the airdrome which we'd built with our own hands. Pegeen was in an ivory gown, with a veil of lace which was light as air, and as I watched her, I said to myself that for all of McMichael's lying, there was more than a drop of the truth in him, for she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

Afterward in the officers' mess where we had the wedding party I caught Pegeen alone for a moment and asked if it were true, her being captured by the fairies and all, and Mac's rescuing her from the hills and the wee folk.

She looked up from under her lashes in the same way McMichael looks when he's about to tell a whopper.

"Of course," she said, the lilt in her voice like the ripple of water, "you wouldn't want me to be making a liar out of my own new husband, would you? But I will say this," she added with a little laugh. "Paul Revere Patrick's had the last drop of poteen he's going to have this life, for I don't want him rescuing anyone else from the wee folk." And she turned her head and smiled as she walked off to where Mac waited for her across the room.



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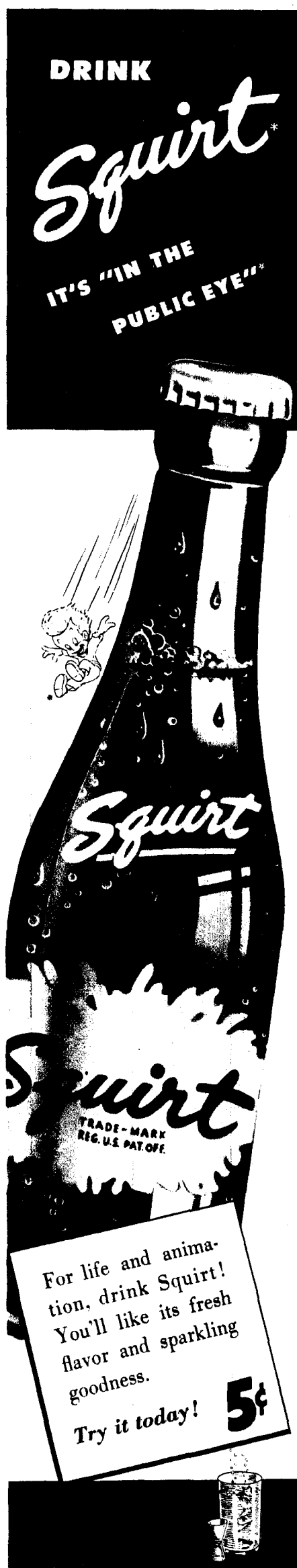
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Dawn Over Denmark

Continued from page 17

time been the murderers' favorite—and that even after August 29, 1943, when the Germans took over completely, the country has been better off than any other occupied land; it is true that after five years of occupation, one can have eggs for breakfast and generous quantities of meat for dinner without ration cards. (Denmark supplied a fourth of the German population with butter, and this was so valuable and important for the Germans that they permitted the Danes to keep the rest.)

It is true that the Germans have restrained themselves here among their "racial equals." But it is therefore so interesting to see what big holes tyranny has made even in a country which has been so "well off." And when Professor Mogens Fog tells me of his treatment by the Gestapo, then one knows what it is like when the Nazis "restrain themselves."

A prominent scientist, Fog was one of the three leaders of the opposition movement. His hideout was treacherously revealed and he was arrested. His interrogator stated that he wanted to stick to his tradition never to order torture, but that Fog must be reasonable and answer questions. It was "merely" a matter of revealing the names of his fellow patriots. Fog was silent.

Then the interrogator threw tradition overboard. Fog was ordered to bend over a table and was beaten from behind with rubber batons. After some time, a pause of fifteen minutes was made. Before they started beating him again, Fog was asked: "You who are a doctor know, of course, why we make a pause?"

Yes, Fog knew why—the pain was more acute then. After an hour, he was so tender that his torturers had only to touch him lightly to cause him terrible agony; then after a time came a vicious blow, and the treatment continued. But Fog remained silent. Today he is a newly appointed Danish minister.

The Gestapo had many helpers, but nevertheless had many failures. One opposition group leader was a police superintendent. One day he noticed that he was shadowed—and knew he had to go underground immediately. He couldn't resist the temptation to return home and pack a bag. While he packed, he saw some Gestapo cars come up and a few seconds later he heard steps on the stairs. Quickly he put on his coat, drew his hat down over his eyes, stood outside his own flat and rang the bell. He rang insistently.

Just a Vacuum Cleaner Salesman

The Gestapo men soon stood beside him and asked what he was doing there. "This damned superintendent has bought a vacuum cleaner on hire purchase from the firm for which I'm an agent and hasn't paid a single öre," he explained.

"Come in and we'll fetch the cleaner," soothed a Gestapo man.

The door was broken open, and the Gestapo men hunted for the superintendent, while the superintendent hunted for the vacuum cleaner. Both were unfindable.

"The bastard has certainly sold the cleaner. I must take something else instead!" exclaimed the superintendent and looked longingly at the bag full of clothes.

"Take that along," advised the Gestapo, whereupon the superintendent took it and disappeared.

One needs more than a little coolness and nerve to carry off such situations. The patriots themselves say the greatest nerve was shown by Mrs. Jacobsen. Her husband, a pastor, was being searched for by the Gestapo. One night when their house had been hit during an Allied raid, the Gestapo came to look for him. He wasn't there. The Gestapo men then took Mrs. Jacobsen to a mortuary where some victims of the raid lay, and there Mrs. Jacobsen identified her husband among the corpses. At the funeral she cried bitterly, though she knew she was following the corpse of a complete stranger,

and that Pastor Jacobsen was in a safe hideout.

The Danish king waged his own little war against the occupation authorities, and his weapon was passive resistance, the weapon which the Germans dislike most. Neither have they succeeded in inventing a counter-weapon, for humor and wit was never their strong point. The Danish king knew this and, when possible, made use of his power to leave the Germans without an answer.

After a riding accident, the king was visited by Krenchel—the man who headed the German antisabotage propaganda on the Danish radio—who suggested that he, Krenchel, should form a new government more willing to co-operate with the Germans. "You're mistaken, Mr. Krenchel," answered the king, quietly. "It was my legs which were hurt, not my head."

During the entire occupation, the king never summoned a German to him, and the few times that he came into contact with them was when they asked for an audience. Of one such occasion, the following story is told: The German minister in Copenhagen visited the king saying that Hitler sent greetings and wished to say he considered it meaningless for Denmark and Germany—two brother nations—to be separated from each other and that they should join forces. The king answered, "Yes, I've also thought of it but abandoned the idea. I'm almost too old to rule so many people."

I can't guarantee the exactness of the words of the above story, but the following is an absolutely true story which unleashed one of Hitler's outbursts of rage and a silent protest from Denmark. Hitler sent an overwhelmingly hearty congratulatory telegram on the king's birthday. The king replied simply with, "Thanks so much."

Of the six thousand Jews in Denmark, the Germans succeeded in catching approximately four hundred, whom they deported to Terezin, in Czechoslovakia. These Jews have now reached Sweden, where most of the rest of Denmark's six thousand already were. These had been smuggled over during the autumn of 1943, when the Jewish persecution started in Denmark. They had an adventurous trip.

It wasn't always easy for the patriots to help. In the first place, the Jews weren't pre-

pared to flee. When they were warned by the underground that the Germans were preparing anti-Jewish action, they refused to believe it and, during the first hours after the action really started, the Danes often were obliged forcibly to hide Jewish citizens who still failed to grasp the situation.

A Danish Jewess related, "When I went to my fish shop one morning, the fishmonger said, 'What are you doing here?'"

"Buying fish," I replied.

"Don't you know the Germans are hunting Jews?"

"I had my baby with me and wanted to rush home to warn my husband, but the fishmonger dragged me and the baby forcibly into the cellar, telling me to stay there and promising to look after my husband."

"At night I was placed in an ambulance which took me and the child to a mental asylum. They assured me my husband was safe and that I should just obey orders. We were locked in a cell for serious cases where we waited with several other Jews for two days, until once again the ambulance took us to a place on the coast where there was a boat to take us to Sweden."

A Haven for Danish Jews

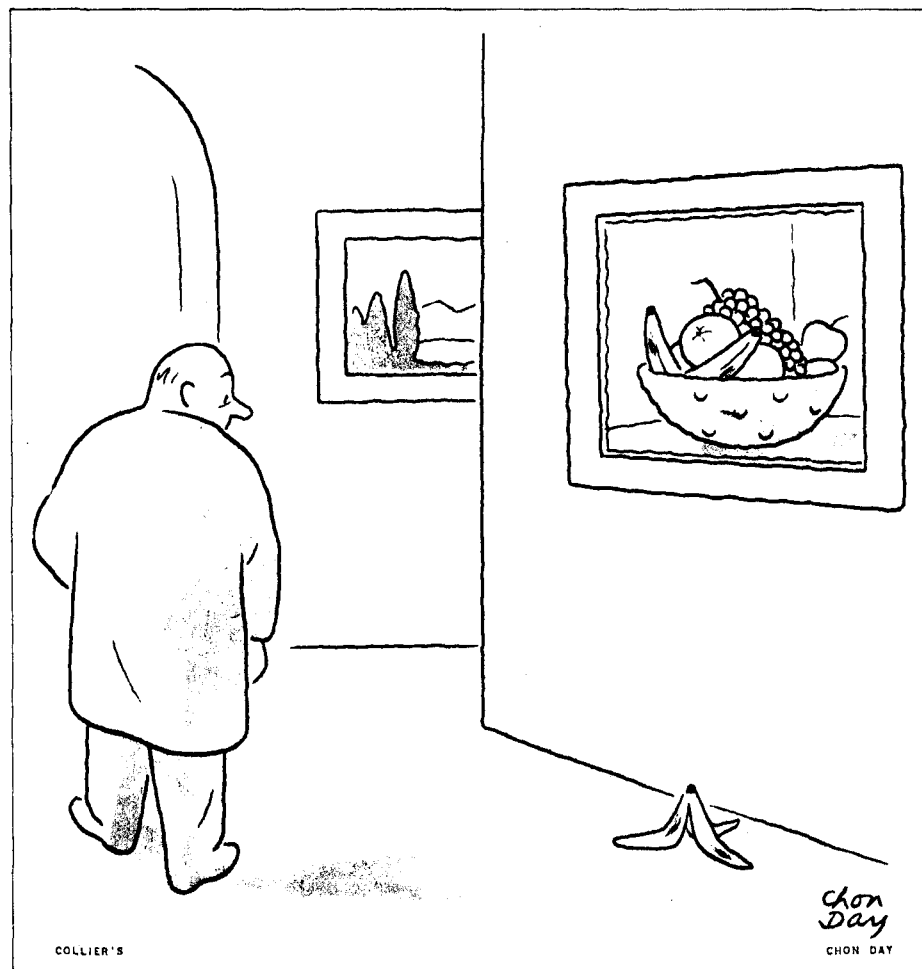
"The crossing was not without danger, because the Germans patrolled the coast. All small children received strong sleeping pills so their crying wouldn't betray us. Once a German boat glided past at a few meters distance. We all lay on the boat's bottom hardly daring to breathe. Only the skipper was visible, and the night was, thank God, dark. We passed by and reached Sweden."

A 17-year-old boy got an extremely ingenious idea for getting over to Sweden. He hid in the mouthpiece of a German cannon on one of the famous transit trains which traversed Sweden on the way to Norway.

The most fantastic escape was made by a Dane who went over on a paddle bicycle. He was discovered by a German boat, but presumably the Germans thought it was so exciting they only followed him with field glasses without interfering. He got over safely.

Many tears have been shed these past five years in Denmark, but they have certainly not been so many as were shed the first day after liberation. Allied soldiers on Tuesday, May 8th, paraded in a triumphal procession through Copenhagen's streets under several dangling Hitler dummies.

They paraded past a place where in the



COLLIER'S

Chon Day
CHON DAY

middle of the street lay a bunch of flowers and a card inscribed, "Dear Kaj, our greeting to you on the spot where you were murdered because you did your duty to your country. Thanks for all you did for your Karen and little Else." When Copenhagen experienced this greatest day in its history, then the eyes of all were wet. But many Danes were not there.

I think that among all the cruelties perpetrated by the Germans this will have a special place: At twenty-three hours on Friday night between the fourth and fifth of May—that is three hours after publication of the news that the Germans had capitulated and that the armistice would begin the next morning—German soldiers stopped a taxi with a Danish flag on the radiator and carrying two young Danes in the back seat.

One soldier opened the door shouting, "We haven't capitulated yet," and shot at both Danes. Thirty-year-old policeman Gottlieb Hansen was killed immediately, and twenty-two-year-old student Peter Hammerich is still fighting for his life at a hospital.

Two who almost every day had risked their lives for more than three years in the service of the opposition movement were robbed of their reward just as the bellringers took their ropes in hand to ring in peace over the country.

This peace will soon be a reality in everyday life, too. The country has hardly been damaged, its inhabitants still have their

sparkling temperament, and the fact that such young men as Patrick Schultz who have done heroic deeds have only one wish—to return to the civilian way of life—is a guarantee for the security of the nation's future.

When Patrick's father, who has been the Danish consul in South Africa for the last seven years, and his mother, who is British-born, read these lines, they will learn for the first time that their son has been a member of the opposition movement.

"But they have certainly thought it," opines Patrick, because he considers he has only done his duty.

They Only Did Their Duty

All Danes have done a great part of their duty. That they realize other people have suffered more and made still greater sacrifices is best shown by the fact that the general rejoicing during the days of victory reached its greatest peak when news was received that Norway had been liberated at last.

In this overwhelming rejoicing lay a thanks to afflicted Norway, and the new Danish Foreign Minister Christmas Moeller has already announced that rations will be reduced to help the starving Norwegians. It is a great people which after years of tribulation and in the moment of victory have their thoughts directed to those whose sufferings have been greater.

THE END

Part in a Play

Continued from page 15

poison. And the bloody, raging prayer to God, with the glass in his hand!

"Alex," Lamarque said solemnly, "as God is my judge, this is the time for you to take your place in the history of the French theater. . . . Here!" He thrust the manuscript into Alexis' hand. "Don't say another word. Take it with you and read it, and come back to me at five o'clock this afternoon and take my hand and say, 'Lamarque, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I am ready for rehearsals tomorrow morning!'"

A little dazedly, Alexis left the office. He walked slowly toward the Seine and sat down on one of the benches overlooking the river, and in the pale spring sunlight read the play. The play was written with bite and energy and was not as lurid as Lamarque had described it, although it was studded with big, showy scenes for the principal character. As he stared unseeingly across the river, Alexis could imagine himself striding a richly lighted stage, cruel, monstrous, pitiful, torn, charming, stricken, corrupt, murderous, suicidal, evil, calling down the powers of hell upon the world he was leaving behind him.

It was a role the vision of which had haunted his dreams ever since he had first set foot on a stage, and Alexis knew, as he walked slowly toward his apartment, that, whatever Philippe would say, he was going to take it.

IT WAS a great success. Overnight his name became a tradition in the French theater. The comic, aging cuckold was forgotten, and in his place was a tragic actor of historic stature. Every new script of any importance was submitted to him and he did two films in the suburbs that made his face famous throughout Europe. It was true that several of his more hotheaded friends cut him on the street and there were one or two savage articles about him in some of the flimsy resistance sheets that were unkindly sent to him and, of course, Philippe had broken with him, on that first afternoon.

"Yes, yes," Philippe had said wearily, "I know all the arguments. Argument one: We must eat. Argument two: The baker bakes, the doctor medicines, etc. Argument three: The Germans have won and will continue to win. Are we to make no arrangements for the rest of our lives? Argument four: We all know corrupt Popular Front politicians. Must we only present Jews as angels, etc? Argument five: I'm through with you."

And Philippe had packed, and that was the

last Alexis had seen of him. Later, he heard vaguely that Philippe was serving with the Maquis in the Haute-Savoie, and on one or two occasions had even been glimpsed in Paris, looking considerably older and shabbier than he had before.

Alexis suffered a twinge of uneasiness each time he heard Philippe had been seen in Paris, but he was busy and successful and honored on all sides and consolation came easy.

It was in July, 1944, when Alexis next saw Philippe. The Americans were at Saint L6, and Paris had become an uneasy city, tremors of guilt and joyful anticipation running through its secret life. Shots were heard in the streets at night, the Germans strode through the city searching the eyes of the inhabitants, calculating and puzzled; other Germans were found obscurely murdered along the river or floating face down toward the sea. Everyone knew that resistance battalions had been formed and the seventeen-year-old child who cleared the dishes from your table in a restaurant might be a Communist captain with an arsenal under his mattress and your name quite possibly on his list for retribution.

Among the men who had done well under the Germans, or who had done nothing against them, there was a quiet, nervous, unhappy adding up of interior accounts. Alexis was no exception. He was not playing at the time and he took to long slow, speculative walks and sitting up late and alone at night, staring out the dark windows of his apartment at the waiting, trembling city around him. He followed the war maps closely, and examined his reactions as honestly as he could, and was pleased to see that, despite the danger to himself, he felt a thin, undeniable thrill of joy when the Americans broke through in Normandy and clearly took the road to Paris.

Philippe, when he saw him near the Etoile, was almost unrecognizable. He had grown much older, with gray hair and deep furrows in a face that had become very thin and weather-beaten. This, added to his clumsy clothes, made him seem like a farmer, and a poor one at that, committed to a bleak ten acres of unprofitable land, in town for a day. Alexis walked behind him, watching, and noticed painfully the harsh, wounded limp with which Philippe moved past the little tables of the caf6s.

For a moment Alexis almost stopped, feeling that he must avoid this scarred, bitter-

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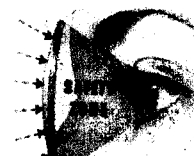
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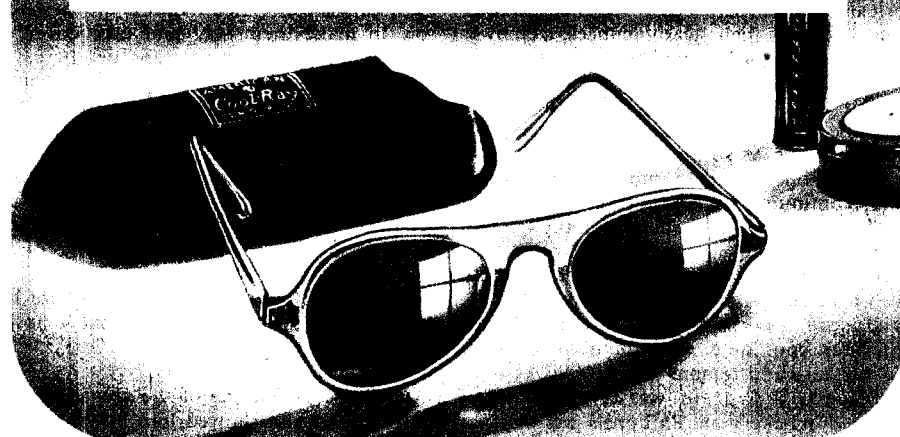


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seeming veteran. But looking at the awkward, weathered, familiar back, thinking of the twenty years of friendship, twisted in the uncertain guilty currents of that bloody August, he walked more quickly, overtook Philippe, put his hand on his arm.

Philippe stopped, looked around. There was a quick, momentary tightening around his eyes, but that was all. "Yes, Monsieur?" he asked politely.

"Please, Philippe," Alexis begged. "Don't say Monsieur."

Philippe started to pull his arm away.

"Please talk to me. . . ."

But Philippe began to walk away, deliberately, but not slowly, before the café tables.

Alexis followed him. "I'm sorry," he said. "I was a fool. I was weak. Anything you say. I should have gone with you. I've heard of what you've been doing. I'm proud you were once my friend."

Philippe limped slowly along, looking straight ahead, as though he heard not a word.

"Anything," Alexis said pleadingly. "I'm ashamed of myself. I have a lot of money. I know you people need it. Take it. All of it."

For the first time a look of interest came into Philippe's face. He glanced sidelong at his friend, speculatively.

"Money buys guns," Alexis said hurriedly. "Everybody knows the Germans sell guns, but expensive. . . . You haven't got the right to turn me away. No matter what you think of me. I want to do something to help. Maybe it's late, but I want to help. Myself, too. There'll be fighting. I'm willing to fight. Forget the last three years. At least, now, for the time being, forget. . . ."

Philippe stopped. He stared coldly, without friendship, at Alexis. "Don't talk so loud," he said.

"Forgive me," said Alexis humbly.

"And get out of here and go back to your home. And wait there."

"Will you come there?" Alexis asked happily.

"Maybe," Philippe shrugged, smiled sourly. "Maybe we will."

"My address is. . . ."

"We know what your address is. Goodby, Monsieur." Without a smile, without a handshake, Philippe walked off. Alexis looked after the harsh, limping figure losing itself among the bright dresses, and the bicycles and the green uniforms in the sunlight, feeling sick for the lost twenty years, but also feeling a quickening and a hope he had not felt for months. He turned and went back to his apartment and sat there and waited.

"THIS gentleman," Philippe was saying, his voice touched with a light, scornful amusement, the first sign Alexis had seen of the long years this civilian soldier had spent on the stage, "this gentleman is known to me."

There were three of them who had come up to Alexis' apartment with Philippe just after dark. They were small, quiet men, very young, shabby, and deadly-looking, and Alexis felt himself being weighed candidly and swiftly in their steady glances, as they sat across from him in his bright, comfortable living room.

"Early in the Occupation," Philippe went on, "he turned himself over to the service of the Germans, as so many did. . . ."

Alexis opened his mouth to protest, to say that continuing at your profession, keeping a theater lighted, in French, even though Germans did attend, was not so irrevocably sinful, especially when measured against the full-hearted co-operation so common in other and more important fields. . . . but looking at the four, cool, quiet faces, he decided merely to sit there and remain silent.

"Now. . . ." there was a slight stagey, amused mockery in Philippe's voice, "now the Americans are in Rennes, and this gentleman has suffered a new growth of patriotism. . . ."

"Philippe," Alexis protested regretfully, "may I talk for myself?"

One of the other men nodded.

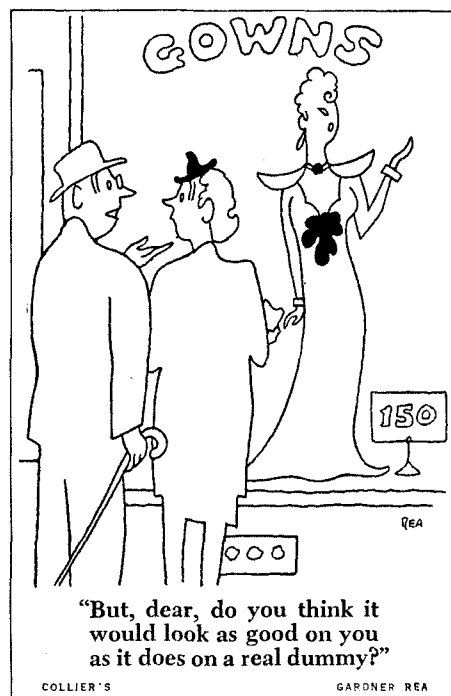
"I was wrong," Alexis said. "I wish to make up for it. Money. As much as I have. Myself, if I can be of assistance. It's as simple as that."

The three men looked at one another. Philippe turned his back, stared at a Derain drawing on the wall.

One of the men stood up, came over and shook Alexis' hand. The others smiled at him a little, with a touch of warmth, but Philippe didn't look at him, even when he took out the huge pile of franc notes and turned them over. Philippe did not say good night when he left.

WHEN the fighting started in the city, at barricades and windows and on the roofs, they called for Alexis and he went with them, in old flannels that he had used to lounge on the beach at Cannes, with the new armband that marked him as a member of the French Forces of the Interior.

In the crowded room near the Hotel de Ville, waiting to receive what arms were available, with the preliminary crackling of automatic fire coming in through the windows, he looked again and again at the badge of acceptance on his arm. He felt too old for this, and fear was a stone lump at the back of his throat, and he was ashamed that his shirt was stained with nervous sweat, but



when he looked down at the mark on his arm, there was a sense of religion and peace that almost compensated for the cold trembling nerves and the pumping blood.

They gave him four potato-masher grenades, which he stuck in his belt, after surreptitiously watching what the other men did with theirs, like a country cousin at a banquet, watching the host pick up knives and forks.

Philippe came in and the room fell silent. Philippe stood before them and spoke in a low, even voice. "We do not intend to fight pitched battles at this point," he said. "We will harass them, pick them off when we can, try to make them stay and take cover and hole up until the Americans get here. We will try to make it expensive for them to move anywhere in Paris. We will be frugal with ammunition and weapons. I am sorry we are not better armed. Anyone who feels that he is not well enough equipped to go into this engagement is at liberty to leave. . . ." He looked thoughtfully at Alexis as he spoke. Alexis stroked the handle of one of the grenades.

Philippe came over and stood before him. "Monsieur," he said, "do you know how to use your weapon?"

"I. . . uh. . . not exactly."

Philippe pulled one of the grenades out of Alexis' belt and showed him how to hold it, how to withdraw the pin, how to throw it. Alexis thanked him, and Philippe gave him back the grenade and spoke sharply to all of them: "All right. We are ready."

They slid out into the night. . . .

The next two days were a confused series of clanging dreams for Alexis; the first biting smell of powder, the sharp, malicious chips of stone flying off window sills past your head and the mean, continuing searching noise of

German machine guns, and a man falling beside you with a bullet through his lung and your taking his 1918 rifle and firing into the dust a hundred yards away and perhaps hitting the running gray figure there; and the heavy-footed trotting from one barricade of stones and tree trunks to another, with the inexorable noise of the Tiger tank turning the corner behind you and churning through the debris, and the hopeless, dissolving sound of shells hitting around you and the bloody disintegration before your eyes when the overturned car in front of you was hit by a shell and the two men and a woman pinned under it vanished. . . .

The boys around him were pleased with him and called him "Poppa" and loyally swore one of his grenades had fallen inside a tank turret when he dropped it from a third-floor window near the Opera, and from time to time, in little flashes in the heat and fear and exhaustion, he was pleased with himself and surprised that there was so much of the soldier hidden under the boulevardier and artist.

Philippe alone spoke to him coldly and professionally, not discriminating against him, but showing him no favor. Alexis did not mind. In the ambush and counterambush, in the sudden burst from the roof, and the dry-mouthed stalking down the moonlit streets, there was no time to think of anything except the next German, the nearest cover, a hurried sip of wine to dissolve for an instant the stone of thirst and terror in the throat, a place to lie down and sleep for an hour to keep from dying of fatigue on your feet. . . .

He was alone with Philippe, hiding behind a wooden door that was just open a slit, so they could cover the street. Seven men of the group had just left them, going down the street to investigate the report that there were four or five Germans hiding in a wine merchant's cellar half a block away.

He could hear Philippe breathing hard beside him, because they had run a hundred yards down the broad street to get here, with two shots fired at them from snipers on the roofs. There were strange, wonderful-colored gyrations of the atmosphere before his eyes, and he heard his breath coming like the noise of some ancient machine, creaking and in need of oil. He sank to one knee, leaning against the door, feeling the door get wet from the sweat that was thick on his forehead.

For a moment, looking up at the gaunt, red-eyed, scarred, bestubbled face above him, wavering in the gyrating lights of his own exhaustion, he thought of Philippe and himself sitting across from each other, many years before at breakfast, the coffee steaming between them, the newspapers fresh and black before them, themselves newly washed in crisp silk robes. . . . "Your wife," Philippe had said jokingly at breakfast a long time ago, "deceives you with an Italian. . . ."

"They're going too slow. Too slow." Philippe was looking out the door. He had opened it wider and was watching his patrol cautiously make its way, hugging the sides of the buildings toward the wine merchant's cellar. "Stay here," he said to Alexis. "I've got to get them to move faster." He looked down at Alexis curiously. "Are you all right?" he asked.

WITH an effort, Alexis got to his feet, essayed a smile. "Sure," he said. "I'm a little old for this sort of thing. That's all." "Yes," said Philippe, and slipped out after the patrol.

He had only been gone five seconds when Alexis saw the truck. It ground around the corner and stopped for an instant at the end of the street. It was a big open German army truck, with a machine gun mounted on it above the driver's cab in front, and it seemed to be full of men, with rifles bristling on all sides.

Alexis threw open the door. "Philippe!" he screamed.

Philippe turned, and he and the men of the patrol saw the truck just at the moment that the truck driver and the man at the machine gun saw them. The Frenchmen started to run and the driver threw his vehicle into gear and picked up speed, pursuing them. The machine gunner fired several bursts, but the jolting of the truck made him wild and the bul-

lets ricocheted around Philippe and the others as they ran toward the corner, where they would get a moment's respite.

Alexis took one last look at Philippe, the limping, exhausted figure running grotesquely, rifle in hand, with stone chips and machine-gun bullets flickering around him. . . .

Alexis left the protection of the doorway and began to run across the street at an angle that would bring the truck even with him as it passed him. For a moment, no one in the truck saw him and he had time to pull the pin from a grenade as he ran heavily, diagonally, almost in the same direction as the careening truck, like a man running to swing on a trolley car.

Then the machine gunner saw him and swung his weapon around at him. The first burst missed him, and Alexis lumbered on, his breath singing weirdly in his ears, the grenade clutched tight in his sweating hand. The riflemen in the body of the truck saw him, too, and the weapons appeared over the wooden sides, converging on him.

Alexis never heard the shots, but he heard the sick whistle of the missiles past his head. One hit him high on the left shoulder, and he stumbled, then picked himself up and, scrambling and stumbling, continued toward the approaching truck. The machine gunner swung his weapon around and there was the hysterical triphammer noise, and Alexis felt something hit him in the head, and there was the strange taste of blood in his mouth, although his tongue for some reason could not move to swallow it.

HE KEPT on, his shoes making a deliberate, shuffling, weary clatter on the pavement, amid all the other sounds, the grinding of the truck, the shots, the yelling Germans. His arms out to keep his balance, his legs moving with the insane deliberation of the mechanism of an automatic phonograph, staggering and sliding in his ruined fashionable flannels that had looked so well on the bright Mediterranean beach, blood streaming from his shoulder and head, leaving a plain dark wavering trail behind him on the pavement, his cheekbone exposed, broken and white in the bloody face, and the eye drooped close, its muscles torn and useless, and the other eye frantic and singed and dusty, he caught up with the rolling truck, put one hand on the cab, was dragged along for an instant while the man inside beat at the hand with the butt of his gun.

With the homely, everyday grunt of a fat man swinging upon the platform of a suburban train, just reached in the morning, he pulled himself for a moment onto the runningboard and heaved the grenade up and over the wooden side into the mass of rifles and uniforms and ammunition and screaming men. . . .

He fell back and dropped peacefully to the pavement. Far off, it seemed to him, there was an explosion. Somehow he sat himself up in the middle of the street and regarded his handiwork with the one crazy eye. The truck had overturned and was burning brightly. Here and there a gray uniform dragged itself painfully for a yard or two, but most of the gray uniforms lay still, and some were still burning.

The ghost and specter of a grin crossed what was left of his face.

Philippe walked slowly up to him. Alexis brokenly raised one arm to wipe the blood and stone dust out of his one eye so that he could see his friend more clearly.

For a single mangled moment Alexis thought of the things that lay between them: the thousand drinks and the pretty girls and the vacations and the idle debonair hours after the theater and the afternoon he had been no more than an actor and had decided to play the big, ludicrous, sinful part. . . .

The bloody mouth and the broken teeth mumbled something, lost in blood, and the single wild eye stared up, dying, begging forgiveness.

But Philippe said, gently, but coldly, "Lie down, Monsieur. We will look for the aid man."

Alexis shook his smashed, tangled head, grieving, knowing in this last instant that he was unforgiven, and lay down on the stained and fractured pavement.

THE END

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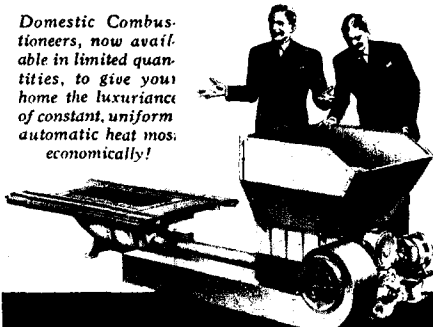
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Now is the Time to Stop Buying War Bonds

Garden Party

Continued from page 21

“It has the most exciting possibilities, darling. Of course, it will take some repair and work. But basically the house is sound.”

Fred nodded somberly. “Termites,” he said, “have discrimination.”

“And we have just oodles of ground,” Cecily went on defiantly. “An acre and a half, the man told me. And out back here, there’s an orchard.” She pointed proudly to three lemon trees that clung tenaciously to their soil among the encroaching brambles. “And with a little work and a little fixing up—”

There was nothing to say. Fred followed Cecily through the five rooms of dirt and darkness and he examined the antiquated plumbing and he plowed heroically knee-deep through the undergrowth that was the yard and when they were back out in the car he lighted a cigarette resignedly.

“We’ve bought it?” he asked.

“Why, of course we have, darling,” Cecily replied. “You don’t think I’d wait and take the chance that someone else would get it, do you?”

CECILY wasn’t in the apartment when Fred came home the following night. There was a note pinned to the living-room carpet. It said: “I’m over at our house. Come over, darling, as soon as you can.”

Fred went into the kitchen and poured himself a long drink. He worked on it slowly, thoughtfully, sitting in the living room and rereading the note, and when he had finished his drink, because there was nothing else to do, he went out to the car and drove to the house.

He found Cecily upstairs. She wore denim slacks, sneakers, and a short-sleeved blouse, and her hair was done up in a kerchief and her face was grimy and she held a large wet scrubbing brush in her small hands.

With her was a gigantic black man whom Fred had never seen before, who hummed melodiously as he worked and chuckled and grinned to himself, and who performed prodigies of strength under Cecily’s unhesitating direction. His name was Joe.

“Darling,” said Cecily. And she put her grimy little face up for a kiss. “You poor dear. You’re tired. You sit right here and rest while Joe and I finish up.” She turned over a pail for Fred to sit on and she pushed him onto it. “There.” She returned to her scrubbing and her voice came unfalteringly over her shoulder: “We’ve gone clear through the first three or four layers of dirt, and I think I can almost begin to see the wood. This will be our bedroom. Think of the space we’ll have. And the view of the yard. Come over here and look.”

Fred got up from his pail obediently and went to the window and stood for an appropriate time gazing at the jungle beneath him. He imagined that he could see wild life creeping and crawling through half-hidden tunnels. He turned away but his pail was gone and presently Joe returned with it full of clean water.

Cecily said, “Darling, will you hand me that brush, please? And you can steady the ladder for me while I go after those cobwebs in the corner, and . . .”

IT WAS hours later when they returned to the apartment and showered and dropped into bed. Fred’s last thought before sleep was that he had had no dinner.

The second night was like the first and the third like the second. And the pails of water that were emptied down the antiquated plumbing became cleaner and cleaner until the entire inside of the house shone like a new penny, and even Cecily’s critical eye was satisfied. This was on the fifth night, and in celebration of the event, Joe was dispatched to the grocery store for beer.

And that night, too, Fred admitted for the first time his connection with the enterprise. “Our house,” he began inadvertently, and there he stopped. The words had slipped out of his subconscious. He considered them, and a small feeling of warmth which may have been beer and may have been pride

filled his chest. “Our house,” he repeated, “begins to look better.”

“Sho do,” said Joe, but his face was unhappy.

“Joe is worried about the yard,” Cecily explained. “He thinks it’s a shame that the yard is in such frightful condition.”

“Umm,” said Joe.

Fred thought of the bare dirt and the tangled jungle. He said doubtfully: “I don’t think we could do much about that. I don’t know anything about gardens. Seems to me it would require professionals.” He looked at Cecily meaningfully. “When we can afford it,” he added.

Joe rumbled. “Ah is a perffessional,” he pointed out, “and Ah doesn’t come high.” He set his beer down carefully and held out his great black paws, fingers extended, and turned them over slowly to show their pink palms. “Ah has green han’s,” he said.

“There,” said Cecily. “You see.”

BY THE end of the week, Fred had developed two basic concepts: (a) unskilled labor is a contradiction in terms; and (b) the construction of the pyramids is no great wonder if one assumes a superintendent of Cecily’s caliber and a straw boss like Joe. While crews of carpenters and plumbers repaired the roof and replaced the plumbing and installed a stove and an icebox and laid linoleum, and while painters redid floors and redecorated rooms—while all of this activity churned and bustled within the small house, the grounds’ crew—Joe and his part-time helper, Fred—revised the topography.

The two giant sycamores were left untouched, and that was all. Everything else was assumed to have two ends and hence to be movable. The lemon trees were relocated in a corner of the property where the sun could strike them. The brambles and brush were pulled and chopped and dug loose from the ground and piled and burned. And after many three-cornered conferences around many bottles of beer, a path was plotted to the unanimous satisfaction of the committee, then laid out and set irrevocably with flagstones.

Throughout the weeks while the house became a home, the work in the yard continued without respite. The results were orderly, but scarcely gratifying, for the germ of the gardening disease was developing in Fred and the work of organization seemed pointless drudgery. It was Joe and his green hands who finally turned the tide.

Joe was waiting when Fred came home one

night. In his great pink palm he held a pile of little seeds. “Radishers,” he explained, and he led Fred to the small plot of ground he had prepared for the planting. Then, while Fred watched, Joe sowed the seed along one row and carefully raked the dirt over the seeds.

Fred planted the second row, squatting there in his blue pin-stripe suit with his hat still on his head, consumed by a new sort of excitement.

“They is rambunctious little people,” Joe explained. “They comes up fast. You gots to watch.” And he patted the rows gently with his hands.

Fred watched. Each night he crouched beside the rows and examined them intently. At first nothing, and he began to doubt the boast of Joe’s green hand, but then one night a week after the planting, he found two tiny green leaves in one row and three in the other—two in the row Joe had planted and three in his own row—and he hugged the secret to his breast and made no mention of it to Cecily.

On Saturday afternoon he sat with Joe beside the double rows, drinking beer and absorbing radish lore. Overnight it seemed the tops of the rows were solid green. And then one night Joe allowed Fred to pull a radish.

“Shake ‘im,” Joe said, “an’ eat ‘im.”

Fred shook the radish until most of the dirt was gone and popped it into his mouth root and all. It was delicious. He pulled another radish and then a third, and then he went into the house and returned with a salt shaker and three bottles of beer and Cecily, and the three of them hunkered by the rows and pulled and shook and salted and ate and drank their beer happily.

BY LATE summer, the work of establishment was done, the little house, snug and tidy, nestled happily beneath the giant sycamores, and in the yard, Fred’s new-found passion for growing had run wild. Zinnias, asters, petunias, roses, phlox, pansies, dahlias covered one end. At the other, around the nucleus of the radish beds, a vegetable garden had come into being: corn, tomatoes, beans, squash, lettuce, onions, cabbage, artichokes. It was a place of peace, of comfort, of pride.

There was one flaw, and only one. It was the path. The eventual garden plan, Cecily maintained, had obsoleted the path’s location. The path, therefore, should be moved.

“But you don’t just move a path,” Fred objected. “It isn’t that easy. It would mean digging up the beans or the zinnias, and relay-

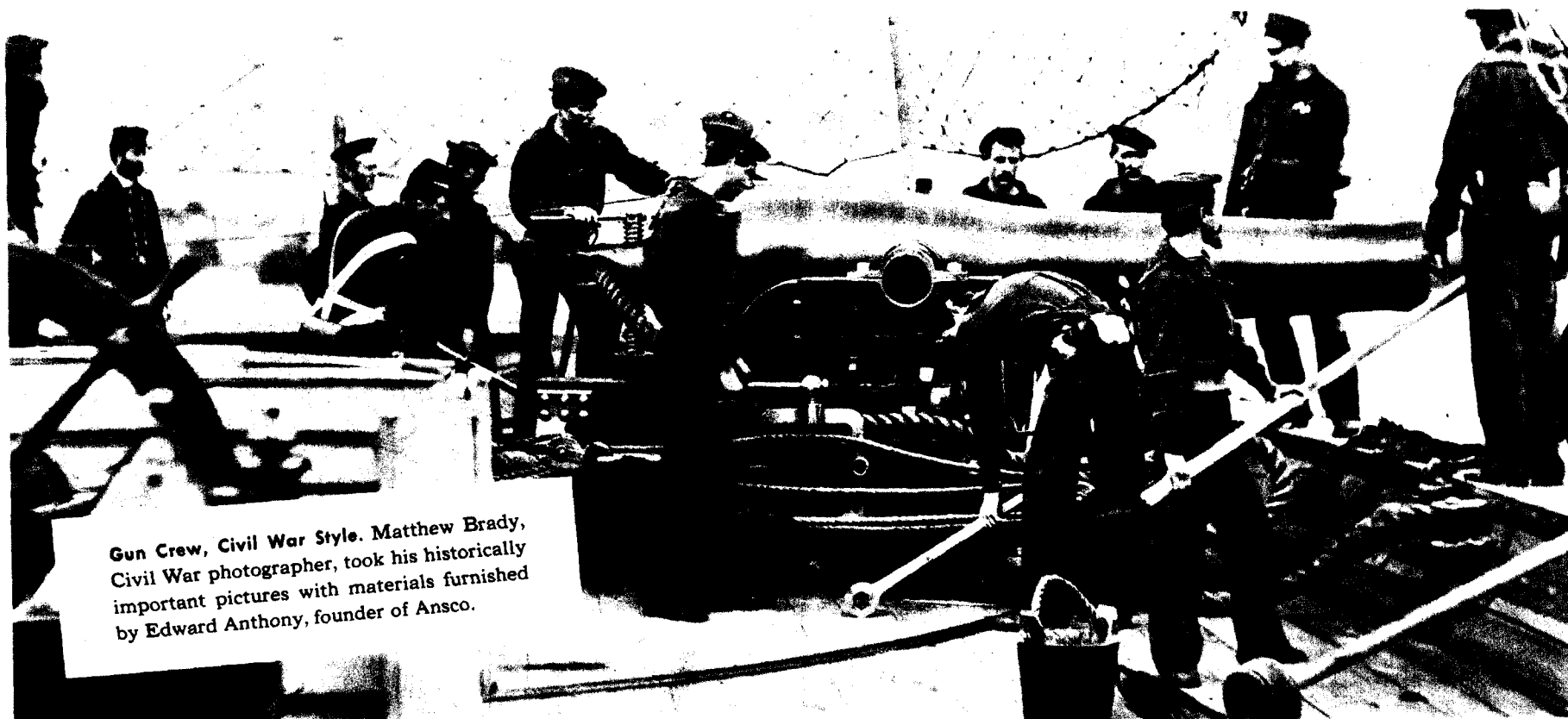
WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D’ALESSIO



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COLLIER’S



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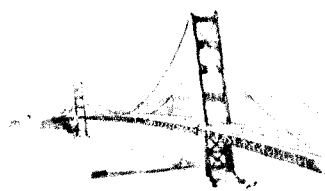
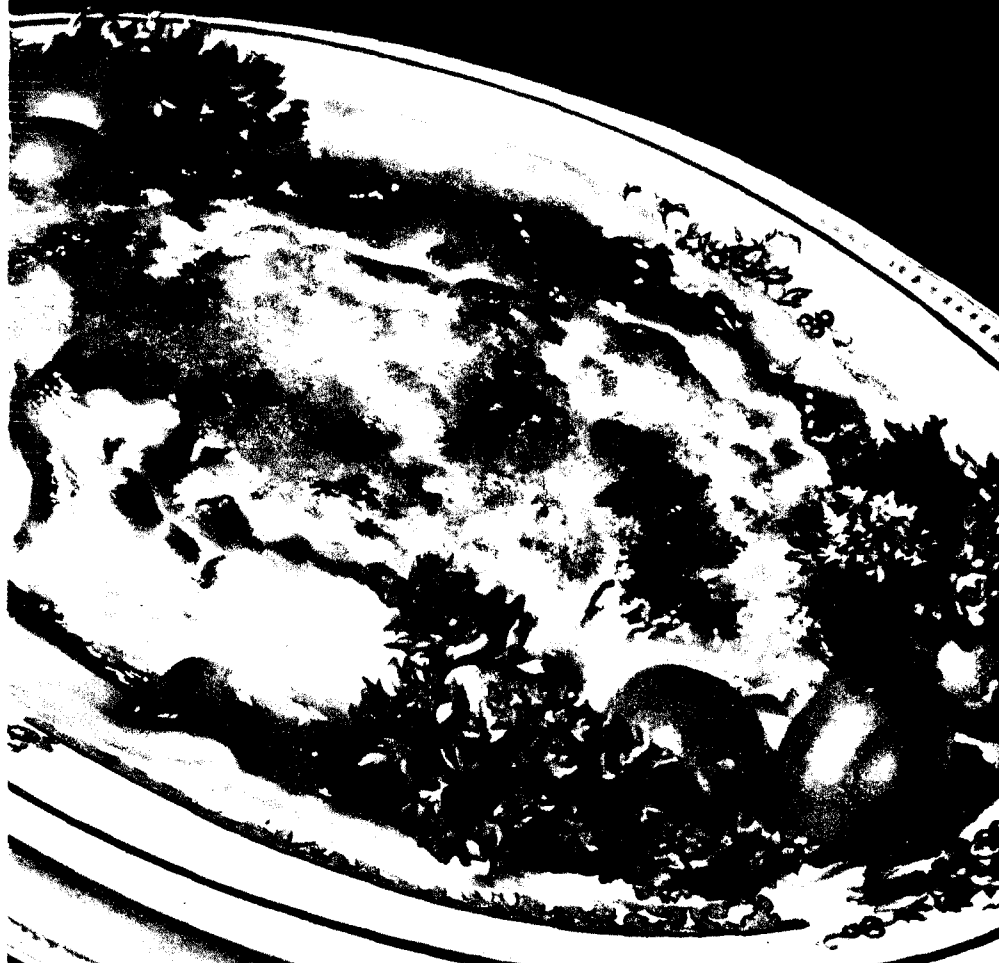
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COLLIER'S

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

ing the flagstones and digging up the ground where the path is now and cultivating and building new subsoil and—"

"All right," Cecily said. "But the path still isn't in the right place." And the thought rankled between them, a tiny flaw in a terrestrial paradise.

It was, of course, when the garden was at the height of its glory that the double catastrophe fell. Yet when the doorbell rang that evening, after Fred had come home from work, it was not at all like the sound of catastrophe. Cecily was not around, so Fred answered the door.

A smart-looking stranger in a smooth plaid suit stood on the porch.

"Mrs. Robinson at home?"

Fred shook his head.

"You're Mr. Robinson. I'm Jeffries, Tom Jeffries, of Jeffries and McGill. Came to see Mrs. Robinson about your place here."

Fred looked politely blank.

"Yes, sir," said Jeffries. "Have to take my hat off to you folks. When Mrs. Robinson asked me first if I was interested in looking at the property, I just laughed. It was a mess. But now, well—" He grinned at the blank expression on Fred's face. "I'll be back Saturday," he said, "and we can talk business."

He seized Fred's hand and shook it vigorously. "Yes, sir," he said, "I have to hand it to that little woman of yours."

Fred turned back into the house. He shut the door quietly. He picked up his glass and finished the drink and he walked to the back window and stood there looking out over the yard.

CECILY was going to sell the place. Just as cold-bloodedly as she had bought it. That's what she had in mind all along—to take it and improve it and sell it. He could stop her, of course. He could put his foot down. But it would not be the same.

He took his empty glass to the kitchen, built himself another drink and came back into the front room. He looked at the roses that stood in the vase on the mantel. They were his roses. He had fought for them against the aphids. They were his by right of victory. They were not Jeffries'.

He finished his drink and went out onto the back porch and down into the garden. He stopped by the tomato vines and unconsciously stooped and pounced on a three-inch tomato worm and destroyed it with neatness. This was his garden and he had

thought that Cecily shared his pride, but women are false, fickle creatures. All of her talk about the location of the path—what did she care? It was persiflage, no more, no less. And then Joe came across the garden like some great black harbinger of ill, bearing news of the second catastrophe.

"We's got moles," Joe announced, and paused dramatically to give full effect to his words.

Fred blanched. Moles! In his mind, he pictured the ruin of his garden, the toppling of his rosebushes, the swift undermining of his artichokes. With an effort he brought his mind back.

Joe was expounding: "Traps an' poison just ain't no good. They's only one cure for moles. They moves late at night an' early in the morning, and you gots to wait till you see 'em move, an' dig 'em up an' beat 'em flat. They ain't no other way."

LONG after Joe had gone, Fred sat in the darkening twilight with his problem, and when Cecily returned home, he was no nearer its solution.

He told Cecily about the moles. She listened quietly, and when he was done, her voice was soft and sympathetic.

"Oh, your poor garden, darling! I'm so sorry!" she said.

Fred searched her face and her voice for some sign of hypocrisy, and found none. "I'll find a way," he said. "We'll get rid of them."

"I'm sure you will, dear."

"Oh, by the way," Fred said. "A man was by to see you. A man named Jeffries." He forced himself to be casual as he spoke. "He told me nothing except that he'd be here on Saturday. I imagined it was some arrangement of yours."

"Yes," Cecily said. "A surprise." And her voice was happy.

In his thoughts that night as he drifted off to sleep, Fred was living in a new house and carving a new garden. But it wasn't the same; his heart was not in the task. He carried the thoughts with him through the week. Each evening he examined the garden and found new mole tunnels and new mole damage, and his heart was bitter because the ambition to destroy the moles was gone. Everything seemed so futile with Saturday approaching inexorably.

But on Thursday morning, with all hope gone, all thought exhausted, the idea came to Fred suddenly, magnificently, in the mid-

dle of an interview. He hustled the client out of the office and seated himself at the telephone. . . .

He told Cecily that evening: "We're having company tomorrow night, darling." And he saw her eyebrows rise. "We're having a mole hunt."

Cecily was lukewarm. "But, darling—" she began.

He would hear no objections. "It's the only way," he said. "Joe told me that late at night and early in the morning the moles move. You wait until you see them move and then you dig them up and beat them to death with a shovel. There's no other cure."

"But, darling—" "We have to get rid of the moles," Fred said. And then he played his final trick. "We have to get rid of them," he repeated. "Or is there some reason why we shouldn't?" He paused in the act of lighting a cigarette to give the question full weight.

Cecily hesitated for only a moment. Then, "Of course not. Of course, we have to get rid of the moles."

THE mole hunt began that Friday night about eight o'clock, when Fred went out through the kitchen and stood at the back door with Joe, and together they drank and asked forgiveness from the darkened garden for what they were about to do.

The guests began to arrive at nine. By ten-thirty the neighbors for a mile or so in every direction had come to complain and had stayed to join the party. There were shovels in plenty, and the excitement was intense.

At midnight a prowler car showed. Thereafter two policemen trampled the flowers and shouted defiance and dug magnificently at unmoving shadows.

By half after midnight, Cecily had retired to the bedroom and locked the door and was crying quietly in the corner.

At one o'clock, a jeep loaded with Shore Patrol came to investigate the riot and stayed to swell its clamor.

By two o'clock, the liquor was gone, and the party began to disintegrate, and at three o'clock, Joe went to sleep in the toolshed, Fred bedded down on the living-room sofa, and Cecily wept quietly in the corner of the bedroom.

At four o'clock, the moles, unharmed, gathered beneath the lemon trees, conferred briefly and then reluctantly began their flight from this mad, unhappy place.

IT WAS the insistent ringing of the doorbell that aroused the house the next morning. Fred, coming from the living room, bumped into Cecily as she came down the stairs. Together they stood in the tiny hall and looked at the front door. "That will be your friend Jeffries," Fred said grimly. "Let's let him in." "No. No."

"What do you mean, no? I can see his hat; I know it's Jeffries."

Cecily's tears began again. "I mean no, don't let him in," she sobbed.

There was silence for a moment, and then the doorbell began again. Fred started for the door. Cecily caught his arm and clung to it.

"No," she said. "Oh, Fred, the garden!"

Fred's face was grim. He put his arm around his wife's shoulders and walked with her to the double doors at the rear of the living room. He opened the doors and looked out over the garden, and even though he had watched the destruction the night before, he flinched at what he saw now.

The lemon trees remained, and one rosebush. The rest of the garden was trampled, uprooted and torn beyond recognition. In one spot, where the radishes had been, some vigorous hunter had pursued an imaginary mole to a depth of at least four feet.

The doorbell rang again. Fred said savagely, "They won't buy it now, anyway!" It was his one small consolation, the *raison d'être* for his sacrifice. He looked at Cecily's face.

But her eyes were wide. "Buy it? Buy our house? Who—?"

Fred heard the words, but for a moment they were meaningless. And then, quite suddenly, his legs turned to water, and a great weight grew like a terror in his chest. He gestured toward the front door, and his mouth opened and shut spasmodically.

"Jeffries," he said finally. "Your friend. Wasn't he going to buy the house?"

"Darling," Cecily said. "Mr. Jeffries publishes a home and garden magazine in connection with his real-estate business. I wanted him to do an article on our house."

Fred said, "Oh," and the bottom dropped out of his world.

AND then Cecily understood. She dropped to her knees beside him. Her eyes were bright, and the tears were starting again. "You thought I was going to sell our house. You ruined your garden to keep me from selling it. It means that much to you." Her face was very close. "As much as it means to me." The tears came freely, and her voice was small. "Oh, darling, I don't care about Mr. Jeffries. Oh, darling!"

It wasn't clear, but somehow Fred understood. The weight in his chest began to disappear.

"We'll build it up again," he said, holding Cecily tight against him.

Her head nodded. "We'll build it up better than it was before. You and Joe and I."

He felt his strength returning, and with it came determination. The thought came to him blindly. "Darling," he said. "Darling, we'll start by moving the path!" And the world seemed bright again.

THE END



"It's going to be swell when we can act indignant again at fellas flirting!"

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Making it hot for Hirohito. This is one of Cessna's heat-treating operations, now working on parts for the famous Boeing B-29's, the great Tokyo-bound Superfortresses. Cessna, as part of its war job, is producing a score of important units for the Superfort, including rudders, dorsal fins, fins, elevators and wing leading edges, as well as the mammoth landing gears and engine cowlings for the famous Douglas A-26 Invader.

Postwar, this modern equipment and the priceless experience gained in high precision wartime work will be devoted to producing your new Cessna—an airplane of all-metal structure. And Cessna's

electric-controlled heat-treatment will, for example, double the original strength of the aluminum going into your Family Car of the Air.

That's an important reason why you'll *choose Cessna*, isn't it? It gives added meaning to "*Cessna-Engineered for Safety*," which will apply to the complete line of new, postwar Cessnas.

We'll continue helping to turn out Superfortresses and Invaders until the war is won... then comes a period for reconverting our plant... then the Cessna for which you've been waiting so long.

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Cessna

THREE TIMES JUDGED "THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT AIRPLANE"



Today Bill Lange is a prominent businessman on the West Coast, but old-timers remember him as one of baseball's all-time greats. A lumbering giant until the game began, in action he was a 215-pound bundle of dynamite

HE WAS the fastest big man who ever played baseball. Standing six feet two, and weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds, he stole one hundred bases in one season. His over-all batting average as a major-leaguer was .337, and this during the era of the dead ball. He retired from the game at the height of his career, at the age of twenty-eight, although offered three times his former pay, and it was the biggest money ever offered a baseball player up to that time. Above all things, he was a team player—a ballplayer's ballplayer.

He was—and is—big Bill Lange. He played on the Chicago Nationals from 1893 through 1899, and many rate him as the greatest center fielder in all the history of the game.

At which a cry will go up from a multitude of protesting throats: "How about Tris Speaker? You mean to say you're trying to stack this Bill Lange up against Tris? And how about Joe DiMaggio? Maybe your Bill Lange was good with his own crowd, back in the Gay Nineties—way back *then*. But when you try to rate him alongside the great modern outfielders . . ."

Well, now, let's see. Somehow the idea has got abroad that modern baseball began at the turn of the century—in the year 1900—and that before then the game was a sort of modified rounders. So, let's look at the record. A game can be judged only by the rules under which it is played. If the rules remain the same, the fact that the game was played in this year or that, or in this century or that, makes no difference. The game is still the same. And the record shows that modern baseball began in 1893.

In that year the pitching distance was changed from fifty feet to sixty feet six inches. It has remained the same ever since. The distance between the bases is still ninety feet. The ball is still the same in weight and size. The only major change in all those years has been the foul-strike rule—year 1901—because the batters of the Gay Nineties were so good at fouling off the balls they didn't like that they wore the pitchers' arms out.

There you have it, and players of those early teams and of the modern game now take on their proper perspective. And among the players, in an era of great players—McGraw and Collins and Young and Wagner and Rusie and Lajoie and Delahanty, just to mention a few—was big Bill Lange.

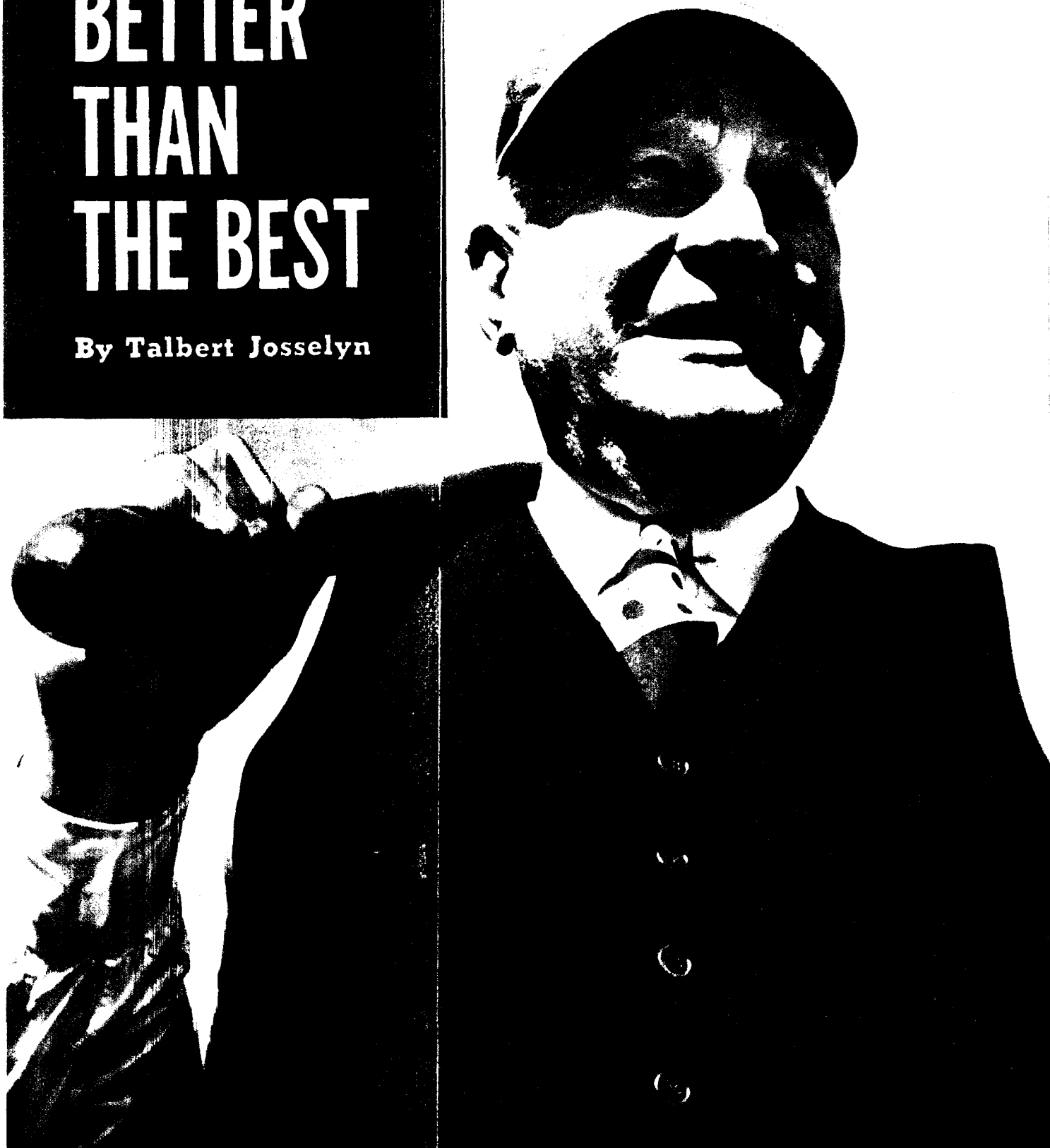
Lying on my desk is a letter from Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Baseball Club.

The Old Fox of the Potomac has this to say: "I played ball with Bill Lange on the Chicago National League Club for some eight years. I have seen all the other great outfielders—Speaker, Cobb, DiMaggio, etc.—in action, and I consider Bill Lange the equal of, if not better than, all other outfielders of all time.

"There wasn't anything that he couldn't do. He was a great hitter, a great fielder, a

BETTER THAN THE BEST

By Talbert Josselyn



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO ROSENTHAL-PIX

Here's big Bill Lange, now well over 70. Old-timers who played with him say that no outfielder was ever better

great thrower, and a great, great base runner. In fact, only Ty Cobb's record stands out in comparison to his.

"Aside from Bill's great capabilities as a ballplayer, he had a remarkable disposition. He was always in a good humor, always had a smile on his face, even when he was sliding in and knocking down men who were trying to tag him going into a base. No one ever got mad at him, although he was the toughest, roughest base runner who ever strode the paths.

est, roughest base runner who ever strode the paths.

"He had a seventh sense in timing throws to a base. In other words, he used to watch the ball and arrive at the bag just ahead of the throw so that he could knock the baseman down, making him lose the ball altogether.

"I think the greatest piece of base running I ever saw was at Pittsburgh one day.

Bill hit a slow roller to the shortstop and timed it so that he could knock the first baseman down just before the ball got there, which allowed the ball to go to the stands. He then went down to second, timed the throw going down there just right to knock the second baseman down, allowing the ball to go out to left field. He then timed the throw to third, knocking the third baseman down and allowing the ball to get away from



POP ANSON



TRIS SPEAKER



CHRISTY MATHEWSON



HANS WAGNER



CHIEF BENDER



WEE WILLIE KEELER



NAP LAJOIE



TY COBB

Collier's for July 7, 1945

Cadillac



There's one thing he's sure about...

Even in this fast-moving, quick-changing world of today—there is *one* thing the average Cadillac owner is certain about. *He is certain he wants his next car to be a Cadillac.*

Three million motor car owners were recently queried as to what car they expect to purchase next. They were carefully apportioned among the seventeen leading well-known makes—to give an accurate picture of how satisfied people are with their present cars.

Those who drive Cadillacs showed the greatest owner loyalty in the industry. Percentage-wise, more of them said they would “repeat” on their present cars than any other group of owners questioned.

This would be significant at any time; but it is especially so today. Even the latest cars purchased before the war are now in their fourth year of service. Cars are being tried as they have never been tried before. Their

full character and capabilities are now being revealed to their owners.

We are proud that Cadillac owners are so well satisfied with their cars. It is convincing proof of the value of Cadillac craftsmanship.

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the baseman. And he wound up by knocking the ball out of the catcher's glove. In other words, he made a home run on a slow roller to shortstop."

Also on my desk is a letter from the man whom millions of Americans call Mr. Baseball—Connie Mack—and he says of big Bill:

"Bill Lange was a real star baseball player in every department. There is one story that I still remember very well, when I was catching for Pittsburgh:

"Chicago was playing at Pittsburgh. Bill singled and took a lead off first base. The pitcher whipped the ball to Beckley at first. The ball got away from 'Beck' just a few feet, and Bill was on his way to second. Beckley threw to Ely, who was covering second. Bill leaned in the direction of the throw as he came in, the ball bounced off his shoulder, and Bill was on his way to third. Ely picked up the ball and threw to Lyons, who was on third. Bill never stopped running. By the time Lyons got turned around and threw to me, Bill had crossed home plate. That was the best base running I ever saw."

The other day, big Bill Lange and I sat in San Francisco's Press Club, talking baseball. Lange, now in his early seventies, looks more like a man in his mid-fifties—wide-shouldered, deep-chested, with a ruddy face and keen blue eyes that humorously take in the world through gold-rimmed glasses.

Every now and then, Bill would get to his feet and show how a play had been made. He moved effortlessly, with light, dancing feet. His huge hands bore the marks of his long-ago trade—the first joints of his little fingers were sharply twisted inward, the right forefinger tip was slewed to one side. These were the hands of which a sports writer had once written: "They hold onto everything they can reach, and they reach everything."

Baseball—Then and Now

Big Bill seated himself in the Press Club chair and said, "The game is more streamlined today. It's faster in some ways but not so fast in others. The main difference is that we didn't think of records so much. It was a more personal game, you against the other fellow. And you weren't out until you were out. And I mean out."

How about the hundred bases he stole in one season?

"Runs were harder to get in those days," said Bill. "The ball was like a rock, the fences were far out; they didn't have bleachers all along center field, like now. You had to hit 'em to make 'em. Yeah, now and then I could hit 'em. Delahanty and I were the only two who ever hit a ball over the center-field fence in Cincinnati."

"I got on base any way I could. Then I took a big lead. If the pitcher threw to first, I went on to second. As I came in, I watched the eyes of the man taking the throw. If he was looking to the right, I threw my body to the right and took the ball on my shoulder. If he was looking to the left, I threw myself to the left. If the ball bounced and rolled a few feet, I went on to third."

"If the pitcher didn't throw to first, I waited until I was ready and stole on him. Sometimes I pulled the delayed steal—waited until the catcher tossed the ball back to the pitcher. I always tried to keep 'em guessing; tried to throw 'em off balance."

When Bill Lange got on base—as when Ty Cobb was on base—it wasn't a case of one man against nine. It was a case of nine men wondering what was going to happen next, and knowing that they had little power to stop it.

The result is told, concerning this player who was as big and smiling as Gabby Hartnett and as fast and tough as Ty Cobb, by a baseball writer covering a game of that time—1895, the year Bill hit .388:

"Lange encourages more profanity and poor throwing than any man in baseball. For it is the apparent desperation of his steals that causes the 'rattles' to seize the other team all at once. He is deceiving to the eye, being fat to look upon and seemingly a slow mover. He runs with gigantic strides, creating the illusion that he isn't covering much ground . . . and he gathers momentum at every stride."

"He has the Chicago method of sliding,

which was invented by Mike Kelly. He does a twisting slide, throwing his body away from the baseman, hooking one foot around the bag and pivoting with it. He is extremely hard to touch, and besides, many basemen lack the courage to stand up against these terrific slides."

Which pitcher gave him the most trouble? "Rusie," said Bill. "Amos Rusie of New York."

Well, that wasn't surprising. Rusie gave a lot of batters a lot of trouble. He had a fast ball second only to Walter Johnson's. He was a powerful, chunky man who pitched with a deceptive sidearm motion, and he defied any batter to guess whether it would be a fast ball or a curve. But Bill got on base often enough to worry Rusie, and Rusie worked out what he thought was the answer: a quick snap throw with little motion—a jerk—to trap Bill off the bag. He tried it only once, and it snapped something in Rusie's arm. He was never the same pitcher after that.

Years later he told Bill when they met in Rusie's home town of Seattle, "I oughtn't to speak to you, you big bum. You and your damned base-stealing ruined my arm."

Sometimes they would walk Bill if there was a man on second. Bill couldn't run wild then, and there was a chance of making the batter hit into a double play.

"I fixed that, one day," said Bill. "There were two out, and we had runners on second

What was the smartest thing Bill ever saw pulled?

"The play by Jimmy Ryan, left fielder of our Chicago club. I helped out, but I was just a helper."

"We were on our home grounds playing Baltimore, the champions, and it was a pitchers' battle. Along the middle of the game, the wooden left-field bleachers caught fire and burned down. The firemen fought for an hour before they put the fire out. When the game started again, all the bleacher fans were allowed into the grandstand."

"It began to get dark, and the swirling smoke from the embers of the fire made it darker."

"The last of the eighth we got a run. Baltimore came up in the first half of the ninth, and the first two batters struck out—they were afraid of being hit by the ball. But the next batter really got hold of one. Out in center field where I was, you could barely see it in the smoke and the dark coming fast toward Ryan. And then you could see it was going to pass above his head. Just as it did so, Ryan leaped and threw up his hands—made a perfect imitation of catching it."

"Now, Ryan and I and Danny Green, our right fielder, had been in the habit of throwing the ball to one another after we'd made a catch; it had come to be looked upon by everybody as the usual thing. The instant I saw Ryan make his phony catch, I yelled to him, 'Throw it here!' He wheeled and made

ing up his hands and dragging down the ball from behind."

We'll let a baseball writer tell of big Bill's greatest catch, as he reported it for his Chicago paper—one of the classic plays of all baseball.

"The story of the catch begins in Boston. Lange missed the train for New York, and Anson fined him one hundred dollars for not arriving in time to play. Two nights later, Lange overslept and missed the train for Washington. Anson was wild and promised all kinds of fines."

"Lange arrived in Washington just in time to jump into a cab. He got into his uniform in the cab while riding to the grounds." (Ballplayers carried their own uniforms then, in a roll strapped to their luggage.) "He ran onto the field for the last half of the second inning."

"It was a pitchers' battle. In the eleventh inning, Chicago scored one run. Then, in Washington's turn, with two out and a man on second, Kip Selbach, one of the hardest hitters in the game, hit one over Lange's head toward the center-field fence. It started for the Potomac River like a line of light, and the crowd in the stands roared. If anything ever looked like a sure home run, it was that hit."

"Lange turned and raced desperately, straight toward the fence, going as if he had on seven-league boots. He tore on, with the ball whistling over his head. Suddenly he stretched up his hands, made a twisting leap into the air, kicked at the air and propelled himself upward, turned a complete somersault, and crashed against the fence with the ball in his hands. The boards splintered, and one entire panel burst outward."

"Ryan came hurrying up and pulled Lange out of the wreckage—and the ball was still in Lange's hands."

In 1899, at the age of twenty-eight, big Bill Lange announced that he was retiring from the game. He had fallen in love with a San Francisco girl. His prospective father-in-law offered him a position in the office where he was trustee for three big San Francisco estates. Bill could marry and work in the office, or he could marry and keep on playing ball. It was up to him.

Bill thought it over and said, "I'll take the office."

Farewell to Center Field

He wrote the ball club: "Plant flowers on my baseball grave out in center field, for I will never play there again after this season."

He went out in glory. As a baseball writer tells it, on the last day of the season:

"Burkett hit a terrific line fly between Ryan and Lange. The giant outfielder heaved himself across the turf, stretched and, with a last effort, stuck his hands in front of the ball. The sphere, checked in its course toward the fence, bounded into the air, and Lange, staggering forward, grabbed it before it fell."

He went back to his home city of San Francisco—he was born at the Presidio, the United States Military Post, where his father was in the Ordnance Department—and settled down to work in an office.

For forty-five years he has been one of San Francisco's best-known businessmen, the trustee of two estates and the manager of another—office buildings and other properties in San Francisco, and great ranches and vineyards in the San Joaquin Valley. His name in the building down in the financial district where he has his office is listed as Bill Lange, not W. A. Lange. Over the phone he greets people with: "This is a young fellow named Bill Lange speaking."

On the opening day of the baseball season he takes fifteen or twenty of his fellow members of the Olympic and Family Clubs c it to the San Francisco Seals ball park, and they sit in front boxes where they can grin across at Lefty O'Doul coaching at third base, and Lefty grins back. Two of those in the group are relatives of Bill. One is his nephew, Long George Kelly, first baseman of John McGraw's championship Giants in the early 1920's. The other is Bill, Junior, his son by a second marriage. Young Bill is now sixteen and is almost as big as his father. It's doubtful if there'll ever be another big man as fast as Bill Lange.

THE END



and third. When the catcher went out to talk to the pitcher, I said to the umpire—he was Tom Lynch and he was sweeping off the plate. 'Is there any rule against my stepping across the plate into the other batter's box?'

"Tom thought a minute and finally said, 'No. Not if you're in the box when the ball gets there.' So I let them pitch me three wide ones, and then, the instant the pitcher threw, I stepped across, with my back to the plate, and hit it for two bases, scoring both runners."

Bill smiled in happy reminiscence. Then added quickly, "Don't get the idea that I was the only smart guy playing ball. The parks were full of them. That's what I meant about the game being more personal than now. They were always looking for some way to get the other fellow."

A Catcher Puts on an Act

"Like this: We were playing at Cleveland. I was on second, and the batter hit a short single to left. I rounded third, and Anson, in the coach's box, waved me on. Nearing the plate, I got ready to hit the dirt. Then I saw the catcher—O'Connor it was—throw down his mask and glove on the baseline in disgust and kick the bat onto the base path. And he yelled to the outfielder, 'Why the hell didn't you throw it?'

"I figured the fielder had misplayed the ball, so I slowed down. No need sliding across that bat when I could walk around it. I started to walk—and O'Connor snatched the throw out of the air with his bare hand—it had been coming all the time—and slammed it into my ribs."

a perfect phantom throw, I shoved the phantom ball into my hip pocket and we ran for the clubhouse."

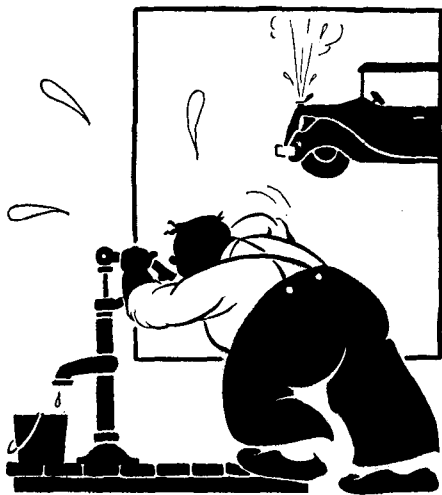
"In the gloom far across the field, Tim Hurst, the umpire, jerked up his arm, indicating the put-out and that the game was over. Not until next day did anybody learn the truth, and then it was too late to do anything. But after that, Tim Hurst always looked at Ryan and me as though we were a couple of burglars."

Tim wasn't the only one who regarded Bill Lange as a burglar. He robbed batters all over the field. People came to watch him play, as in a later day they came to watch Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio. He had a manner all his own, this big, gay, smiling man. Those who saw him and those who wrote about him tell how he would appear in the ball park, magnetic of personality, wide-shouldered, gigantic, walking in a lazy, almost lumbering stride.

Then, when he went into action, it was as though he was on steel springs. He could travel farther than Tris Speaker for a long fly; he could outthrow him. He had an arm that was matchless for speed and accuracy. Now and then he threw runners out at first base from center field on what looked like safe hits.

He had only one fielding weakness, and that was in picking up ground balls. His height and weight prevented him from scooping up the ball, and many times he overbalanced when bending at top speed, and slid forward.

He had two specialties: racing in and diving at short, low liners, and traveling back after long, high line flies—leaping, and shov-



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Overheating is usually caused by scale and rust in the cooling system. If your car is "running a temperature," have your service man clean out the muck with Nor'way* Cleaner...made by C.S.C., nationally known as producers of dependable cooling system chemicals and anti-freeze.

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Sour or Upset? ☐ ☐

Tired-Listless? ☐ ☐

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Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

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Durham Duplex is the original hollow-ground safety razor blade—for 35 years tops for tough beards. Twice heavier—with real heft and keen, smooth shaving power.

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For special strop outfit, send \$1.00 direct to:—
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP.
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Use a Durham Duplex Safety Razor and Strop

Germany—Our Greatest Gamble

Continued from page 12

fighting such a war and could not have won popular support for it by any device. Theirs was a blitz war, popular only because it produced cheap and spectacular victories.

The failure of the drive on Moscow changed the character of this war. It became a total war. After Stalingrad, and under the blows of Allied airpower, it became a War of Desperation. German life was circumscribed by privation and cold and hunger—and death.

And then at last, the War of Desperation changed into the final phase. The German people knew the hopelessness of their predicament, yet Hitler and the fanatics insisted on carrying on. The War of Desperation thus became the War without Hope, and this war was totally demoralizing. The ravings on the radio calling upon the people to perform manifestly impossible tasks, the humiliation of troops thrust into manifestly impossible situations, the loss of the theme of success on which the Nazis had counted so heavily—these and other factors resulted in a rapid and progressive degeneration of the German will. At the present writing, the nation has lost the power either to believe or to act. It has no will.

A third sinister force at work on the German soul has been the force of terror. The German has been surrounded by terror to a degree difficult for Americans to imagine. There was the growing terror of the bombs, of sleepless nights with walls crashing all around, of fire consuming a whole city where men and women were caught like rats. There was the terror handed out by the radio: terror of the Russians, who were depicted as barbarians, terror of the Americans, terror of a disaster which no one knew how to escape.

The Creatures of Terror

Woven through the physical terror there was the terror of the government itself, which had fallen into the hands of Himmler. Beyond his own hearth (and sometimes even there), the contemporary German regards fear as part of his daily existence. In a subtle way it has become a kind of necessity, like an evil drug. Without it he has difficulty in making any decisions at all.

Other destructive forces might be cited, but these three are sufficient to bear in mind in seeking a practical philosophy of occupation. They show clearly enough the impossibility of applying classical U.S. doctrine—that is to say, of gambling on human nature as it now is in Germany. Yet, if we cannot do this, what are we to do? We certainly cannot keep that American boy standing indefinitely at the main intersection of town, giving orders in a vacuum.

Two principles have already emerged, on which we can begin to build. These principles, in combination, should form the nucleus of any future policy, and we should proceed at once to extend them.

Before we can begin to think about democratic aims or permit the Germans to do so, we have to adopt the only policy that will work in Naziland: the assumption and expression of authority. That is the first principle. Successful military government of Germany, as our representatives in the field are discovering, requires an attitude of absolute command.

An unsuccessful military government official, of whom we inevitably have several, is one who tries to get along with the people. Considerate and kindly treatment merely bewilders the Germans. When a conqueror takes this approach, they think there must be something wrong with the conquest. The German respect for authority is something that is hard to believe until you see it and feel it.

On entering a town the immediate key was always the burgomaster. If he was a Nazi, or had fled, some prominent citizen was selected. The selection could be made with safety, because if the chosen citizen did not have enough authority, he would say so. You could then tell him to find the right man, and he would do that. His respect for authority would be such, by and large, that he would not dare to try to usurp it.

With a burgomaster in hand, the job of a good military governor is primarily one of straight-line organization. He gives precise instructions, which the Germans usually prefer to take down in writing. The burgomaster is commanded to choose a police force, distribute arm bands, post notices on the walls, etc., etc. Later he is commanded to choose various local officials.

If the military governor does his job well, he will shortly have loaded the whole town onto the backs of Germans, who will run it for him. But he never leaves any doubt in anybody's mind that his will is law. As a practical matter, he will never appear to debate his decisions. He will never slouch in his seat. He will dress as immaculately as possible, wearing all his ribbons.

The hard lesson that American liberals have to learn is that a premature attempt to set up anything like democratic machinery in Germany would be absolutely disastrous. The Germans would not understand what we were driving at, and the result could only be to create confusion and to encourage secretive antidemocratic movements.

Any proposition, for instance, to make a local government representative of different political or economic groups, past or present,

Summer Strategy

I'm tired of playing week-end host,

A dubious honor is it;

Let others fuss and entertain,

Not I, I wanna visit!

—Philip Lazarus

should be emphatically rejected. The local government, purged of active Nazis, is composed of Germans governing for us, not for themselves. We must be equally careful not to ally ourselves with any political movement, however democratic its aims.

Thus far, then, practical necessity leads us in the direction of a hard peace, and we should go very far in this direction. For instance, we must exercise authority over all forms of German expression. This is now being done correctly by issuing licenses for the publication of newspapers, magazines and books, and also for the operation of bookstores.

The licensees are required to obey certain elementary rules. Licenses should also be required for public meetings, at which American observers should be present. We must control, even operate, the radio. It will be necessary to superintend and revise the entire school system. And naturally—whatever our economic policy may turn out to be—our controls must extend beyond the field of public information into industry and commerce. In short, in the area that we occupy, American authority should be total. No other policy will succeed.

Considering how alien such an attitude is to the American way of thinking, the efforts of our military government people to achieve it have been very creditable. Even more creditable, however, are the misgivings that some of them have had. It is an ironic twist of fate that, having won the greatest war in history in the name of freedom, we should be forced into a wholesale violation of the truths upon which freedom is founded.

This leads to the second principle on which to build a philosophy of occupation. It is not enough merely to govern the German people; we must provide them with a laboratory in which they can find out what freedom is. This laboratory is nothing very mysterious. It consists in facilities already under our authority, which the people should be permitted to use in a liberal way. Chief of these facilities is the press. There has

been a good deal of talk about limiting German information to what we think it good for them to hear. Such a course would be disastrous. We should conceive of the press as an instrument by which the Germans can work the poisons out of their system.

This is not to say that we are prepared to permit the press to launch a new attack against the principles of freedom. If we are to provide the Germans with opportunities to learn about freedom, we must resolutely prevent abuses of those opportunities. We should crack down hard, therefore, on any movement to deprive men of liberty, on attempts to usurp political power, on the formation of gangs and rackets, on the distribution in schools or elsewhere of material that has been deliberately falsified.

So long as they do not abuse their freedom, German writers, radio commentators and artists should be free. They should be entitled to examine the whole Nazi movement, without restriction, in their own way. They should be encouraged to look into the future and speculate upon Germany's destiny.

In addition, Germans should be exposed as much as possible to news from the outside world, even where this shows disagreement among the Allies. The German radio should carry our news programs and any others the Germans may desire. The importation of foreign newspapers and magazines, or their publication in Germany, ought to be stimulated; and we should also help German journalists to travel abroad, to see for themselves the kind of civilization Hitler thought he could lick.

Toward a More Liberal View

Thus, once we have consolidated our authority in absolute terms, we must proceed to exercise it in a way far more liberal than some of our "hard peace" enthusiasts have advocated.

In the field of economics, of course, our policies will be determined by a number of factors having to do with the welfare of Europe as a whole, and if these policies cause the Germans hardship and suffering, the answer is that they have earned nothing else. But in the field of public expression, and later in certain aspects of self-government, a liberal interpretation of what our authority means must prevail. We must govern in such a way as to enable the German people to save themselves.

Without this second principle—the liberal interpretation of our authority—there is no solution to the German problem at all. If we continue blindly along the line of authority—if, for example, we muzzle the German press—we shall greatly encourage the growth of secret underground resistances, all of them antidemocratic, all turning back to Nazism and militarism as the only means by which to overthrow the tyranny of our occupation. Evil and powerful men are left in Germany. It will be impossible to eliminate them all. Our only way to outwit them is to give the German people scope.

I do not know whether all our allies will approve of such a policy. I believe we should try to win their approval; and surely we have a strong argument to present. Unless some way is found to make the German problem self-liquidating, Europe will never escape from it, and Western civilization is doomed to the perpetual occupation of Germany—or perpetual war. But if we cannot convince our allies of this, then I believe that our only course is to proceed with the experiment in our own area. For we must never betray, even in the name of unity, those values for which we have fought. The American occupation of Germany must mean that Germans will be given a chance to save themselves.

The experiment, of course, may fail. It is possible that the truths of human freedom are forever beyond the German people. But since we must gamble, let us gamble on our own principles. The long drive to the Elbe is marked by the graves of thousands of our sons. It is our duty now to sustain and carry forward, in every issue that arises, the great American doctrine in which they so honestly believed.

THE END

Collier's for July 7, 1945

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Russell W. Davenport

The Week's Work

IF IN the past year you have listened much to the radio or gone to church or attended business-club luncheons or been among those present at graduation exercises—somewhere along the line you must have heard a reading of Russell W. Davenport's narrative poem, *My Country*. In this poem, running to slender book-length, Davenport makes explicit the vague, exalted feelings that are implicit in many of our halting discussions of war and peace and the World Security Council.

Now in its third printing, the poem has had phenomenal popularity, and still is in constant demand for public use. Its final, most frequently quoted lines are:

*Freedom is not to limit, but to share;
And freedom here is freedom everywhere.*

The article Russell Davenport has written for Collier's (Germany—Our Greatest Gamble, p. 11) is not poetry; it is a logical, carefully documented prose presentation of the problems that confront us in postwar Germany. But it carries with it the sort of emotional conviction you sometimes get from poetry. Because it is compounded of feeling as well as fact, it adds the more to the background which we are going to need for our future dealings with Germany.

Davenport experienced war first as a soldier. In the first World War, he served overseas for 17 months, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. After that, he returned to school, graduating from Yale in 1923, and worked as a reporter in Spokane, Washington, traveled and worked in several western states, served as managing editor of *Fortune* and as chief editorial writer for *Life* magazine.

He managed Wendell Willkie's 1940 Presidential campaign.

Now, as a correspondent for Collier's, Davenport is in Europe, where he saw action through the final phase of the war. He was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received when he accompanied the first wave of the task force troops of the 11th Armored Division attacking Wegscheid, Germany. In a letter asking for copies of any of Davenport's articles, Mrs. Holbrook, the wife of Brigadier General Willard A. Holbrook, Jr., of the 11th Armored, says: "Mr. Davenport won't tell you that you're lucky to get him home only slightly wounded. . . . A lieutenant wrote from the 11th Armored that 'he went everywhere,' and was with combat command 'A,' whose men captured the fiercely defended city of Linz."

THE ruling passion of Sidney Margolius' writing life is his desire to help people get their money's worth. In a recent Collier's article, he told of business pitfalls which war veterans should avoid, and in this issue, his *The Boom in Homes*, p. 20, is an outline of caution for home builders and buyers.

Soon after Margolius took his first newspaper job with the United Press, he began to specialize in consumer news. Later he

pursued his specialty at *Women's Wear*, clothing-industry publication; and as trade-paper editor for the National Package Improvement Bureau; and finally in the shopping news department of *PM*. His booklet, *How to Buy More for Your Money*, is a useful shopping guide.

He has been in the Army—in the Quartermaster Corps, naturally—since December of 1942.

ARM Y Lieutenant Charles O. Gorham gives you a most unwarlike war story in *McMichael* and the *Wee Folk*, p. 58. During his more than three years in uniform, here and overseas, as a navigator with the 8th Air Force, he has done a lot of writing, but not about the war. His wife, Ethel Gorham (an author in her own right), tells us: "He hates war stuff of what he calls the football-cheer-leader variety and the 'Boy, did I see action!' stuff." (Although he has seen enough action to justify such writing, being possessed of fourteen combat awards.)

The only serious sort of war stuff he would like to write, she tells us, is something to show that more should be done to help the soldier understand what he is fighting for. Bewilderment about war aims is, he thinks, the basic cause of discouragement among men on active service.

Lieutenant Gorham used to work with the publishers, Doubleday Doran, and when he arrived in England, he went straight to that company's London office, where a typewriter was put at his disposal to use whenever he could get leave.

Now he is back in this country, a convalescent at Pawling, New York, and again he is busy with a typewriter—the portable his wife brought him as a welcome-home present—so we can expect more Gorham stories.

He used to be a member of the "Ain't Never Seen My Baby" club, but now at last he has met his year-and-a-half-old infant, and has been reintroduced to his eight-year-old daughter. . . .

A. P.

Lieut. Charles O. Gorham



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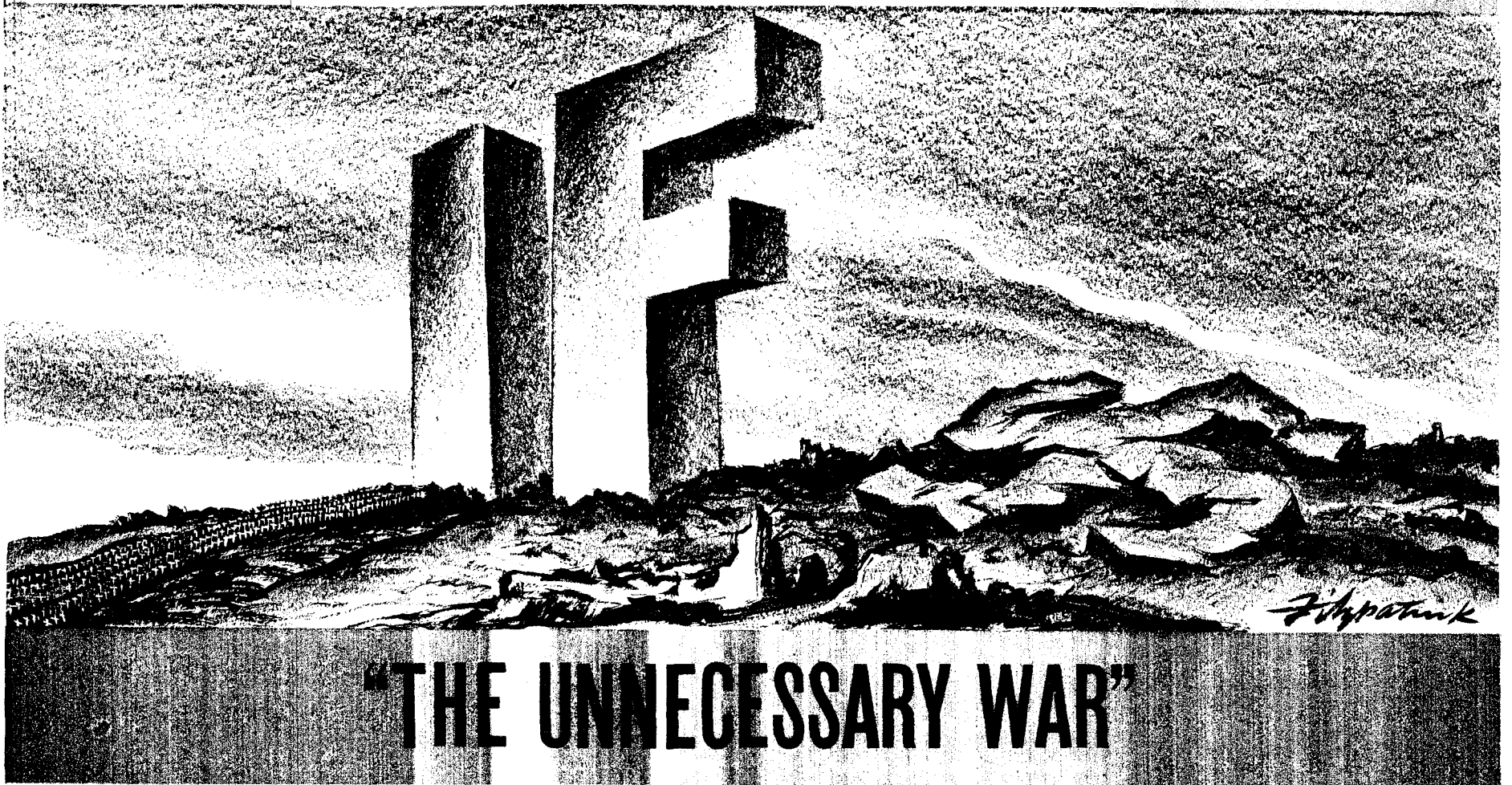
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"THE UNNECESSARY WAR"

WE WERE reminded the other day that when Franklin D. Roosevelt, soon after Pearl Harbor, said he was looking for a fit name for World War II, Prime Minister Winston Churchill came up with "The Unnecessary War." It was and is one of those phrases that set sparks flying in your mind. Now that the German war is won and the Japanese war goes promisingly, it might be useful to speculate in print on the question whether Mr. Churchill had something when he called this "The Unnecessary War."

Well, suppose that after the first World War, the United States had assumed some reasonable share of responsibility for enduring peace, instead of crawling back into its shell in war-weary disgust.

Suppose Great Britain and France had not lapsed into extreme pacifism, and into pinching pennies for national defense. Suppose they had heeded their few citizens—Churchill among them—who had Hitler's correct number almost from the time of the Munich beer-

hall Putsch in 1923, and who kept shouting that this man intended war.

When Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland in March, 1936, suppose the French had sent a few contingents of their then excellent army to boot him back. There was a report later on that Hitler had been prepared to jerk his troops out of the Rhineland again if the French and/or British should do anything more dangerous than jump up and down and squawk.

Suppose the League of Nations had clapped real sanctions on Italy, especially an oil embargo, when Italy leaped on Ethiopia. Or suppose Britain and France had insisted that the Spanish Civil War be a fair fight among Spaniards, instead of a free-for-all among the Spaniards, Germans and Italians on one side and Spaniards and Russians on the other.

As for the Japanese part of World War II—suppose we had not been quite so beautifully trustful of human nature after the first World War. What if we had kept

up to respectable strength the magnificent naval establishment with which we came out of that war? Suppose we had geared up the system of universal military training which so many of us during the first World War so clearly saw we needed. What if we had protested the League of Nations' mandating to Japan of the Carolines, Marshalls and Marianas, instead of letting those steppingstones to Pearl Harbor slide quietly into Japan's hands? If we had remembered Port Arthur in 1904, would we ever have had to remember Pearl Harbor?

We could spin out these big ifs of recent history as far as we had space for them; but we think you get the idea.

Our most heartfelt hope at the moment is that the Allies will learn enough from what Mr. Churchill called "The Unnecessary War" to make it highly improbable that there will sometime be another world conflict whose logical name will be Unnecessary War II.

HAS AN AGENT A JOB?

AS MOST of us know, Section 8 of the Selective Service (draft) Act requires an employer to restore an honorably discharged veteran of this war to his old job or something as good, provided the veteran can still do the work and makes timely application for the job, and provided the employer is still able to give him such employment. It's a just law, and it should not be watered down.

However, a question which seems important to us in connection with this law has come up recently, via a lawsuit brought by a discharged veteran in a Western federal court against a large automobile manufacturing

company. The veteran says that he was the company's dealer in his town before he was drafted; that somebody else got the agency while he was away at the wars; that he is now entitled under the Selective Service Act's re-employment clauses to get the agency back.

Here is a honey of a legal question, we think, and one which like many of such honeys could breed considerable costly litigation. Is an agent an employee, within the meaning of this law, or is he an independent contractor? Is a close agent, so to speak, such as a confidential secretary or private investigator, more of an employee than a dealer who merely sells goods?

It is obvious, of course, that a doctor or lawyer who went to the war could not compel his old patients or clients to return to him when he came back. But where is the dividing line between employees and non-employees as far as this law is concerned?

The law is not specific on the point. Selective Service takes the position that such matters are for the federal courts to decide. It seems to us that Congress might well try to clear up this ambiguity by writing into the law as clear a definition of the employer-employee relationship as it can, in the hope of saving a lot of veterans a lot of trouble and expense.

A UNION IS SUED

HERE'S another interesting lawsuit—reported from Asheville, North Carolina. The American Enka Corporation (textiles—currently producing high-tenacity rayon yarn for tires needed in the war) has sued the United Textile Workers (C.I.O.) local and international organizations for \$259,680.27. The company says it is owed that sum because of damage caused by a 10-day strike which the union pulled last February.

There was a contract at the time, between company and union, which provided among other things that for the contract's duration "there will be no strike, slow-

down, stay-in, sitdown or sympathy strike at the plant or picketing of corporation property, or other obstruction or interference with the operations of the corporation."

A strike took place, ending only when the Army took over the plant under an executive order of the late President Roosevelt.

The corporation itemizes its alleged strike losses as follows: viscose spoilage, \$48,578.17; expense of plant protection during strike, \$16,102.10; idle plant charges and overhead, \$195,000.

We're, of course, not trying to prejudge this particular case. It is a legitimate subject for comment, though, as being another sign that organized labor has come of age in this country, and can expect to be called on to bear more and more of the burdens of adulthood as well as enjoying the benefits thereof.

Employers have long been fair and proper game for lawsuits when they have broken contracts of any kind. That is one thing the courts are for. Labor organizations, it seems obvious, should be equally answerable in such situations.



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